DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 163 508 CS 204 584

AUTHOR Liddell, Gordon F.
TITLE More Practical Problems of Group Teaching in S1.
INSTITUTION Centre for Information on the Teaching of English, Edinburgh (Scotland).
PUB DATE Jun 77
NOTE 192p.; For related document, see CS204583; Pupil profiles may not reproduce well due to poor type

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.83 Plus Postage. HC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS Behavioral Objectives; *Creative Writing; *English Instruction; *Experimental Programs; Foreign Countries; Grouping (Instructional Purposes); *Group Instruction; Heterogeneous Grouping; Program Evaluation; Secondary Education; Secondary School Students; *Student Evaluation; Teacher Role; *Teaching Techniques; Writing Exercises
IDENTIFIERS *Scotland

ABSTRACT

The second of a two-part discussion of an experimental program involving small group teaching in a mixed-ability secondary English class in Scotland, this report extends and investigates more deeply some of the problems not dealt with in the first part of the report. Specifically, it analyzes the modes of assessment possible in this form of class organization and discusses the role of the teacher in the group-teaching situation. Five appendixes contain a list of the texts used in the program, student poems and drawings, transcriptions of groups at work at various stages of the socialization process, a transcription of a group discussion, a copy of a short story used to stimulate student writing, and copies of the class's own short stories. (FL)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY.

ED163508

MORE PRACTICAL PROBLEMS OF GROUP TEACHING IN S1

1. ASSESSMENT
2. THE TEACHER'S ROLE IN THE GROUP TEACHING SITUATION

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Centre for Information on the Teaching of Eng.
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC) AND USERS OF THE ERIC SYSTEM."

GORDON F. LIDDELL
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR C.I.T.E.

JUNE 1977

Centre for Information on the Teaching of English

CS204584

CONTENTS

	page no.
Introduction	
Part 1 ASSESSMENT	
Text (white paper)	1- 9
Additional Papers:	
1. Pupils Profile Form (green paper)	bet. 1 & 2
2. Pupils' initial writing used for analysis (blue)	bet. 4 & 5
3. Pupils Profile Forms completed for same pupils as in 2. above (green)	"
4. Class assessment sheet, completed (green)	bet. 8 & 9
5. Pupils' comments on their assessment (blue)	"
6. Class progress in context of whole year assessment of close reading (green)	after 9
Part 2 THE TEACHER'S ROLE IN THE GROUP TEACHING SITUATION	
Text	10 - 23
Project Diary (pink, i - xvii)	after 14
Pupils Views (blue, i - xxv)	"
Group Analysis Sheets (pink)	bet. 15 & 16
Appendices	(numbered individually)
1. The texts used in the project (green)	i - xvi
2. Bothwell Street - the poems and drawings done near the beginning of the project (blue)	1 - 10
3. Transcriptions of groups at work at various stages of the socialisation process (green)	1 - 23
4. Transcription of a group discussion, not been going going well, in which the teacher intervenes (green)	1 - 3
5. a) The stimulus short story, 'Sparrow' (blue)	1 - 2
b) The class's own short stories (blue)	1 - 40

INTRODUCTION

This is the second stage of a two-part discussion about the opportunities and drawbacks of group teaching in S1. Like Stage One, 'Practical Problems of Group Teaching in S1', it is the report of a subjective exploration, a case study; and if any value is found in it, it will be in the detail and evidence which it documents of that exploration. Because it is not a research document, I hope it will be used, like its predecessor, more as a starting point for discussion within English departments and training colleges.

Although it will not be necessary to read the first part in order to make sense of this one, I wish to say that nearly all of what was said there was confirmed by the experience of the next session's work. This part of the discussion extends and investigates more deeply some of the problems which were inherent but not dealt with in the first stage of the report.

I wish to record my thanks to Mrs. Kathleen Broadway, the original teacher of the class, whom I asked to remain in the class as an observer and to make in writing detailed notes of how she thought things were going in terms of class management and the children's learning. While I tried to keep her informed about what I was attempting, I insisted that she keep her written observations at the time to herself. Since both my lesson plans and her notes were dated, they are now here reproduced in tandem, Mrs. Broadway had the freedom throughout to listen to me teaching the class, discussing with individual groups or individuals, or on her own part to listen in to or question groups working on their own. Her quite separate view of what was happening provides here a useful corrective to my own description of the experience.

In all other ways the conditions were the same as for Stage One. The class, which I will call class C, was, like class B in Stage One, of mixed ability, one from a broad band which was intended to cut off the bottom 30% in the ability range; but no remedial cases.

THE OBJECTIVES

The ambition of the work remained the same as for Stage One: to clarify some of the problems of teaching S1 and to find, if possible, some easily transferable lines of guidance for other teachers. But the objectives were now quite definitive:

1. To discover what modes of assessment were possible in this form of organisation in S1.
2. To look into the effect of different kinds of groupings on the achievement of individuals.
3. To look into the usefulness of various kinds of assignment cards or work sheets.

This report has much to say directly about assessment in Part 1 following; the consideration of 2 was restricted to a close study of what happens in deliberately mixed ability groups; and 3 I neglected entirely because I already had enough on my plate. There is much work still needing done on workcards.

A. THE STARTING POINT

At the beginning I had no idea what to do about assessment. The word signified procedures which seemed irreconcilably polarised: on the one hand testing to see what knowledge the pupil had gained or what progress he had made in his 'English' skills; on the other, some kind of process in which the teacher and pupil together get to grips with the pupil's problems and progress and work out from there. It seemed legitimate that the school (in order to advise the parents of the child and the child himself about future courses), the parents (as responsible agents in the child's development) and employers (at the very least to avoid square pegs being unhappy in round holes) were right to claim the knowledge of the child's abilities suggested by the first definition. Yet such a procedure, coming at the end of a term or at the end of a year was of limited use to the child. But although my sympathies were towards some kind of on-going assessment, I found it daunting to think of giving 30+ children the kind of continuing personal attention the idea implied.

There were other problems associated with assessment: "Assess what?", for example. Ability to write continuous prose (of what kinds?), close reading, handling of conventions of punctuation and grammar, oral expression, self expression in other modes such as drama - how many of these and on what criteria? What did some of these mean or imply (like 'oral expression') and under what circumstances could they be fairly assessed? And even if some sensible decisions could be made about these on the basis of what skills the child needed in terms of his personal and social development or in terms of career opportunities, there remained the nagging doubt about whether what the school interprets as the priorities (and therefore assesses) is really properly related to the child's own growing needs and experience. If it isn't he won't be motivated to do well, won't do well, and the school will shuffle him to the bottom of the pile. In my own experience this had happened many times to children with particular psychological, emotional and social difficulties: the school's treatment of them was based almost always, almost completely, on how well they were doing in the terms of the assessment procedure. But it must also be true of many children without such difficulties to whom the school was not sufficiently sensitive.

It's not a perfect world, no system can cope with the myriad individual needs of a normal school population; but it would be difficult to devise any assessment system which took account of it less than the one most commonly used in schools and S1 is certainly the point at which the system is most obviously in need of some re-thinking. The trouble is that what teachers need and I needed was something practical, something manageable in the normal circumstances of a classroom, which would nevertheless allow us to do two things: produce an assessment which would be reliable in making decisions about the pupils future course in the school; and one which at the same time would actually help the child to learn better.

B. THE PUPIL PROFILE SHEET

By good fortune the work being done at that time on the Slow Learning Report* threw up the answer in the form of a Pupil Profile Sheet (See Additional Paper 1). In the report the sheet is preceded by several sheets in the form of a checklist of classroom observations of English skills designed to alert teachers to the various facets and problems of the slow learning pupils' personality and skills. I thought I could do without the checklist but was prepared to test the usefulness of the profile sheet. If it was useful for slow learners there seemed no reason why it shouldn't be useful for everybody.

* English for Slower Learners in the Secondary School, a report by the Scottish Central Committee on English, H.M.S.O. 1977

ADDITIONAL PAPER I

Pupil's Name | Class | Teacher

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses

6. Test Scores

It is an odd experience to have one's professional blinkers suddenly removed. The light streams in and immediately the proportions of the world we thought we knew are enlarged, and the relationships quite different from those we had assumed the true ones. Some things which had previously been on the periphery are now seen to be quite central, and others which had formed the starting point of our thinking and activity are seen for the first time to be startlingly less important.

The pupils profile sheet puts first on the list the words 'Personal/Interests'; this is followed by a simple breakdown of the skills and at the end comes 'Tests'. Each column has a division into 'strengths' and 'weaknesses'. Our minds are therefore refocussed in two seemingly minor and obvious ways: to look for the child behind his work; and to simplify, even over-simplify, the observation of his skills in terms of what he could do well and what he did badly. There may well be all sorts of theoretical objections that can and ought to be made about this method of analysis; but at a practical classroom level it brings remarkable rewards. Within the first two or three weeks I had a good grasp both of the characters and personalities of most of the class and of the level of their skills. I found their names much easier to remember and use. I was able to dispense encouragement, rebuke, to indicate dissatisfaction with performance, to poke questions at the right people at the right time, to parry, hedge, point and hit (verbally!), to far greater effect because I knew astonishingly quickly how to manage the individual members of the class.

ASSESSMENT (1) RESPONSE TO WORK TASK

How is this insight achieved? First of all by crude deduction from observed classroom behaviour and response. It's all right that the deduction be crude so long as the verdict reached on a particular child remains open to subversion from later evidence. For example, one of the things a teacher does in the early days of taking a class is to set the class a task, say to do a bit of writing or a bit of interpretation work. The class does not respond to this with immediate and uniform application and the teacher can learn by observing:

(a) who asks the questions which indicate lack of basic understanding of the requirement (in discussion it soon becomes obvious whether this is a careless listener or a child struggling with meaning)

(b) who asks the questions which indicate a desire to do the job in a different way (again in discussion the teacher discovers whether this is someone unwilling to work at the implications of the remit or someone who has understood these but wants to work at it from a different direction)

(c) who asks the questions which indicate the need for reassurance that he/she is doing the right thing

(d) who asks questions not of the teacher but of his/her neighbour(s).

(e) who does not ask questions but goes on to do the wrong thing

(f) who does not ask questions but goes on to do the wrong thing then asks if that is OK!

A great deal of tentative deduction can be made on the basis of that experience, particularly relating to:

(i) the child's confidence or insecurity about his/her ability to tackle the work he/she is set.

(ii) the child's need/desire/willingness to do his best to do the work well; or indifference to that kind of fulfillment.

And when we come to think about it, these two attitudes are far more influential in the child's potential for progress than anything we can teach him. The best teaching in the world will come to nought if it continually meets the barriers of the child not believing he can understand or of not caring whether he understands or not. And while these are extremes of these attitudes, the gradations are just as corrosive, producing pessimism, sulking, skiving, indifference, carelessness, lack of engagement with the task, and so on. We cannot any longer assume that children want to learn or even that they are under any external pressure from parents or society to learn; and regretfully schools often destroy the child's confidence in or enjoyment of learning. But if he can recognise the symptoms quickly, the teacher can win back that experience of enjoyment, give back to many children their lost confidence in themselves as learners, and therefore reactivate their willingness to work.

ASSESSMENT (2) LISTENING

A second useful dodge in the early stages is simply to read the class a story and watch for the 'fall-out': the points at which individual members of the class find it too taxing to listen further. A lot, of course, depends on the kind of story it is and it may be useful to try out more than one at different times; and other variables play a part - such as the time of day - it's best to do this exercise when they are fairly fresh! Putting aside those children who immediately look on story-telling as an opportunity for devilment with the people nearest them (frequently these are disturbed children who as class clowns and teacher baiters are the most difficult to deal with), the fall out rate can sometimes be a rough guide to those who might want to listen but lose track of the story, can't hold their minds on it, lapse in concentration. These are frequently, but not always, the slower learners of the class and the teacher can go on to seek corroboration (or otherwise) of this from other evidence. (Just occasionally it helps to spot pupils who have poor hearing - we see them always turning their best ear towards the teacher's voice as he moves about the room).

ASSESSMENT (3) READING

This other evidence comes from their reading and writing. I don't think anything is gained from reading round the class since I have frequently found that a child who reads badly in 'public' reads perfectly well in a one-to-one situation with the teacher. A variety of primitive reading skills can be assessed from their written answers to a piece of writing (preferably an enjoyable story or the like) which has been read and discussed in class to motivate them and to make sure they all got the general drift. Watch for the child who answers well in class discussion but does badly in the written answers; but such an exercise is still the best predictor of individual ability within the class. Even badly chosen passages, vague, ambiguous or impossible questions may have sound predictive value here; but clearly a carefully formulated reading test will, if thoughtfully analysed, yield a great deal of information about the state of the class as a whole with regard to close reading, as well as about its individual members. And yes, this takes time, time to formulate questions, time to analyse, time to record the analysis on the pupil profile sheet. But the rewards are enormous: a firm base of professional knowledge about the pupil and his skills, the class and their variety of skills, on which to make decisions about future course, activities, remedial help and so on.

ASSESSMENT (4) WRITING

The same is true of the piece of free writing which can be stimulated and similarly analysed in the first two weeks. In both the reading and the

writing exercise corroboration will emerge for the all-important observations of class behaviour already made: about the child's confidence or lack of confidence in himself as a learner; and about his attitude to the work and to the school. And as with the analysis of the child's close reading performance, his writing is also readily assessed in terms of its technical efficiency (differentiating between problems with the conventions such as handwriting punctuation and spelling and the more serious difficulties of a complete breakdown of the syntax and 'thought' of the writing); richness and range of vocabulary; variety and control of sentence patterns; and creativity. (Here let me refer again to the 'Checklist of Classroom Observations of English Skills' which is Appendix 2 of the Slow Learning Report)

This year I employed two pieces of writing as the stuff for analysis. The first was done on the first day I met the class when I explained how important it was that we get to know each other quickly, particularly that I shouldn't make any mistakes about the kind of persons they were. So I invited them to write to me about themselves, or two friends to write to me about each other, about what they looked like, about the other members of their family, about their interests or activities and about how they liked or disliked school; and I would reply to these 'letters' individually in a day or so, saying what I thought about what they said. They were advised not to say anything of too intimate a nature but on the other hand to say what they really thought about things. And I ended by emphasising that the purpose of the writing was a very real one - and they must try to make sure that I got the impression of them they thought was important for our working together. Needless to say the way this exercise was done, much more than the contents, provided much useful information about the class: about again, the child's confidence and attitude to work as well as his writing skills.

The second piece of writing was done in the second week. The class were given a photograph of a spider (in one of the Peter Abbs Broadsheets) and we discussed it in detail, building up words, that we might use for a description of it and its web, on the blackboard. The photograph is of course of a static spider; and after the class had also read 'Death of a Fly', also on the broadsheet, they were asked to describe in just half a page a spider in action (being advised to work out in advance for themselves some action words of similar particularity to those on the board). These pieces of writing provided the first indications of the creative potential of the class - something not related at all to their ability in the other skills.

The teacher's comments on all this on the pupils' Profile Sheet need not be particularly 'educated', wise or technical; but they should be as perceptive as the evidence permits and experience allows. Making such observations is itself a process of self education. For interest, in Additional Paper 2 are some of the pieces of writing thus analysed in class C and following that in Additional Paper 3 are the profile sheets of these same pupils.

ASSESSMENT (5) READING FOR PLEASURE

The comments of later date relate mostly but not exclusively to Reading and Spoken English (I found little reason to change at a late date earlier perceptions relating to Listening, Writing or Personal/Interests). To the comments already made about the pupil's 'close-reading' (i.e. the detailed investigation of the meaning of a text which we call comprehension or interpretation), were added at a later date and once it had been tested, details about him as a 'reader for pleasure'. There's no such thing, I discovered, as a reader for pleasure: children, like adults when given a similar opportunity, seek out books which succour to some personal need. 'Jaws' was read by more of the class than any of the books I offered, the nature of the 'pleasure' for some of them being of uncomfortable origin! Kung-Fu books, similarly not supplied, provided images of the hero as possessor of latent power which gave some very shy and meek boys

ADDITIONAL PAPER 2

Lorraine: Profile on Jacqueline

Appearance

What he cloathes are like
If she is a tidy person
colour of eyes - green
colour of hair - alburn
Shoes - very fashonable and a reasonable size
Tie sometimes untidy
Tights always clean

Beahavour

Somtimes reasonable and has a little giggle
She is mannerly to people like adults and her friends to.

Manners

She sometimes sits with her legs crossed but she has got manners

The hidden girl

She likes boys She is kind to animals somtimes hits animals

The Spider

as it wiggles around making a web
I carefully watch it
Into a lovely pattern
all silky and sticky
It makes a net all tangled
It is also hairy to
The web will stick to you
Only if you touch it

Robert W.:Profile on John W.

He likes sneaking into football matches and likes fighting He likes the books on the big shelf and bying bangers.

His habits are making funny noises and sucking his pinky.

His appearance is not very nice he has wee ears, nut brown hair and big teeth. He looks a trouble maker.

The Spider

I see a spider on the window,
Spinning its web which
looks like as skeleton, silky and sticky.
The spider is scuttling up the web,
It looks like it's falling,
It's fallen on my book,
Now's my chance to close the lid on its life,
crash! the book is closed.
The blood is spattered on the paper
The spider's dead.

John W.: Profile on Robert W.

1. The way he walks
2. He is small
3. Pulling his trousers up
4. Small and plump
5. has medium sized feet size 2
6. He has fair hair
7. He laughs funny
8. colour of his eyes (hazel)
9. Walks all squigley
10. He eats his pencil or pen.
11. His hair sticks out
12. likes playing rugger
13. He likes maths and English
14. He is about four feet
15. He likes lots of food.
16. He climbs over football matches
17. He combs his hair once a week
18. likes making a fool of himself
19. doesent like fighting
20. He takes lots of mad turns.
21. He eats toothpaste.
22. He can swum
23. Behavior not very good
24. Appearance
25. Doesent work a lot.
26. He lights fires and smokes
27. He wants a set of false teeth.
28. He has squint ears.

My Spider

As I looked up to my bedroom door, I saw a thick black spider crawling around in its web. I touched the spider and it was all hairy and sticky. As I watched carefully a small fly flew down and landed in the web. It was stuck The spider approached the fly and with its two legs crushed it as it scuttled up its web. It crushed up a load of flys that had landed on the web. I watched it carefully for hours. It used its crab like pincers and closes into the web and then all of a sudden it fell off onto my wardrobe.

* * *

Sheila

Profile on Karen

Karen is twelve years old, she has a sort of wobbly walk. She has quite a small nose, large eyebrows and small medium sized eyes. She looks after her hair well. She keeps in the fashion with clothes and shoes and her shoes are well kept. Looks after her clothes well. She is well built but not fat. She is clean; and tidy. Her behaviour is good, and she never really takes things out on people, which werent their fault. She likes most of the teachers in her new school. She likes most of her friends, but hates snobs. Her manners can be rude sometimes, which may hurt people. Her posture may be slouchy at times. She likes some boys in her class, and likes the neighbourhood she lives in. She doesn't like people who tell her what to do with her life. She hates snobs as I said before. She has many things that she likes to do, and is always a cheery girl, who gets on with folk. She used to have one bad habit, but has grown out of it. She has a very happy homelife with loving parents.

A Spider/

A Spider

While watching a spider on its silky web,
I saw a poor helpless fly stuck to it like glue
It struggled and twitched, but it was in vain.
Then out popped the spider, murky brown in colour,
Prowls to catch it, and devour it.
It grapples at its skelton-like web,
Then darts, and towers over the fly.
Its hairly body begins to sway, as it encloses
the fly in his cocoon,
He finishes his job and carries it off, so
he can have it for lunch.
Then later on the spider appears.
Once more to find another victim.
Will another poor fly soon be devoured.
And never to see the world again.
Its the spiders food, so we cant do anything,
But wait and look to see what happens.

* * *

Scott

A Profile

Appearance:

When I come to school I look quite smart, but as the day goes on I loosen my tie and undoe my blazer. My dad polishes my shoes because I am either out or too busy. I comb my hair twice a day but when I go out I comb it again. I wash once a day, at night but after lunch I wash my face and hands. I look after my clothes by hanging them up on hangers and not just throwing them in the wardrobe. I also wash my teeth.

Behaviour:

When I am in class I do my work and finish it. Then I muck about because there is not anything to do. My behaviour is alright in class, but I am sometimes badly behaved but only when the work I am doing is boring. I am mostly well-behaved at home but I sometimes have fights with my younger brother and I get into trouble because I am the eldest.

The Hidden Man:

My hobbies are watching telly, swimming, and playing football. I like all sprts, and I also like animals. I like to draw pictures of sport and animals. I also like girls. I do not like bossy adults. I do not like referees either because they never seem to do anything right for my team. I like going to see Hibs, and I do not like Hearts and Rangers supporters.

The Spider

The hairy, agile spider creeps along his web,
His crab-like pincers feeling about in front of him;
It grapples with a bewildered fly,
The helpless, petrified victim tries with one last twitch to get free.
But it is engulfed by it's murky captor.
It scuttles across the sticky spiral web;
And begins the feast in a corner of the silky, patterned net.

Suzette

My Profile

I like school because you meet different people. I think my appearance is alright but I'm not esepially smart. I enjoy talking and love animals. I think I can be very bad tempered when I have a cause to be. I am not well spoken. I think adults are okay but I wish they would try to understand us more. I can be well mannered when I want to be but I don't always try. I get on well with friends and enjoy being with people. I don't mind getting told what to do but I don't like bossy people. I don't get much chance to ware what I like to school but I like nice clothes. I'm not really very tidy. I don't really hate anything but I don't like doing some things. I don't give a great deal of cheek but I can be cheeky. I like nice hair but it gets messed up at school. I enjoy living in Leith in Scotland and don't much fancy staying any where else. I don't like to see people dirty because there is no need to have dirty clothes or not washing themselves. I always wash my hair twice a week and have a bath every two days and shower before bed. I have two brothers and one sister. I sometimes get annoyed with them but I really like them. I am always trying to improve my head but I'm not very clever. I love listening to people who have something interesting to say.

* * *

Margaret

Profile

Apperance

I'm neat and tidy, I like being in the fashion. I do not wear really fashionable clothes to school because I think that people would think I'm a scruff. I do not know how to tell you about my thoughts because they just come and go. I like talking to people. I hate being told what to do and what to wear. I hate strict people and people that shout. I think my mum and Dad must be mad because they hardly ever quarrele. I think people should quarrel becuase it helps solve problems. I often quarrel with my mum whith what I want to do.

Spider

Its web is like a thin thread of silk if its web were walls it would be a maze the spider its self is basy.

* * *

Alan

Profile of Ian

Appearance:

out of fashion
tall
haircut in the shape of a bwol
the way he walks
brushes shoes
doesn't brush hair carefully

Behaveiour/

Behaveiour:

good at times
cracks jokes wich are sometimes funny but the others are so daft you can't help feeling sorry for him.
tells lies
Always cheeky to teachers
he writes on walls and hits everybody with his bag.
terrible writer

mad on fishing
likes hunting
likes school holidays
interested in girls

The Spider

A spider is shaped like a raspberry and it comes in different sizes. The spider lives in a web which is in a net pattern which is made so it traps any small insects by sticking to them. The spider lives up in the corner of the web. Once caught the fly has little chance. When the fly touches the web the spider feels the small threads fibrating, so cunningly he darts from the corner and engulfs the fly in its two crablike pincers then to stop the fly struggling like a fish caught he injects poison into it and carries his dinner back to the corner as quickly as he can so an other fly can get caught but with the help of me an other fly never got caught because I booted the web a shot which wrecked it beyond repair.

* * *

#3 + A.

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Sheila | Class: II | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
Clever, positive approach to most of what she does. Technically very competent. Prefers academic work but tackles anything	

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Good contributor to group discussion. Too positive to hold group together rather than dominate it. Reports well, performs well.	

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Good ideas for writing. Technically competent though sentences decay as story goes on - confusion?	

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Fairly wide reader of books, magazines. Not a strong reader. Average at close reading, suggesting that she reads intellectually beneath the level she is.	

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
Good listener when she chooses but easily distracted.	

6. Test Scores

Vocabulary

Interpretation 12/25

Profile of other girl: perceptive, lively, not well organised.
Poem on Shirley: linguistically good, structurally immature; [illegible]
Critical Post Graduate: very strong

5/8 + 4/8.

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Robert W | Class: II (L1) | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
Wee but very much a boy, standing up for himself, aggressive, probably walking up for being over-tethered, as for being regarded as not quite up to the others. In group, aggressive: can be problematic but he develops loyalty to work. Needs encouragement & control.	Careless, too busy trying to grow up, blind about of others socially. Not bothered by sitting beside John W.

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Works well enough with people if can find outlet. Good performer on final tape.	Aggressive in what comes. Often too hasty, first idea that enters head.

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Ideas few & sketchy, but potential greater if could come to terms with himself.	Not able to settle down to develop an idea or thought. Sketchy. Sentences short & weak punctuation. But not when he is really interested & not diverted. (no mistakes or punctuation errors in free Reading Test)

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Reads home readers intelligently and has good recall. Interested in things - reads books learn etc. Not a good close reader unless he is made to concentrate & won't diverted.	Not a wide reader - opts to most of it from teacher, not a user of the library.

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
Likes stories	Poor listener on the whole, readily distracted and influenced by those around him.

6. Test Scores

Necessities

Interpretation 11/25.

Account of a poem: good grasp of poem & well structured.
People of other lands: perceptive; absorbed, strong human interest.
Business letter: messy looking; layout, order, technical
Poem on Street: Poor all round.

2/3 — C

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Scott | Class: 1R. | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths

Good mind, salable of Wafa Grade.
Always well dressed. A good candidate.
Self confident, willing to show his skill.

Weaknesses

Proud of his linguistic skill & wants praise for it: but sometimes it doesn't mean much.
Sulks if he doesn't get things his own way, opts out of work altogether if it is not his kind of thing.
Spoiled at home?

2. Spoken English

Strengths

Sharp & forceful use.
Bit doesn't mix well unless he can be the leader without a fight.
Actual performance in reporting progress and final performance is very competent & well within his capability.

Weaknesses

3. Written English

Strengths

Sentence, punctuation etc competent.
Linguistically agile and even affected.
Good handles of ideas when really involved.

Weaknesses

Rights away with little — ideas and solid content because of his skill with words.
Inclined to suffer if others do he gets on in school because it makes him lazy.
Needs steady pressure of the sort to improve.

4. Reading

Strengths

Very good class reader when he puts his mind to it.
Not a wide home reader and tends to be careless about this. Probably needing given more substantial adult reading.

Weaknesses

5. Listening

Strengths

Listens intelligently and has good recall.

Weaknesses

5. Test Scores

December
Intests 21½/25
Newsletter report of murder: very effective handing/take off.
Make out story: very well told with calculated linguistic effects.
Self-portrait: well written, technically OK. Not structured.
Christmas Play: not distinguishable from others.

4 — 2C

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Suzette | Class: 1C | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths

Interest them most of her age group, also makes her attractive about some of the work.
But not sulky, rather cheerful and enjoys being the butt of a little joking about her build — Amerindo Abroad.

Weaknesses

Breezes at almost everything, not finished but wrong because she has given it no thought.
Really infatuant of school & won't settle unless given vocational motivation.

2. Spoken English

Strengths

Willing contributor. In groups she won't contribute to anybody but willing to make a go of any arrangement based on equal status.

Weaknesses

Hasty in ideas, needs a steadying influence.
Doesn't report well when the situation is complex.
But shambles confidently & performs well.

3. Written English

Strengths

Can write well.
Very lively when writing about own experience or real life. Doesn't take to imaginative/fanciful subjects.

Weaknesses

Shaky in sentences, punctuation etc because she seldom takes time to do it properly.

4. Reading

Strengths

Personal reading wide and rather concerned with real life or top sensation (ghost stories). Reads all Comics & Weekday City Rollers.

Weaknesses

Below average class reader — jumbo too badly to conclusions. Potentially better if she could discipline herself.

5. Listening

Strengths

Listens well enough if the subject interests her (& real event).

Weaknesses

Poor listener, won't concentrate on exact or detailed input.

6. Test Scores

December
Intests 11/25
Poem on Leopard: good discussion and feeling, odd remarks. Is basically confused.
Self-portrait: lively & mature, well written; incorrectly written, like other work.
Christmas Play: can't distinguish contributions.

5 — 8C

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Glen Class: Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
Basically quite able (could be better one he so motivated. He cannot live needs as unpersonality not being answered by the school! The only book he has ever thought significantly was 'Shane'.	Reticent, uncommunicative, probably introvert. Pathetic leader's self-confidence, extremely insecure, magnifying himself as Brave Boy (Thing to be) inhibited by lack of a need! Won't ability himself make frustrated hands when I'm doing my own growth work. Not helped by [illegible] with Jan.

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Doesn't seek to contribute to group work but does the minimum. Won't remember a report and a serious performance of his own. Needs teaching + encouragement in this area.	

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Can handle complex thoughts quite comfortably. Ideas limited but may be that a strength lack of effort.	Careless, doesn't mind whether accurate or not (can spell 'interesting' correctly — one line, and as 'interesting' in next)

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Reads a lot of King Fu stuff and a fair amount of other 'heroic' stuff. Very average when reader because he won't make the effort to concentrate.	

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
Idle listener.	

6. Test Scores

November Intech. 13/25

[illegible]

19

6/7 + C

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Margaret Class: 1I Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
Good natured, with strong warm emotions. Wants to do her best if the task seems at all within her grasp. Needs a lot of teacher support + encouragement. But also needs shaking into doing for herself.	Poor general ability and knows it. Tends to give up easily and slide out of difficulties. Poor concentration but tries if the subject interests.

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
A bit diffident about contributing but makes the effort. Hasn't the command of ideas to report well but is able to take part in performance stage with success.	Too readily stage-managed by others in group. Gives along with rest for an easy life.

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Technical inefficiency (punctuation, spelling etc) obscures what ability she has:- Signs of more complex structures being used. The whole writing performance could improve if she was given encouragement + support.	Signs of stress — written work affecting handwriting, sentence, punctuation + spelling in a fair degree. Tends to run on her sentences with endless joining words. No imagination work, responds on simple emotional level.

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Poor home-reader — mostly magazines, annuals. But takes straightforward real life stories + stories involving human emotions.	Poor class-reader partly because she won't make the effort (which in turn is partly through previous discouragement) and partly because she doesn't have the ability.

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
Willing to listen if the material is down to earth or relevant to her experience.	Poor concentration.

6. Test Scores

November Intech. 8/25

Self-portrait: short + [illegible]; personal letter: full + feeling but [illegible]; Business letter: consistent, no error; punctuation shaky. Christmas letter: [illegible]

20

7

+

C

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: John W | Class: 1I | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
	Highly strung, quick to feel threatened. Has great difficulty coming to terms with authority: needs a lot of encouragement and support. Can't take any kind of criticism.

*This child needing guidance, besides of a professional kind.

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
	Jerky - speech, fast delivery. Can't accomodate with others in a group, totally disrupts rhythm. Then becomes aggressive and blows self up at the aggravation of the others.

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Inventive and can observe well. Can write fairly well considering for sentence structure and common spelling errors.	

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Personal reading fast though does make the attempt (and has read 'Jaws') Close reading fast, incapable of sustained concentration.	

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
	Very poor listener, opts out immediately even when test in front of him.

6. Test Scores

Numerical

Interpretation 8½/25

Story about monster: poor narrative girl; story unsustained.
Story about blackout: lack of evidence to before; unable narrative.
Replacing of long-past words
Shadow drawing: dramatic, effective; not skillful.
Letter (Remedy): unsure and unsustained content technically fair.

21

7/8

ADDITIONAL PAPER 3

+

B

PUPIL PROFILE

Pupil's Name: Lorraine | Class: 1I | Teacher:

1. Personal/Interests

Strengths	Weaknesses
Slower learner and has little confidence in herself. Doesn't like to expose her lack of ability to teacher or class. Easily distracted. Just finding an opportunity to exercise other qualities: common sense and ideas	

*Will continue to need encouragement to be given opportunity, to be positive as she will slip back into inability and defensiveness.

2. Spoken English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Works well in group because she wants to, has an outlet for her self there. Enjoys also a group performance and even willing to report to teacher forming group. Needs chaffing and encouragement to do all this.	Finds it difficult to achieve fullest formality forms of English.

3. Written English

Strengths	Weaknesses
Writes sentences but doesn't punctuate all of them. Neat worker	No imagination and poor vocabulary.

4. Reading

Strengths	Weaknesses
Very fast slow reader. Will read homework story of simple kind (eg Boy called Golden Sufferance) but not anything more difficult.	

5. Listening

Strengths	Weaknesses
Poor listener, easily distracted. Needs instructions repeated.	

6. Test Scores

Numerical

Interpret 4/25

Christmas Play: [illegible]
Bottrell's room: [illegible]
IT lesson - good [illegible]

22

new fantasies to develop. Some mature girls were already on to adult literature: no looking back for them; while some poor readers found it reassuring to regress to simple stories which they had chronologically outgrown, because although it was a paperback like the rest, it was simple enough to be read quickly, allowing them to keep up. It was observable that the books which were returned quickly for exchange did not serve such needs, the pupils being unable to account in any reasonable way for their dislike of the book.

If I had wished I could have added a third aspect of reading: reading for a specific purpose (to understand what's wanted, to follow a set of instructions, for information etc.) This seems to me an important aspect of reading but I did not find a suitable opportunity to employ or test it within the scope of the activities I tried this year. Over the two year period S1-2 it should certainly figure much more.

ASSESSMENT (6) SPOKEN ENGLISH

What provided a bigger headache was 'Spoken English'. What are the different 'kinds' of speech we employ; or, perhaps more exactly, in what different kinds of situation do we employ variants of our speech performance? If these are restricted to those of some social or practical significance, there are at least three readily identifiable types on a line from intimate to public which can be encouraged and assessed in the English class, viz.

(a) contribution to small group discussion (pupils only)

(b) reporting, as representative of the small group, to the visiting teacher or to the class as a whole.

(c) performance of a finished kind for a wider-than-group/class audience, on tape for example.

Contribution to small group discussion was assessed on the basis of what the teacher heard in joining the group but before entering the discussion himself; from questioning the group about the contribution each had made ('Whose idea was that?', 'Had you nothing to say about all this, Gary?'), and from listening to the group on tape - a recorder was given for a period at a time to a particular group who could use it for their own purposes if they wished but had to record all that was said. The class were told about the purpose of the recording, but as far as I can judge were neither inhibited nor 'putting it on' as a result. It is fair to add that by that time, tape recorders were old hat anyway.

Reporting was easy to arrange for assessment. On going round the groups each day, I asked a different individual to sum up what the group had done since I had last seen them and what they were hoping to achieve that day. The regularity of this request gradually helped the pupils visualise the formula for reporting and therefore muster the information into a coherent form. In addition I occasionally held plenary sessions to let each group tell the rest of the class where it had got to and the same skills were called on again in this semi-public situation. Simple comment on the profile form sufficed. Pupils who had difficulty in the skill, for various reasons, were given practical help ('Now the job is to put me/the class in the picture. Tell us the main thing you've done today and after that go in to detail if you wish about any bit of it') (Not a wholly successful ploy. Anybody got a better one?)

Performance, the most public kind of utterance being assessed, was again readily assessed. The teacher insisted that everybody in the group contributed (this didn't completely work out!) at this stage to the work of the project in a tape or tape-slide presentation of, in this case, 'Life in Bothwell St.'. This is where the class were encouraged to develop good articulation (a wash-out for some), find the right linguistic register (without introducing that word),

give liveliness, appropriate speed, and panache where appropriate, to their performance. They were judged on these grounds as well as on the content of their finished pieces.

It has to be said that a number of able but shy or reserved children do not do well on any of these situations; and when a final assessment of their abilities in English is made, the logic of this disability has to be carried through. Helping children to see that these are important and measureable skills, with positive consequences in terms of assessment, was pushing a number of the reticent at the end of the day towards greater oral involvement.

A number of other things emerged. Oral proficiency in these areas is not linked closely to ability in other English skills. A clever child if he is motivated to put his mind to it will of course do better than a slow learner: he has more ideas to offer at the discussion stage, can better muster detail into a coherent report, has more linguistic resources for performance. But these skills are having to be used in a social context, within the group, speaking to the class, performing with an audience listening in. Very often the clever child has more difficulty than the others in finding a role for himself, a workable relationship with these various groups, which allows him to make full use of his talents: a valuable skill in itself which the teacher should help him master. ("I'm disappointed at your contribution to this, John, is there no way you could . . ."). At the other end of the ability range, there was no doubt that the slower learners thrived in oral work, grew in confidence as they realised they had good commonsense things to suggest in group discussion, could make a fair show at summing up progress ("We've jist . . .") and had good voices for 'local characters' and the like in performance.

Finally on this subject I was surprised to find there was no hierarchy in these three aspects of oral ability: a child could be good at 'performance' who was not good in the more intimate situation of the group discussion; and vice versa. Somehow I had expected that the more 'public' the situation, the more difficult it would become: this was not borne out.

C. INVOLVING THE PUPILS IN THE ASSESSMENT PROCEDURE

The pupils at no time were given or shown the details of their assessment built up on the Pupil Profile Sheet. But once I was fairly confident about where the trouble lay (sometimes in a skill deficiency, more often in their self-confidence and attitude to work) I began to make them aware of it; thus:

> "Now that's good writing, Lorraine. All that's been wrong with you is you didn't think you could do it, isn't that right? Have you not been very successful at this kind of thing before? (Pause for discussion) Well, that's good stuff, you're all right now."

> "First finished again, Suzette? Think it will satisfy me? Now you know what happens: you go at it like a bull in a china shop, whoosh! - and then have to start all over again. Now can we think this thing through together, more slowly? What do you . . ."

> "More sex and violence, Garry? Do you realise I'm getting a bit old for this kind of stuff? When are you going to stop trying to shock me - isn't it time you gave us both a break?"

> "That's a marvellous drawing, Steven, it shows you have a much better mind than you show in your writing. Now what happens to you when you start to write - is it your trouble with spelling that makes you think you can't do it?"

"Scott, you're a magician with the words. Marvellous vocabulary and a really clever writer. But what does it all mean - are you not just conjuring with words rather than making them really mean something?"

"I don't like your ending, it doesn't feel right. Short stories are tidy things, they don't leave loose ends. See that earlier bit there, can you not work it in to the ending?"

"That's rubbish, John. You're heart lazy, haven't done a stroke for the last week. Now if you don't pull yourself together I'm going to ask the Guidance teacher if we can talk to your parents. You've got the brains and you're squandering them."

- and so on. The sugar and the pill, encouragement and new demands in equal measure, seeking chances to make the point but not overdoing it, giving the child time and opportunity to assimilate criticism, turn in a new direction and so on - its all in the handling. They do adapt, make breakthroughs, regress, come again; and the teacher needs to keep encouraging, showing dismay, impatience, cracking the whip, encouraging again.

At the end of the day I wasn't entirely satisfied with my progress. I failed to make any progress at all with one disturbed child who could neither bear the authoritarian strictures of the traditional classroom set-up nor cope with the freedoms of group work. More importantly, I failed to motivate and budge four very bright children from a particular Primary School who came with clear ideas about how to succeed in English and found that I wanted from them a whole lot of very different responses not in line with what they were used to (I have more to say about this in Part 2 of this document). The others did respond and I was particularly pleased with the rise in confidence of most of the slower learners. But whatever qualifications I have about it, the amount of progress made in helping children in this class to be better learners was far better than any previous attempt of mine in the last fifteen years. In the past, I know now, I just didn't notice how little I was achieving or I saw only what <u>was</u> achieved, not what wasn't.

D. INVOLVING THE PUPILS IN THEIR OWN FINAL ASSESSMENT

I wanted at the end of my time with the class to devise a form of report which would take into account more than merely their performance in the English skills. I had discovered that that performance was more closely related to their attitudes to work and confidence in themselves than to anything else. On the other hand, children do like to know how they stand in relation to other people in their class and it is useful for both them and their parents to know how they stand in their <u>year</u> group; and it seemed to me that they ought also to get some estimate of whether or not their skills had improved or not!

Yet the system had to be simple, easily written up, easily read and analysed. So the following plan was devised: the pupil would be given

(1) An assessment of his academic standing within the whole year range on a scale 1 - 10. (This might be based on a selective moderation of standards achieved in normal classwork; perhaps allied with an all through test of close reading.) This to be given under the heading '<u>Range</u>'.

(2) A judgement by the teacher of his <u>Potential/Performance</u> differential, meaning how well the teacher thinks he is living up to his potential. This is better than a mark for diligence since the causes that lie behind failure to reach a potential are many, subtle, and it should be far better to discuss these with the child with/without his parents, with/without the assistance of the Guidance staff.

(2) continued.

This information should be given under the heading P/P and consist of a simple scale A - C signifying

A Living up fully to potential

B More or less living up to potential but not at full stretch

C Not living up to his potential

(3) A judgement by the teacher about whether the child has made any progress in the skills attached to the subject. Such a judgement should again lead to discussion between the relevant parties. The scale this time is again tripartite and may be registered thus:

+ Has made reasonable progress in the skills

x Has made some progress but not enough

- Has made little or no progress.

Such a system allows for a far clearer view of the child as a learner, points more clearly to the problem areas in the whole relationship he has with the subject, but in no way sacrifices academic standards. If desired the results of any all through moderation of work performed in class or all through testing (though I have grave doubts about the validity of such results in S1-2) can be added. The order of merit result for my own class looked like this: (See Additional Paper 4).

This was done at the end of the Easter term. The assessment of Range I had to do merely from my experience of teaching the normal range of abilities in the school over the past 2½ years and cannot be relied upon absolutely. If the system were to be taken up by a whole department or school, it would be properly moderated. The assessment of Potential/Performance was based on what had accumulated on the Pupil Profile Sheet, and on their classwork. And both in this and for the Progress assessment, the children were allowed to choose the five pieces of work (stipulated: two pieces of 'creative' writing; two bits of work concerned with 'thinking' or 'reading' skills; and any one other) on which the assessment would be based. I said that the piece of work they were then engaged on - the short stories collected at the end of this document (See App. 5) -would also play a considerable part in making up my mind: since this was to be their last piece of work for me it was up to them to show how far their skills had improved. Nobody actually got a -.

Once I had made up my mind (taking a much shorter time than I had spent for years correcting umpteen one-off essays etc, as part of a year examination) I gave each child the assessment information relating to himself on a piece of paper and invited each of them to write back privately to me on the same piece of paper.

1) what he thought of the assessment in terms of its fairness at one/more/all of the areas assessed.

2) the reasons for his judgement.

3) what use this assessment might be to him the following term/year.

Here are some of the replies. It is most instructive to look at the Range mark (and the others) and read the comments in the light of it. (See Additional Paper 5).

Even though in the end I changed only one assessment in the light of these comments, the discussion which they initiated proved most fruitful both for many children and for me. In politicians' jargon many of these discussions were 'frank', on both sides, and had I been staying on with the class, would certainly have made me much more alert to the needs of the

ADDITIONAL PAPER 4

Class 1I - ORDER OF MERIT

Name	Range	P/P	Progress
Kevin	2	B	+
Blair	3	B	x
Louise	2	A	+
Scott	2/3	C	x
Sheila	2/3	A	+
Clark	3	B	+
Karen H.	3	A	+
Lorna	3	C	x
Agnes	3	A	+
William	3	A/B	+
Robert C.	4	A	+
John D.	4	C	x
Suzette	4	C	x
Karen K.	4	A/B	+
Janet	4/5	B	x
Alan	5	C	x
Iain	5	C	x
Jacqueline	5	B	+
Robert .	5	A/B	+
Karen R.	5	B	x
Gillian	5	C	+
Gary	6	A/B	+
Denise	6	B	+
Linda	6	A	+
Margaret	6/7	C	+
Dawn	7	A	+
Steven	7	A/B	+
John W.	7	C	+
Diane	7/8	B	+
Lorraine	7/8	B	+

(a) Is it a fair assessment?

(b) Why is it fair or unfair?

(c) What use will this assessment be to you now?

Comments

Linda (6 A +)

Yes, it is a fair assessment.

It is fair because with a test you can not really revise as you do not know what's in it and you could fail the test and so the judgementmight be fairer.

This assessment is quite useful as it is showing you if you are imporving, just staying the same or going down.

Agnes (3 A +)

I think this is a fair assessment.

It is a fair assessment because I think it is a better way of marking it, as we normally get marked as 9/10 or a B.

The use of this is good because I can see what my standards are now and see if I can improve in the future.

William (3 A/B +)

It is a fair assessment.

I think it is fair because I have learned quite a lot although I have never done anything like it before at school.

The assessment will let me know how I have progressed at this kind of work in the last few months.

Kevin (2 B +)

I think this is a fair assessment.

I think it is fair because everybody gets the same assessment. And it lets everybody know what they are like in their work.

I think it will be useful for me to look and see what I have done. And it will tell me to try and use my abilities more.

Karen K. (4 A/B +)

Yes it is fair.

I agree with it.

It gives me an idea on how I am doing at English and next year I will know if I have improved.

Blair (2 B x)

No.

If you were more strict everybody would have had higher marks. I think I should have had a lower mark.

The assessments would have more use if they had been given in the middle of the term so that we could see what you expected of us.

Scott (2/3 C x)

No!

Because I was bored with going out onto the street and trying to describe it and the people in it. I would rather have stayed in the class and done English exercises and write essays.

It will probably do me a lot of good

Lorna (3 C x)

I think it is a fair assessment because I do not do as much work as I should do and I don't put enough into my work I just write down things and not bother about them. If I am interested in a certain subject like writting poems and stories I pay particular attention to it. It will be quite good use to me now because I could improve on this quite a lot.

Margaret (6/7 C +)

No

Because you have not known me long enough to deside what my assessment is espesily when you have a hole class to look after.

not very much but if it is true then I will have to try harder.

Jacqueline (5 B +)

I think that it is a fair assesment.

I think that it is fair because you asked us to use our heads and thats what I tried to do. This has improved my reading but not so much the group work. I am the sort of person who, whenever I get the chance I will talk and that is how I have not improved the group work, because we were left to work on our own. If I didn't talk I think that I would get a better mark.

The story that I wrote will help me most with writing and spelling. The books helped me with my reading very much. The project didn't seem to help me very much at all, so I saw no point in the project.

Karen R. (5 B x)

I do not think it is a fair assessment.

I think it is unfair because I think my writing has improved. Not as a group because there is too much carrying on but when I work myself.

I think this assessment will be good to me because it will teach me not to listen to other people who are carrying on and I will need to work harder.

Louise (2 A +)

I think it is a fair assesment, because in the past few months, I have learned to think carefully before writing stories, etc., and I have also have learned how to make use of the opportunities that I am given (I have also done things that I wouldn't have thought I could) The assesment will make sure that I will work much harder so next year I might get the chance of a second language.

Suzette (4 C x)

Yes.

Its fair because you are just asking us to use our brain and consitrate on what we are doing and telling us whether we are.

The project will help us think more and help us as we go through school and also help us all through life because we were having to think about things and plan.

Gillian (5 C +)

I think it is fair but I thought that I would have got a B.

Because I think my work has improved.

This will be a good use to me because next year I can look back and see if I have improved more.

Karen H. (3 A +)

It is a fair assesment because I think it in a new way of marking as you normally get told you've either got 9 out of 10 or a B. This time you know that you have improved and using your talents.

I think it shows you how much you've improved.

Denise (6 B +)

Yes it is a fair assessment.

I thought it was a fair assessment because I prefer people to judge from my work rather than having a big load of tests.
This assessment will be of use to me because it tells me if I have improved on my English or not. It also tells me if I am any good at working in a group.

Lorraine (7/8 B +)

I think it is a fair assessment.

I think it is fair because you are asked to work hard and it gives you a better brain and it will help you when you get older.

I thought that the film strip helped me a lot and I thought the story was good that I write. The story has helped me with my punctuation and reading.

more academic children as a group and of a small number of others whose problems I had misread.

For interest here are the results (in a grade A - E) of how the class fared independently as the result of two whole year assessment tests of close reading (interpretation) while they were with me. The grades relate to the performance of everybody in the year, not just the class. (See Additional Paper 6) If this attainment result were all that was to be used to decide what course a child should take next year and if next year's teacher could know only what is in this sheet as a guide to the child, aren't we likely to make as many errors of judgement as right decisions? Yet just this happens in nearly all our schools. It's time we changed. If not convinced, look back again at the Pupil Profiles and the Assessment/Order of Merit Sheet and see how many factors ought to be influencing our judgement.

I wish to emphasise, finally, that none of these procedures of assessment are being offered as ideal. They emerged randomly, were not the product of research or even any organised logical thinking. They therefore need critical scrutiny in use and individuals or some English departments may already possess and use more sophisticated procedures. But they have the virtue of being simple in conception and in use. And unless I'm mistaken they make the teaching of English a much more insightful and professional activity.

ADDITIONAL PAPER 6

ASSESSMENT TESTS

	November 1975	May 1976
WILLIAM	C+	B
ROBERT C.	C+	B
IAIN	D	C-
JOHN D.	B	C
GARY	D	D
BLAIR	C+	A
SCOTT	A	A
CLARK	C	B
KEVIN	B	A
ALAN	C	C+
STEVEN	E	D
JOHN W.	D	E
ROBERT W.	C-	C
SUZETTE	D	C+
JANET	B	C
JACQUELINE	C+	C
LINDA	C+	D
LOUISE	A	A
SHEILA	B	B
KAREN H.	B	B
KAREN K.	B	B
JANE	C+	C-
GILLIAN	C	D
DIANE	D	E
LORNA	C-	B
DENISE	C	D
DAWN	C-	D
KAREN R.	A	C
LORRAINE	C-	E
AGNES	B	C+
MARGARET	E	D

THE TEACHER'S ROLE IN THE GROUP TEACHING SITUATION

Part 2 is an account mainly of a group teaching situation where the groups were deliberately mixed in ability. In less detail it describes the teacher's progress from the moment of meeting the class to the time when group work begins, suggesting various reasons why it didn't begin immediately. In giving an account of the group work, it puts side by side a detailed record of what the teacher tried to do (and where these intentions came adrift), Mrs. Kathleen Broadway's commentary as an observer, and the childrens' own response when interviewed near the end of the work by Sydney Smyth, C.I.T.E. Director. Finally it sets out what had been learned and where further thinking is needed. Much of the childrens' work across the ability spectrum is included.

The First 10 Weeks

In session 1975-76 I took class C from the mid-term October holiday until the Easter break. The time between October and Christmas I propose not to describe in detail: it was a period spent getting to know the class, and assessing the problems and potential of individual children as described in Part 1 of this document. The work consisted of the following class activities:

1. Self-Profile (as described in Part 1)

2. Using a Peter Abbs Broadsheet about a spider to encourage the class to write. This also is described in Part 1. The aim was, by hook or crook, to give every child the feeling of achievement.

3. Reading a story, watching for 'fall-out', and asking for recall. This, too, is described in Part 1.

4. Making a Critical Path Analysis (from 'Starting-Points'). This encouraged careful and detailed thought about a real process (they were asked for 'making a telephone call' or 'making a cup of tea'.).

5. Business Letters (done in haste because there was an imminent test of the year group on these).

6. Writing about an encounter with an animal. This was stimulated by a bit of writing from a book that was available.

7. In friendship groups, writing a Christmas play. There was a choice of situations, including the customary up-dating of the Christmas story, from which the groups could choose. It introduced the class to group work and gave them a clear remit. Results were mixed, some good, some average. The end product was taped.

8. In addition the class were reading from the class library stock, a varied collection, a book a week.

This is straightforward stuff; but it contains a number of assumptions which are worth teasing out. In view, for example, of my ultimate intention to involve them in problem-solving, mixed-ability group work, why did I spend the first six weeks or so (Activities 1-6 above) teaching the class as a unit? At the time, I wasn't sure! All I knew was that I had a need to establish with the class straight away the kind of relationship I wanted - a relaxed one but one in which if it came to it, I was the boss. This most teachers do through the work we do with the class: conveying to the pupils the kind of mental experiences they can expect in that class and the teacher's role in these experiences. And if we accept that the most fruitful kind of mental experience is in literature and that the teacher's place is in making that experience available to the class, the most economic way of doing this is to take the class as a unit in the first few weeks, establishing the nature of the experiences to be enjoyed through literature, and the teacher's role in this process.

Of course, there are other kinds of experience to be offered, but literature will play some part in most, and it is valuable later if, in the midst of group work, the teacher is able to bring the class together from time to time in the renewed pleasure of an experience which the class recognises and responds to without further cueing. Furthermore, in this initial period, the teacher is establishing the standards which he wishes the class to accept and adopt in their own reading, discussion and writing, standards which when working on their own or in a group he will not expect them at once, perhaps ever, to attain, but certainly will expect them to strive towards as the most rewarding.

A further important ground for keeping the class together as a unit in the initial stages is the need for speedy assessment. How this can be done has been discussed in Part 1.

The second main assumption implicit in this early work is that when group-work does begin as in the Christmas play (see above) the groups should be friendship or neighbour groups so that sources of friction between personalities are reduced to the minimum; and that, as well as a clear-cut remit, they are given or already have the material/knowledge they need to carry it out. They should also have a clear notion of the <u>form</u> in which the outcome is to appear (in the case of the Christmas Plays, a script complete with sound effects ready for reading into a tape recorder). In this way the class are eased into group work and discover its work patterns enjoyable and satisfying.

One word of warning. It is untrue to suggest that when they come to secondary school, all children are used to groups. Some are; some aren't at all; and even if they are, the group they make up in the secondary school will be a completely new one with dynamics which they may never have encountered in any previous group. It is safer to assume therefore that for all children, group work is, if not a novelty, at least a new ball-game.

By and large then, the selection of material for class use in the first ten weeks followed no definite principle and came in random order. I wanted to make the work in English enjoyable for the class but also to draw out their abilities, particularly in writing. I wanted to make sure they all had the taste of success for nothing motivates better. I wanted unobtrusively to assess each child's ability, confidence and attitude to work. I wanted to establish the standard of concentration that I would thereafter expect them to adopt. So they got the variety, what I could readily lay my hands on, which enabled these objectives to be achieved.

The Thinking Behind the Project

In education we sometimes forget that our aims lie beyond education: we teach English to enable the child to develop as an individual; and to master the skills he will need in society. That begs a lot of questions since an individual has all manner of potentialities and which ones are the most important? And society has all manner of aspects some of which the child will need warned about, some prepared for, some trained to use. And since both the individual and the society are not static entities we have to take into account their present stage of development: no use giving a twelve year old work suited for a ten or fourteen year old or work which will prepare him for a society which existed ten years ago but not now (though maybe we need to prepare him to be able to handle the society of ten years on.).

The ultimate aim is to teach the child how to think analytically and creatively about, and to recognise and evaluate his own emotions in response to, the real world. At the age of twelve children are not ready to <u>conceptualise</u> about the world, to form abstract ideas which allow them to debate principles and

hypotheses which are relevant to their own lives. Although they are picking up views and prejudices from adults and the media, these are not yet influencing their own behaviour, not contributing to their idea of themselves as adults, to the kind of adults they will want to be. They are still content, in other words, to take advantage of being children. So in what way can the work in English at this stage contribute to their growth?

Well, before they can start to think about reality conceptually, they can start to investigate its nature. For at least one big swatch of their time in S1, the class's reading and writing (and inevitably therefore, their listening, speaking and reflection) might be concerned with the life of their own neighbourhood: how people of different ages live, feel and think there. Inevitably, this is an investigative project where neither the pupils nor the teacher know what will emerge. Literature which delineates the nature of life in a similar neighbourhood can be used to alert the class to the subtleties they might perceive but not mark, to open their eyes to what they take for granted, to give them insight into cause and motive in the way people there act, think and feel. Literature allows also for fruitful comparison and contrast, for enlightenment about how experience can be captured in a web of words. In order to write themselves, the class study how another writer has gone about ordering his experiences. So the integrity of the poem or story is not only respected, it is studied for the purpose of furthering creative thought, reflection or writing about the pupils' own world.

Working in Leith, I had no trouble in selecting a street which ran away from the frontage of the school, which as a cul-de-sac, at least in the sense of culminating in a footpath over a railway bridge, had no through traffic, and which although consisting of somewhat decaying tenements (as well as a newsagents and a warehouse / factory clearly still had a vigorous life. And although I had to use mainly Glasgow writers as sources (texts to be found in Appendix I), these occasioned no discomfort in the transference. So literature was used to alert the class's minds to the nature of life in Bothwell Street.

The other way in which I hoped to contribute to the pupils' growth was in making the class think out for themselves how to go about the task. I believe that the most important skill we can teach for the growth both of the individual and our society, is creative thinking; and that at the moment we smother it at birth in our schools. Our children are being engulfed in worksheets, tailored to ability, carefully structured so that the right conclusions are safely arrived at in the specific time allotted: three restrictions on creative thinking which will be the death of the mind, individual and corporate. The groups of children in the class were given in this case just a task which involved them in thinking how to go about their investigation, in dealing with the snags, changing their minds, compromising their intentions, carrying the task through to completion and finally deciding how to best present the findings. How it worked out is detailed later and commented on by the children themselves; all I wish to say here is that in using this material and these methods I was attempting to free the class from inhibitions and mental reserves about using their own experience and to oblige them to trust their own thinking as the basis for their responses to a school task.

The end product aimed at was a tape-slide presentation of 'Life in Bothwell Street'. One main objective was to involve the class (as detailed in Part 1) in three different kinds of oral response: group discussion; reporting (to the teacher or the class), and performance for an unknown audience (perhaps in the manner of a documentary, perhaps not - we wouldn't make our minds up at that stage). Along the way I would involve them in small pieces of writing and I hoped to finish with an individual piece of writing, perhaps a short story - but that too would need to wait until I saw how things were going.

Starting Off

I was ready to start after the Christmas holidays. I had run off copies of the poems and bits of prose I thought could be used (see Appendix 1) and had the Shelter kit 'Street' available (the tape of which is excellent as a model of dramatised interviews, meetings etc). I introduced the class to the project, saying that it would be an investigation of how people live in Bothwell Street; and to the range of A/V software available for use. The thought of going out of school and doing something unusual was enough to motivate at that stage. But some instinct told me, once they were in groups, not to start straight away in handing out their tasks. Instead I did a pilot run: got them to think about the street and what to look for (using the literature); took them out into the street to confirm and extend those impressions; asked them on return to make detailed notes about the experience; then to make a drawing on the basis of the notes; and finally to produce a piece of writing based on the whole process and experience. I think what I was doing was giving them a sense of the intellectual rigours of the project if properly done; and a model of procedure which they could accept, deviate from, or ignore for their own work. Details of this stage are given later; but a selection of the drawings and pieces of writing are included in Appendix 2.

/Quite independently the home reading system was continuing and at the end of the term the class were 'tested' - given an opportunity to write about some of the books and claim to have read many more./

It was only then that the class were given out the assignment cards. Earlier the groups had been able to indicate in order of attractiveness which topics they would most like to tackle. They were warned that they should not expect to get their first choice in each case; but in all cases except one the groups did get their first choice. It was significant that the group who didn't had been unsure in any case what choice to make, were divided among themselves, and were slowest to settle when the project got under way.

The cards were blank except for the Group Letter (A-G), the given assignment and the materials probably needed. The idea was that after discussion among themselves and with me, they would write on it their own structured plan for carrying out the task. So at the beginning the cards read as follows:

Group A Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the street in a selection of its different moods. Then let it be seen in its immediate environment.

Equipment required ; Polaroid camera; coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens; picture of a street; tape-recorder.

Group B Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the various visitors (daily, weekly, occasional) to the street.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; coloured pencils; jotters/pencils; cassette of 'Street' to give you an example of the 'Pools Man' as a visitor (supplied by the teacher); audio-distribution unit and tape-recorder.

Group C Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the different kinds of family that might make up the street.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; family folios from 'Street' (supplied by teacher); coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens; tape-recorder.

Group D Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the children (all ages up to late teens) and their activities in the street.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; the book 'The Lore and Language of school children'*(supplied by the teacher for reference); coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens; tape-recorder.

Group E Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the various kinds of casual meetings of people in the street, agreeable or quarrelsome. Particular attention should be paid to where these meetings take place: stair-head, back-green, etc.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens; tape-recorder.

Group F Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of how the working and social life of the adults affects the street and those who live there.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens; cassette tape of 'Street" (supplied by the teacher); Audio-distribution unit and tape recorder.

Group G Assignment

Produce a word and picture account of the animal, insect and bird life, both wild and tame, to be found in the street.

Equipment required: Polaroid camera; coloured pencils; jotters; pencils/pens.

The Project in Progress

At this stage it might be better simply to present in tandem my own notes/lesson plans/lesson reports (it varied according to how much time I had beforehand; frequently I didn't make up my mind exactly what to do until the class were in the room) and Mrs. Broadway's account as independent observer. It is fortunate that Mrs. Broadway was such a punctilious observer and recorder since I stopped making detailed lesson notes after week six (the project lasted eleven weeks). By that time however, the pattern of the work is readily seen; and I have some detailed comments to make later about the main teaching techniques used in the later stages. Only my own notes appear for the first two days since only then I realised how useful such an independent record as Mrs. Broadway's might prove to be. One of the most interesting aspects of the comparison between my notes and Mrs. Broadway's is how much teaching was not planned for but was either a response to what I suddenly realised the class needed or a seizing of an opportunity which unexpectedly emerged, in the course of the lesson. It is necessary to have plans; but far more important to be sensitive to what's happening inside the heads of the pupils. Anyway, here is the bi-partite chronicle:

* The Lore and Language of School Children, Iona and Peter Opie, Oxford University Press, 1959.

6th January Talking about the Holiday; Introducing New Project

A TALKING ABOUT THE HOLIDAY

Something didn't expect? Big disappointment? What most memorable event? New Year Resolutions?

B 1. Introduce idea of making a filmstrip - show the stuff.

2. Idea springs from the stuff you did so well at Christmas - now sound AND vision.

3. You were particularly good at different voices and at realistic dialogue - making the characters you know come alive: so plenty of opportunities for that again.

4. Propose a two phase thing:

i. Where we take a street nearby and try to bring it alive, its houses, people and events. Create this.

ii. Where we build a story out of the street and its people.

5. How do the first of these? What kind of thing will we need to include to capture the life of a street as it really exists? For sound and vision? (Teacher to pick up children's ideas and build up something like the following grid to give them some ideas for own work.)

A Picture of Street (may need to take photograph; go visit. Put in general environment).

B Days Events in the street. (Interview, questionnaire, pictures)

C Families and their differences. (Use 'Our Street' Folios and make up own , and a cassette)

D Children and their activities (Questionnaire, interviews)

E Interactions, agreeable and disagreeable (Tape of 'Our Street'). Importance of close-mouth or stair-head or back green.

F Social Life of adults (questionnaire). Work/dole (use folios as basis for own creation. Perhaps interview/questionnaire.)

G Night in the Street (even Saturday Night/ Sunday Morning in the street - contrast the two).

6. All groups contribute to that basic picture (in vision and sound). Forgot to say that I would like to experiment with different groupings - so don't be surprised if you are away from your friends. All groups decide what best way to convey information/flavour to an audience - might be in dialogue or poetry or careful reporting.

7. Stage 1 will be discussion of what to do. Tomorrow I will divide you into groups and hand out your assignment.

7th January

* Beforehand make sure that 9 copies of Art of English and 9 jotters are available.

1. Issue as Homework (book a week) the home readers. Let class make its own choice.

Bring the books back on Thursday so that they can be recorded.

2. Ask the following people to remain behind at the end: in order to give them 'The Art of English' to do as homework, with promise to do the work with them periodically.

Work to be handed in in special jotter so that it won't disturb other work.

(a) Essential	(b) Desirable
Diane	Gillian
Dawn	Garry
Margaret	John W.
Lorraine	Robert W.
Steven	

3. Read out the Groups. Say that may make minor adjustments within a few days just to get the groups right.

A. John D.	B. Scott	C. Kevin	D. Karen R.
William	Robert C.	Blair	Lorna
Clark	Alan	Robert W.	Karen K.
John W.	Garry	Iain	Jacqueline
		Steven	Diane

E. Lorraine	F. Jane	G. Louise
Sheila	Karen H.	Agnes
Suzette	Janet	Margaret
Dawn	Linda	Gillian
		Denise

4. Explain that sometimes working as a class, sometimes in groups.

Ask class to redesign classroom for group work in such a way that it is readily returned to normal working order.

5. Invite class to complete work on board. Then each group chooses the three they'd most like to tackle: teacher will decide distribution on basis of that.

6. Explain that the assignment card is a problem-solving card. Class will have to think i. what end product required; ii. what needed to do to reach it; iii. what problems emerge. Explain that sometimes will involve everybody in a common problem. Explain that nothing to be written on the card until teacher has agreed to procedure.

8th January

G.F.L. -

1. Show Shelter Frontage of Street.

Describe what see and what you can tell from that about the street.

2. Point out detail of street buildings and street 'furniture': what do they tell us about the street?

3. Can you go into such detail about the houses across the road from here?

4. What other features of the street's appearance will give it its character?

Go out and look presently. but first:

5. Give out assignment cards.
Get into appropriate groups.
Decide/

Decide what this preliminary outing can be used for.
The groups' report on this.

6. Go out.
Later group reports again on what discovered.
Discuss organisation of group.

Later

1. Abandoned stage 5/6 because it was a nice day and because felt it was too confusing for them: wouldn't know purpose of outing. So asked merely to look for significant detail and some took jotters, some didn't.

On return, class asked to write down as much detail as they could remember about (i) appearance of houses (ii) description of street (iii) what gives it its atmosphere.

*Interesting that in spite of best-laid plans, the teaching, the moment you begin, shapes something quite different.

2. Class being jollied along, not quite sure yet if this just a con to get them to work. So demands have to be carefully mixed with enjeyment (e.g. outing) until they get the sniff of success from a finished piece of work.

Mrs. B.

The class was shown two pictures of a street (from Shelter Street Project). The pupils were asked to write down what they observed and any inferences they might draw about the character of the street and its inhabitants.

The pupils are made aware of the fact that they do not really use their eyes. The street they are about to investigate is one which most of them pass daily but they have never really looked at it. This is what they are going to do today.

This was followed up by a visit to the street - Bothwell Street. On the whole the pupils took notebooks to jot down their observations as they went along while others relied on memory. In retrospect, it may have been better for all pupils to have carried notebooks.

Back in the classroom the pupils compiled a list of their own observations.

* * *

Tuesday, 13th January

G.F.L. Poetry about Appearance of Street

1. Gave out Edwin Morgan's 'Glasgow Sonnet', and MacCaig's 'Edinburgh Courtyard in June' and asked them to read. (Poorest ones finished first.)

2. Teacher reads the poems after asking class to look for which poems best represented Bothwell Street.

3. Great deal of discussion about poems, including technique of metaphor in MacCaig.

4. Class now asked to draw a picture of the houses/street in Bothwell Street to bring out their atmosphere.

Comment

a. Class at first a bit reluctant on the poetry but soon got into it because teacher held on to the comparison between real street and those represented in poems/between picture of poems and pupils' own experience/ between the differences in the pictures presented by two poems/ differences in techniques between poets.

b. Teacher held fire on attitudes of poets because it didn't occur to him in time!

c. The pupils' drawings always interesting. Teacher praised in front of class those good drawings from slower learners. Establishing one contribution they can make to group.

*Thought about groups: 1. Will a group of four produce a more intimate social group than a group of five? Which, if that is the case, will work better? Watch!

2. Will a group of non friends work better than a group of friends where at least the pairs will be friends?

Mrs. B.

Class considering Appearance of the Street - texts supplied 'Edinburgh Courtyard in July' (MacCaig), 'Glasgow Sonnets' (Morgan) - Both poems seemed to me to be rather difficult for a 1st year class but most of the class responded remarkably well. This was due to Mr. Liddell's handling of the poems. Attention was drawn to MacCaig's "word-pictures" - the term 'metaphor' was used and many pupils were able to recognise and explain examples of metaphor in the poem. This technique was compared with Morgan's style.

The class was then asked to draw a picture of a part of Bothwell Street.

* * *

Wednesday, 14th January.

G.F.L. The Class Writing

1. Just realised where my instinct is leading me (a) urgent sense that must get the class to produce something genuinely creative -and that that will be a breakthrough analogous to learning to ride a bike - be able to return to it or at least have the standard/quality of the writing experience in their heads.

(b) really giving the class a procedure for their own work by actual experience (see 2. below)

(c) But as teacher has changed his notion of how to go about his task, must devise way of leaving room for the pupils to do the same.

2. The Procedure is now:

(a) Decide content of outcome
(b) Carry out preliminary reconaissance of the street (or whatever) and do rough write up of result.

(c) Examine literature dealing with same assignment and weigh its experience against the actuslities of own experience of street (or whatever)

(d) Do drawing/drama on basis of above comparison, trying to be faithful to actual experience of the street (or whatever), working it out.

(e) Produce piece of writing which embodies your own feelings and attitudes, the selection of detail bring this out.

(f) Present as finished work on wall display.

*Teacher wants to tape discussion - ask for cassette recorder when required.

3. Show some of pictures, suggest wall display. Finish pictures, adding bits for atmosphere effect. Then use notes already prepared and poems to write own account. Attitude and feeling paramount.

Mrs. B

Using information collected on their visit to Bothwell Street the class is asked to produce a piece of writing to accompany drawings.

Previous day's poetry is re-read. Length of poem is to be at least six lines. Ideas, impressions, conveying of atmosphere, picking out of detail, attitude towards subject.

For many pupils this is a difficult assignment, a type of writing with which they are not familiar or ill at ease. Mr. Liddell is kept busy encouraging those who are struggling, offering advice etc. He also firmly rejects work which he feels is not up to standard - this I feel is important - the children are reminded that even in a fairly relaxed classroom situation only the best is acceptable.

* * *

Thursday, 15th January

G.F.L. The Class Writing

1. Show them a Lowry if possible (Library). Reinforce idea of painters/writers feeling and attitude. (Couldn't get a Lowry: went back to the poems instead)

2. Once class got 6-8 lines, ask them to compare own poem with Morgan's - what missing (people!).

3. What is Morgan doing with his people? Is he merely describing them? (Really recording their attitude to their poverty, their building.)

What is their feeling about it? (Given in, happy to exist, but unhappy.)

MacCaig's people? (Contented because of heat and summer)

4. So can the class add a few lines in their own poems about the attitude of the people to their street:

Put up a line taken from the class, e.g.

"The people fight against decay"

and show how by changing the key words, different attitudes to the street can be suggested.

5. Suggest a continuation of the few lines by choosing details which support their view and using present participles:

"scrubbing . . . . . .
polishing . . . . . ."

6. Make class look at last lines of Morgan and MacCaig: picking one detail, the most telling one, and using metaphor to reinforce its significance. Give it a punch line.

7. Motivate all this by putting up white card on wall, promising typing of poems, suggesting a redrawing for wall over weekend.

Mrs. B.

Some pupils are finding it difficult to write in anything but prose. Mr. Liddell demonstrates how to convert prose to poetry - a pupil's poem is used as an example - idea of sound in poetry discussed.

* * *

Tuesday, 20th January

G.F.L.

The class completed their writing project and it was mounted, drawings and all, on black paper on the wall.

Library books changed on same day so that those finished early could start reading.

Those not finished by the end of the period finished the work at home.

Mrs. B.

Wall-frieze of pictures and poetry constructed - entitled "Neighbourhood Images".

Each pupil has contributed a drawing and a piece of writing. Writing is of an extremely high standard.

* * *

Wednesday, 21st January

G.F.L.

Told class it was time to work in new groups. Read out groups again and class organised classroom for group work as previously planned.

Suggested that the pattern for their work lay in the one the teacher had been establishing in the last few weeks. The groups could change or approximate to it as they chose but the stages of Investigation, Notes, Reading, Drawing, Writing should be gone through.

The/

The class were then given the assignment card, told not to write on it until the teacher O.K.'d it and were given the rest of the time to anticipate the problems from a worked out procedure.

Mrs. B.

For purposes of next stage class is divided into 7 groups (mixed-ability) - groups structured by Mr. Liddell. Nature of work explained to class - survey of Bothwell Street, each group to explore a different aspect.

One assignment card given to each group - on card the problem group has to solve plus material at their disposal -absolutely no guide-lines on how to solve the problem.

Mr. Liddell discusses solution with class:

(a) Define outcome (what will it look like? What form will it take?)

(b) Survey/observation (fieldwork)

(c) Notes on results of (b).

(d) Poems/Writing

(e) Pictures

(f) Word-pictures.

N.B. Time spent in discussing practical problems of group-work - moving of desks, noise level etc. - children also expected to solve these practical problems.

* * *

Thursday, 22nd January

G.F.L.

Wednesday work continued. Class worked to prepare report of problems for a meeting of whole class. Problems compared. Also drew attention to social problems of group - priority to be given to how to organise themselves.

Mrs. B.

Groups discuss procedure - a class meeting is held to discuss problems and possible solutions.

Many groups need to acquire information and need to interview members of the public - questions too personal, need to be re-phrased - some pupils fear being turned away - also problem of interviewing tradesmen etc. during school hours - Mr. Liddell deliberately avoids solving these problems for the groups.

Problems within the groups: these are not friendship groups - difficulty of working together especially in larger groups (5).

Problem of organisation, division of labour within group - time given to discuss and resolve this problem - solution difficult as groups are still vague about actual procedure.

* * *

Tuesday, 27th January

G.F.L.

Read two extracts (short) from Molly Weir and Cliff Hanley about life in the Glasgow closes.

Class compared own experience of tussles with adults with those of Molly Weir.

Eventually got down to word meanings from those pieces. These discussed and better half given job of putting them into a sentence of their own.

The poorer section (10 in all) taken separately by the teacher to go over their special homework.

Mrs. B.

Class brought together for discussion on two prose passages Mollie Weir and Cliff Hanley. Mr. Liddell's "performance" much appreciated by all.

* * *

Wednesday, 28th January

G.F.L.

1. Admission of error in thinking: not possible to perceive form of word and picture account until gone through other stages.

2. Main problems (a) interviewing - may need to be done on another class;
(b) questionnaire - same.
(c) Pictures of street at awkward times - either taken at home or abandoned and drawing replaces.

3. Maybe better to let you see all resources now - so everybody get copy of poems etc.

4. By end of today, [illegible]se plans on piece of paper for handing in - to be cleared by teacher.

Comments on the class proposals made by the teacher on the sheets of paper handed in. These to be returned next day.

Mrs. B.

Groupwork resumed - problem of drawing up questionnaire and questions for interviews discussed - each group reminded of pictures - 4 Polaroid pictures allocated to each group.

Plan of campaign to be submitted to teacher by end of the day along with a note of any problems which the group has been unable to resolve.

* * *

Thursday, 29th January

G.F.L.

1. Sheets of proposals returned and class given time to work out what to do. Period spent in helping them make final decisions.

Mrs. B.

Each group assess modifications to procedure suggested by Mr. Liddell. What are groups doing?

Group G - Animal, Insect and Bird Life

INTERVIEWING - covering pets, strays, nesting birds etc.

OBSERVATION - sea/land birds - books for reference.

PICTURES - photos, sketches from reference books.

Problems with interviews - suggestion from teacher: find the distribution of pets from a class rather than people in street - wild life more problematic - use shops in the area for information.

Wildlife, insects - research necessary, ask science teacher.

Group working on questionnaire - functioning quite well due to the fact that Louise has emerged quickly as a leader and the rest of the group is quite happy to be led.

Group F - Working and Social Life

Group rather vague about procedure though working quite well as a group - immediate problem is that of interviewing and personal nature of questions to be asked.

Group D - Children's Activities

Group working on questionnaire to be given to another 1st year class - not sure of what they are doing in the long term - what use will they make of completed questionnaire? Not sure, therefore finding difficulty in composing questions.

This group composed of rather mature girls - at this stage giving the impression of finding the work rather childish - not really getting to grips with their assignment.

Some observations:

girls' groups working better together
personality problems in boys' groups particularly groups A and E
Group A - absenteeism always hitting this group, and John D. and John W. unwilling to participate.
Group B - problem of personalities - Robert C. seems to be doing all the work - Scott has opted out - not sure whether it is the group he objects to or groupwork.
Some individuals unable to discipline themselves to work in the group situation, an ideal opportunity for a "skive".

* * *

Tuesday, 3rd February - Thursday, 5th February

G.F.L.

Class working at preparation of fieldwork as detailed in their proposals. Modifications as they worked agreed by teacher.

This is the point at which the teacher puts pressure on for standards in what is being done and goes round to encourage groups to grasp the elements of the skills needed.

*Groups performing at varying degrees of efficiency. Two boys' groups not getting on well together. But keep them at it, and hope they will achieve some success. Better members disgruntled with those who are essentially disrupters (personality difficulties).

Girls' groups all functioning comfortably though slow learners are shy about contributing.

This stage requires a great deal of planning to keep groups working.

**Slower learners given work to do at home. Difficult to find time to correct.

***Class sessions where groups report progress to teacher or visitors. Insisting that these are presentations when explanations are thoughtful about audience needs

ORGANISATION SHEET - WEEK 5

1. Groups A, D and F put interview questions together into a completed form, to be applied to people in the street. Second two of group to do that. Try out completed interview on teacher. They to do interview later or on Tuesday.

2. Remainder of Groups A, D, F to go out and see if can get pictures of what each group want. (What are Groups D and F hoping to photograph?) Hints in Shelter photographs. Technique from teacher.

3. Get class to listen to Group B's questions for postman and scaffie - discuss what required. (Are the questions taking sufficient thought of what life is like for the scaffie etc.) Other interview group modify in the light of this (but watch not intruding on people's privacy). Group B modify in the light of this discussion and then go out on spec.

4. Group C still to decide form of presentation - suggest that work like Group E - series of sketches which taped and photographed or on movie film.

5. Group E rehearse scenes with tape recorder. Decide what dress required and how fake scenes. Library available?

6. Group G (part) and Group D (part) to put questionnaire together for giving to Mrs. Broadway's class. Teacher to see. Rest of Group G to go out and see how they are going to take pictures of animals and birds. (Bun from shop to scatter)

____ Class Teacher working.

_ _ _ Group going out.

General Instructions/Advice

A. Don't moan because you are not going out today - everybody will get opportunity in/

in the next week to do something interesting.

B. Agree peaceably or by bargaining who does what today if the group is splitting forces. Don't take short-term view - if in today, out next week.

C. If going out, under control of Mrs. Broadway: don't do anything or go anywhere without consulting her.

D. If out, main thing is to use your common gumption in handling people. Think about it from their point of view and take steps to present yourselves well.

E. On other hand, keep wits about you. You have the initiative: you know what you want and short of being tactless, its up to you to get it (follow up questions).

F. On no account are you to approach a member of the public by yourself. Preferably in sight of Mrs. Broadway.

Mrs. B.

3rd - Each group given until Thursday to finalise plans for fieldwork.

A problem continually arises is TIME - deadlines are set but rarely adhered to. I feel it is necessary to "crack the whip" in order to push groups on - problem too of some groups finishing long before others. At this point quite a lot of time has been spent with not a great deal to show for it. Pupils need deadline in order to get work done within a reasonable time.

4th - Not all groups prepared for fieldwork - some have altered procedure.

Group C have decided not to interview families but to make up their own - four families envisaged - this is the one boys' group which is working well.

One group outside - interview with roadsweeper. Two groups amalgamating on interviews, two on questionnaire. Others exploring situations for photos (pictures from 'Street' used for ideas). One drama group.

PROBLEMS: Too many activities - one group out of school (one teacher needed) - one group for drama in separate classroom - several (very noisy) groups in classroom.

How much of the group discussion is meaningful? Is it of great benefit to allow groups to talk their way through problems? Do the results justify the amount of time spent?

Interesting to note that most groups' procedure has taken note of Mr. Liddell's ideas - perhaps it would have been better for original assignment card to have contained these suggestions for procedure.

Can the children cope with amount of freedom in group situation? This is a new situation for them, certainly within this school - novelty of situation, feel need to exploit this unaccustomed freedom.

*As a mere onlooker I found today absolutely shattering - what about the teacher!

* * *

Tuesday, 9th February - Thursday, 11th February.

G.F.L.

A Reflections:-

Clear that

1. The assignments have made too many demands, one after the other. The groups need to face one at a time, with more support.

2. Skills being developed are valuable but would need reinforcement through working at other projects which demanded them.

3. The amount of preparation, organisation and continual planning required of the teacher is very considerable.

4. It is difficult but not impossible for the teacher to keep the groups going by spending time with each group each day. But it is impossible to make sure the slow learners are getting encouragement to participate or to keep the dodgers at it. Disturbed children disrupt the integration of the group, leaving rest fed up. Best thing to do is give the disturbed ones an individual task which will contribute to the group.

Girls' groups all working well because they don't have disturbed kids in group. Boys' groups who don't have them doing O.K.

5. Friendship or Interest grouping is a better bet, with fewer problems.

B Action:-

1. Put pressure on for finish on Thursday. On Wednesday at beginning of period indicated deadline, then went round asking each group to tell me their plans to finish on time.

2.Getting them to think about presentation of the material, but this will be done next week.

3. Problem arising about groups going out of school to do fieldwork. School policy means need a teacher out with them.

Tuesday 9th February - ORGANISATION SHEET

GROUP

A Moods

1. PICTURES - Railway, houses, demolished houses, main road.
2. INTERVIEW - of people in the street.

B Visitors

1. PICTURES - postman, milkman, scaffie.
2. INTERVIEW-- scaffie, postman.

C Families

1. PICTURES - of pretend families.
2. TAPING -

D Children's Activities,

GROUP

D Children's Activities

1. PICTURES
2. QUESTIONNAIRE - to class (Mrs. Broadway).
3. INTERVIEW - people in the street or in the shop.

E Casual Meetings

1. PICTURES - faked by group (movie of scenes)
2. TAPE - of conversations (to accompany movie).

F Working/Social Life

1. PICTURES
2. INTERVIEW - people in the Street or in shops.

G Animal Life

1. PICTURES - animals and birds.
2. QUESTIONNAIRE - to class (Mrs. Broadway).

Wednesday, 10th February.- ORGANISATION SHEET

GROUP

D/G (i) Questionnaire on what children do/animal life.

Finishing questionnaire - put on board - analyse results. Then present results on tape - question and report answer.

A/D/G (ii) Interview lady in shop/people in street on Moods/Working-Social Life/ Children.

Go over questions, separate them, rewrite questions. Thursday going out.

A/D/F/G - Planning pictures: Animals etc./Social life of street/Modds. Report on animals. Planning where to take photographs. Plan captions for photos.

C Families

Taping script of quarrel among families. Case-history of each family and script.

E Casual Meetings (Scripts and photographs of action).

Thursday: photographing.
Completely new tape performance.
Scripts in writing.

B Visitors (interviewed scaffie - done taped performance)

Photograph of scaffie (and postie)*
Interview postie at 10.45.*
Garry's train of consciousness on milkman.*

Thursday, 11th February - ORGANISATION SHEET

Out on Street

1. Interviewing group

Do not all do each one: the members of the teams responsible for the questions on their assignment should do the interviews.

Postman

2. Photographing Group

Stay together, advise each other. Decide on sensible order in which to take the shots. Take envelope for discarded bits. Take other Polaroid Packs. Agnes responsible for these. Remember to change the distance metre if taking a close-up.

3. Questionnaire Group

(Teacher speak to other teacher to see if he will permit class to be used as guinea pigs.)

Someone to explain set-up to class
Someone to make sure everyone is writing it down in way group can make sense of
Someone to read the questions clearly. (number the questions)

4. Families Group (working in the classroom)

Taping script of quarrel.
Presenting a case history of each for display.

5. Casual Meetings Group

Photographing
New tape performance (Inside)

6. Visitors Group

Interview postman 10.45
Photograph scaffie
Garry's train of consciousness piece.

Mrs. B

9th February

Class brought together for discussion - text. Cliff Hanley - class welcome a break from groupwork - an enjoyable lesson - Mr. Liddell's Glasgow accent much appreciated.

10th February.

Fieldwork planned for Thursday - some groups still not ready - one group taken out.

11th February

To save time, Mr. Liddell takes all groups (except 1) on fieldwork - 1 group working in class - two teachers necessary.

11th February continued

Photos - a bit of a failure

Interviews - quite successful, children very pleased with results.

18th February

Two poems read 'The Wee Malkies' and 'Hard Cheese'. Class much prefered 'The Wee Malkies' - or perhaps Mr. Liddell's presentation of the poem - lively discussion arising from poem - class write their own poem modelling it on 'The Wee Malkies'.

19th February

Because of time element interim stage of project (presentation of work on wall display) scrapped - groups will now concentrate solely on tape/slide presentation.

24th February

Use of filmstrip for effect discussed - various approaches discussed.

Pupils allowed to experiment with strip to see what can be done within its restricted area.

After experimenting, pupils directed to make a note of what pictures will appear in final filmstrip - each group allotted six frames.

Difficult to stop pupils from "scribbling" therefore by end of lesson very few have clear plan in mind.

25th February

Class directed to plan tape/slide presentation (30 minutes allocated) - class warned not to waste time, a necessary step as some groups achieved very little yesterday.

Problems: Some groups have already produced a tape or have material ready for taping while others are very vague about what they are doing e.g. Jacqueline's group (Children's activities) has produced very little - they have only the poem which arose from the reading of 'The Wee Malkies' - they have received information from questionnaire but don't seem to know how to use it.

Williamb group (Moods of Street) still having problems - John D. and John W. need to be forced into contributing something.

Role of teacher at this stage most important - some groups need this kind of positive directing which can only come from the teacher - needs vary - some groups need advice on how to use material, some need stern disciplining - they have failed to discipline or motivate themselves or to be motivated by others in group.

Time limit of 30 minutes not adhered to.

26th February

Class meeting held to discuss synchronisation of tape and slide.

Deadline fixed for finishing both tape and slides.

26th February continued

Most groups now (with teacher's help) know what they are about - noticeable drop in noise level - conversation becomes more meaningful.

2nd March, 19

Only one period - sample drawings inspected and criticised - class aware of limitations of filmstrip and realise a new approach is necessary.

3rd March

Further discussion on what new approach to drawings should be - simple outlines most effective - both periods to be devoted to producing finished filmstrip.

N.B. Some pupils have taken advantage of group situation to opt out - would these "dodgers" have behaved differently in a class teaching situation? Can all members of group be gainfully employed at all times throughout project? Problem particularly noticeable at this stage as only one member of group can be drawing at any particular time.

Interesting to note that many pupils have not altered approach to drawings despite yesterday's discussion - possibly because criticisms and suggestions came from pupils rather than teacher - perhaps only what the teacher says is gospel?

4th March

Taping - two classrooms necessary - four groups recording, three completing scripts -

Problem again arises - what to do with those groups which have finished?

9th March

GROUP ASSIGNMENT

1. Choose one of the bits of writing on your topic and be prepared to say why you have chosen it.

2. Decide what you think the poem is really about.

3. Talk about the people in the poem. Do you know people like these?

4. Is the poem a good one? Be prepared to say why you think it is/isn't.

5. Decide how you are going to "sell" this poem to the class.

This assignment is to occupy those groups which have completed taping - other groups to complete taping.

Not terribly successful - groups unsure of how to tackle this assignment, unable to get to grips with task - plenty of discussion, but none on the poetry - some groups writing but as individuals rather than as a group - need for someone to direct group (teacher?).

10th, 11th March

Visit from Mr. Smyth to interview groups - finishing off tapes, drawings - other groups working on poetry.

16th March

Complete tape listened to by class - encouraged to criticise one another's work.

17th March

Test on Home Reading - pupils should have read one book per week.

18th March

Tape listened to in conjunction with filmstrip - class not keen on "post-mortems".

Short story "The Sparrow" read by teacher - class to write a realistic story using what they have learned from experiences in "Street Project".

23rd March

Work on story. Story, Character, Setting, Dialogue - pupils encouraged to think of these elements.

Rest of term spent on short story - interesting results.

Many are clearly writing with much more confidence than before - having been made aware of the various elements to be included in the story the pupils feel they have a "formula" to work to - teacher very necessary at this stage - his advice and criticism sought - at times he is ruthless in his criticism - parts of stories, in some cases complete stories, are re-written. A high standard is expected and in most cases the pupils respond.

Evidence of further opting out by some pupils - some ignore the original stimulus and respond with "Jaws Part II" and "Rollerball Part II" (one boy wrote a shortened version of "Jaws" mostly copied straight from the original).

Class also given teacher's assessment of their performance in class.

PUPILS' VIEWS

The views of the pupils were sought in two ways:

1. Mr. Smyth, Director of C.I.T.E., interviewed four of the groups over a period of two hours on two successive days. This was done near the end of work in the tape-slide presentation but before the short-story had been started.

For better comparisons to be made, these interviews have been broken up and reassembled under seven different headings. The groups can still be identified by their letter (A, B, C,E) at the top of each extract.

2. The pupils, at the same time as they were asked to comment on the assessments given them by the teacher, were invited also to say in what ways, if any, the course had been of benefit to them.

A selection of these comments appears under the final heading: "What do the class think they have learned (or failed to learn)". They are identifiable by their names.

1/ Investigation of the street leading to the writing of a poem. Group E

Interviewer	So you visited Bothwell Street?
Girls	Yes
I	Can you tell me about the first time you went?
Dawn and Suzette	The first time we went we were just looking at the houses and the buildings. What the stairs were like.
	Just the whole street and what kind of houses and that.
I.	Yes
Lorraine	What the place looked like, and if you'd like to live in it. These kind of things.
Dawn	And all the rubbish down the railway.
I.	Did you go as a small group, or as a whole class?
Girls	Whole class.
I.	Did you know at this time that you were going to be doing casual meetings, particularly?
Girls	No.
I.	Ah! So it wasn't as if you were looking for meetings. You were j just getting a general impression? Did you have any idea what particularly you were looking for, or did you just go out and generally just have a gander?
Several Voices	Just went out and looked, and took notes in our jotters.
I.	Yes. What happened next?
Lorraine	Just came back and wrote about it.
Suzette	Wrote poems.
I.	Oh, so each of you wrote a poem?
Sheila	Yes everybody wrote a poem and drew a picture of the street.
I.	When you were writing your poem you were in your groups?
Sheila	No, just sitting by ourselves, where we usually sit.
I.	Ah, so you weren't in groups? It was a purely individual exercise?
Girls	Yes.
I.	What do you think the point of that exercise was?
	(Pause)
Suzette	To help to understand the street.
Sheila	To give us more ideas.
Suzette/	

Suzette — At first everybody thought it was a dump and then we realised it wasnae sae bad.

I. — Uhuh, I see. So did you in fact find that writing the poem did help you to understand the street?

(Pause)

Suzette — Sort of. I think so.

I. — In what way?

Dawn — What the street was like. It wasnaw all the people's fault that it was like that.

I. — I see. You don't think much of Bothwell Street, I gather from that remark, Dawn?

Lorraine — No.

Suzette — It's aw right.

Lorraine — It's an awfy scruffy street and dirty.

I. — Scruffy and dirty?

Daen — Aa, the windows are smashed an' that.

Lorraine — No very nice houses.

Sheila — The top end's a' right. The bottom end's aw horrible, eh?

* * *

Group A Interviewed

Interviewer — William's off is he? So two John's and a Clark. How did the whole project begin?

Clark — We did a poem. We drew a picture about a house and wrote a poem on it.

I. — But how did you know what you were going to write about?

Clark — We got some poems to copy it from: to give us some ideas.

I. — Oh, I see. Did you pay a visit to Bothwell Street?

Clark — We had some poems and we read them and then went out to Bothwell Street.

I. — Ah, so the poems came first. Do you remember what they were? Did Mr. Liddell read them to you?

John D. — He gave us them all and we read them and he read them to us.

I. — Ah, I see. The poems gave you some notion of what to look for in Bothwell Street. Then you went out, came back and wrote your poem. What do you think was the point of that exercise?

Clark — To help us on the project, give us a picture, give us an idea of what/

what going to do before starting the project.

I. — Did you find it interesting? Helpful?

John W. — It was hard.

* * *

Group B Interviewed

I. — What do you think was the point of doing it?

Robert — To find your own personal opinion about the street.

I. — Do you agree with that Garry?

Garry — I dinnae ken.

I. — As far as you were concerned, it was just something you were asked to do and you did it, eh?

Did it help you to find a personal view of Bothwell Street, Robert?

Robert — Aye, Ah think it did.

I. — Do you remember how difficult it was to write that. Did you knock it off quite easily?

Robert — Just wrote anything. Didn't think it was any good, took it oot tae Mr. Liddell and he told me off it wasn't good so I took it back and did it again.

I. — Did you always agree with Mr. Liddell?

Robert — Well! Ah had tae.

2/ The Teacher a) picks the groups

b) chooses the assignments.

2/a Group E

Interviewer	Mr. Liddell picked the groups You were saying why; you had some notion of why he picked the groups.
Dawn	If you were beside your pals, you'd just talk. You widna get any work done.
Lorraine	You'd have a carry on.
I.	Is that a fact?
Girls	Aye.
Suzette	You usually always work with your friends. If you get split up you learn to work with other people.
I.	So you're quite happy with it that way?
Girls	Yes.

* * *

2/a Group A

I.	O.K. what was the next move?
John D.	Put us into groups.
I.	Tell me about that - did you get any kind of choice?
John D.	No he just mixed them up himself.
I.	Do you think that a good idea or do you want some kind of choice?
John D.	I think it's a good idea because somebody might say I want to go in his group, and somedy else and somebody else, so you end up with five in one group and only two in another.
I.	Aye, I see. But if teacher puts you in groups, he might put sworn enemies in same group.
John W.	Yes.
I.	So you think there might be some choice?
John D.	No. You might get a' dunces an' that.
Clark	Because you might get one group who can't be bothered to work and another group is. If he mixes them up, don't get that.

* * *

2/a Group B

I.	Was it just a happy accident or did you pick your own group?
Robert	No, Mr. Liddell picked them.
I.	Mm. Has/

2/a group B continued:

I.	Mm. Has that made any difference to the way you work together? Do you all get on all right?
Robert	Yeh.
I.	Do you think you might have preferred to select your own group.
Robert	No, I think we got a better group out of it as it is.
I.	You wouldn't have picked a different group.
Robert	Well, some people would pick their friends, and you end up with everybody good at drawing, none at writing an' that.

* * *

2/a Group C

I.	Mr. Liddell put you in groups. He could have given you a choice. What would have been better?
Kevin	It would have taken longer to choose. There would have been arguments about who was goin' to be in whose group.
I.	I notice it was all boys or all girls in groups. Is that all right as far as you're concerned?
Robert	Aye, better like that.
I.	You don't want to work with girls?
Robert	Naw.
I.	Suppose he had said you're the group leader and you pick your group, would you have picked a different lot?
Blair	Uh-huh (meaning ho')

* * *

2/b Group A

I.	What was your assignment?
Clark	The different moods of the street. Li[illegible]n the summer time and in the winter, in the rain and at night.
I.	Again you didn't have a choice. Would you have preferred a choice?
William	That's better because somebody might have picked the same.
I.	So you prefer to be given the assignment

* * *

2/b Group C

I.	About/

2/b Group C

I. About this business of getting a choice - would you have preferred a range from which to choose?

Kevin/ Robert It wouldn't have been any good - we'd all be arguing about who's to get which caird: wanting to do the same one.

3/ The Groups find it difficult or easy to work together

Group E

Interviewer Is there any tendency when you're working together simply to take it easy and not work as hard as you do in other classrooms.

Lorraine Sometimes.

Suzette Depends. If it starts to get boring.

Sheila You tend to have a muck about!

Suzette Slacken off. But at the beginning we really wanted to do it, we really worked hard. Just now it's getting slower 'cos there's nowt to be done.

* * *

Sheila Suzette made most of the scripts .

Suzette Just worked out a character and just wrote it doon.

I. Yes - I'm not sure that I understand what you mean, Suzette, 'you worked out a character and wrote it down'.

Suzette Well, Ah just thought what like people usually are and put down a line.

I. A line of their dialogue? Something they would have said?

Suzette Yes, like that - (pointing).

I. Oh, I get it. That's a good way to go about it.

(Reads the line of dialogue)

Can you remember who actually wrote it? Suzette was that you?

(Undecipherable)

I. (Reads dialogue) You're actually using lines there that you've heard people say? You had imagined the person saying that? Think this is an argumentative thing? So the way you worked on this was for Suzette to write the script?

Sheila She gave us most of the ideas, and if you had any more, we fitted it in.

I. Who did the actual writing?

All Sheila

Suzette I writ it out first, and then Sheila writ it in the book. She's a better writer.

Dawn We a' got a bit each.

I. I would have thought that when you're working like that, there would be times when Suzette would be doing a lot of work and Sheila was transcribing, then she would be working. Did the other people put their feet up and have a wee rest?

All No,/

All — No, not really. We helped and done pictures as well.

Lorraine — We did pictures for the screen, for the argument script.

I. — Ah, you had already started with your film strip.

* * *

I. — Now, it's sometimes quite difficult for four folk to sit down and decide what to do. Do you not find it difficult?

Suzette — At first we just put in suggestions to each other, and we just put our suggestions together and picked out the best ones.

I. — You never felt like falling out with each other?

Sheila — No.

I. — Did nobody tend to withdraw from the group? Tell you another thing that happens sometimes. You sometimes find that if there's four folk, one says, "just let the others get on with it!" Did you find that happening at all?

Dawn — No really, but sort of.

Suzette — We slackened off at the end.

I. — The job was nearly finished when it slackened off.

Sheila — Yes. There wisnae no much to do.

Suzette — Sheila was just drawing the pictures last day.

I. — Ah, was that for your film?

Sheila — Yes, we've got everything finished.

I. — So you're feeling that thereps not so much drive, not so much to get on with? Is there?

* * *

I. — In this group, have you found that you've got on alright?

Girls — Yes.

I. — Are there people in the class you'd prefer not to work with?

Suzette — I'd prefer not to work with John D. and Garry and that.

Lorraine — The laddies are muckin' aboot. Ye widna get on.

I. — Do you mean boys in general?

Lorraine — It's about five o' them that muck about.

* * *

3/

Group A

Interviewer — In general, how has this group got on together? Have you had difficulty?

General — Aye.

I. — Where was the difficulty?

John D. — Some things were hard to write.

I. — That I can understand. But were there difficulties that came from the group rather that the work? As a group did you get on alright?

John D. — No, no really. It was worse than the work.

I. — Well it's not surprising. Put few people together and the chances are somebody will opt out and let the rest get on with it. How did you deal with that?

John D. — Mrs. Broadway came in and gave him (John W.) a telling off.

I. — How did you feel about that, John? Were you getting picked on?

John W. — No because I wisnae working.

I. — So you reckoned it was fair enough?

John W. — Yes.

I. — Suppose you hadn't been in this arrangement, in an ordinary classroom, would it have been different?

Clark — Working on your own?

John D. — Ye'd get mair work tae dae.

Clark — It's better wi' some arguments.

* * *

Group B

I. — The next thing you did was interview people in the street. How did you decide who would ask the questions?

Robert — Enna Meeny Miny Mo.

I. — Ah, I see, OK it was that kind of choice. And did you prepare the questions beforehand?

Robert — Aye, we prepared them all and tried them on Mr. Liddell.

I. — Ah, you tried them on Mr. Liddell. Was that helpful?

Robert — Yes, because he knew what the questions were and tried to get as stuck and at one point we did get stuck.

I. — Uh-huh. And because you got stuck when you tried it with him, it was/

was -

Robert — Easier when we tried it on the real person.

I. — Now, you interviewed other people, like the postman. How did you decide who interviewed him. Was it eeny,meeny, miny?

Robert — No, it was the same person.

I. — You again, Robert. Why was that, Garry?

Garry — Don't know.

Robert — He's good at drawin', Alan's good at ideas, Scott's good at writing, so . . .

I. — You're the talker?

Robert — I just got stuck in anyway.

* * *

Interviewer — Right, have you found it difficult to work together at times?

General — Yes.

Kevin — Yeh, we found that out. When me and Blair were on our own, we got all that done (demonstrating from jotter) in the time it took us to think up the couple of names when we first started. They two (indicating Robert and Iain) are aye keepin on arguin'.

I. — Ah, they're the argumentative ones. That's quite important, so you would have got on better if you had been in a two and a three group instead of a five.

General — (indistinguishable gabble - general idea was that it would have reduced the arguing.)

* * *

I. — Right where had had we got to in this Families business. You had decided how to tackle it. That's five different sets of ideas. Two of you have confessed you're argumentative.

How did you get on at that stage when you were . . .?

Robert — Confusion (general wry laughter)

I. — Confusion was it?

Kevin — I had to make them speak one at a time.

I. — Somebody had to be the chairman and put an end to the disputatiousness.

Kevin — Aye . . . (indistinguishable speech)

I. — Oh I see you had to be the strong man.

(Interruption of tape)

I. — We were talking about the difficulties in sorting out problems. How did/

I. — did you resolve them? Did you call on Mr. Liddell to help you out?

Steven — At first we thought we would have tae because Iain was causing a lot of bother and we thought we would need to get rid of him. (This is a broad interpretation)

I. — He's been the quietest man here. Ah, that because the tape's switched on. OK go on then.

Kevin — And then we were gonnae do families, go out into the street and ask people about families - because these two used to live there. And we were thinking aboot questions and we couldnae dae it. Mr. Liddell gave us different ideas: we could dae, like, other groups were doing that conversations and other groups were making false families, so we just made up false families ourselves.

* * *

4/ The responsibility of planning the whole operation is a challenging one.

Group E

Interviewer — Right, you worked out a procedure, now what was the next stage? I take it you then went again to Bothwell Street. Tell me about this. Presumably you were now looking for casual encounters?

Dawn — We went out and looked at the stairs and that. We were looking for people we could photograph. And we just looked and we thought we'd take a scene of the stairs and then –

Sheila — And then another one in a shop. Two women.

I. — So there were pictures of places and also of a couple of obliging women. Did they know you were photographing them?

Suzette — Yes, but, ken, at first one says 'Oh no ah'm no dressed for it. And they asked if anybody else would see it and we said no, just our class, so they says 'Aw right then'. They werna too keen.

Dawn — But they werna arguing. They were just standing. But they were meant to be arguing.

I. — So in fact they posed.

Girls — Yes.

I. — as for a snapshot. Instead of getting on with it. Did you solve that problem?

Girls — No. Then Mr. Liddell says we wernae to bother.

* * *

I. — OK. So there you were in your group. You had a general class discussion about what you might do. Then you got this assignment to do casual meetings. What did you do next?

Suzette — Well, he gave us a card and told us to write down things that we'd need – a tape recorder, a camera. Then we had to write down what steps we'd taken first, like if we were gonnae photograph first or interview first. Em or write the script.

* * *

Group A

I. — A lot of folk have been saying it's been hard work. Is that fair?

John D. — Aye, it's bound to be hard.

William — You learn more.

I. — How do you feel when the English period comes round?

John D. — A dinnae look forward tae it the day. Three periods in a row.

I. — Aye, it's too long, isn't it.

* * *

Group A/

Interviewer — Now, I see that there was a stage where you were asked the plan of the whole operation – was that not a very difficult stage? Were there not times when you felt that you would rather be doing a straightforward English exercise out of a book.

William — Aye.

John D. — Aye. Especially when we had to write something three or four times. Some groups had easier subjects.

I. — Oh, I see. So you together wrote down questions and then Mr. Liddell came and did a critique of the questions.

William — Yes. And we had to take pictures. Some weren't very good.

I. — So you had a difficult period. Did you come out the other end OK?

John D. — Sort of.

* * *

Group C

I. — You were put into groups and given your assignment. You were left on your own to get on with it, weren't you?

Kevin — It makes it more interesting. If you're stuck, the teachers in other classes, they come up and help you. But if you're stuck here, Mr. Liddell says you've got to sort it out for yourselves.

Robert — And that's right. Ah mean, if you're in a job and you ask somebody what tae dae, they'd just say, if you cannae dae the job, get knotted.

Kevin — Aye, if you cannae dae it ye cannae dae it.

I. — That's an interesting observation. You've been aware of a clear distinction between what Mr. Liddell does with you and what happens to you normally in most classrooms.

Robert — In our primary school, we were doin' a project on the Siegfred line or something, Siegrfreed then, and when we were stuck the teacher told us all what to do; but Mr. Liddell says just get on and do it. It's better.

I. — Do you work co-operatively, in groups like this, in any other classroom now?

Steven — No. In maths sometimes. But that's just in two's.

I. — What about Science?

Kevin — In pairs, to do experiments. That's to save expence. If you break something, you don't need to pay as much.

I. — What I'm trying to get at, is it not true that in Science you make your own experiments and work out your own solutions when you get stuck?

Iain/

Iain — No, you're no allowed to do that in case you do something wrong, in case you blow up the school.

Kevin — You write doon the answers yourselves and then if Mr. Cameron tells you the right answers and you can correct them.

Robert — Mr. Cameron tells you what tae dae at the start.

I. — So there are two kinds of difference then. In Science you are following instructions clearly given by the teacher. And secondly

a — you are working towards a right answer whereas in this work there aren't any right answers. There are better ways of doing things than others but you can't say some things are absolutely wrong and some things absolutely right. Is that a distinction?

(Pause)

Eh?

(Pause)

Robert — An dinnae ken what a distinction is.

5/ Working as a class group especially with literature

Group E

Interviewer — What are the bits of reading that you've done - Mr. Liddell has given you some poems, hasn't he?

Lorraine — The Wee Malkies and Molly Weir.

Sheila — When she was younger. Living in Glasgow.

I. — The book is 'Shoes were for Sunday'. Can you remember what bit of it?

Sheila — Well eh, she and all her pals went to the posh side of Glasgow and used to run through all the corriders and . ...

I. — Obviously you liked that. The Wee Malkies - how did you like that?

Suzette — That was good.

Sheila — Mr. Liddell usually reads it out in his own accent when he was in Glasgow.

I. — Oh yea.

Lorraine — He's good at it!

I. — When Mr. Liddell read these things, there was a session when the whole class was talking together. How do you like that compared with the work you do in small groups?

Suzette — Quite good. You discuss what you got up to.

Lorraine — What you done at night.

I. — You really like that?

Sheila — It's av right.

Lorraine — It was good.

Sheila — What the boys done and that was good. You got a laught at some of the things that were done.

I. — Because they weren't quite proper things?

Several — Aye (laughter)

Lorraine — Like, maybe, ringing bells and all that - what Duffy done!

I. — Did you write about this.

Suzette — Yes a poem about what you done at night.

I. — You all did one of these.

Several — Yes.

I. — How did you like doing that one, then?

Lorraine/

Lorraine — It was quite good. Mine was quite good.

Sheila — Naw.

I. — There's a difficult one for a teacher to answer. Three of you quite enjoyed doing that, but, Sheila, you didn't. Should people get a choice on these occasions.

All — No.

I. — No? You're dead against choice, you four.

Sheila — Aye! (laughter)

I. — You'd rather do something occasionally that you didn't like than be given the choice of doing it or doing something else?

* * *

I. — There's less to do. Em. Does that mean that probably the best thing would be a mixture of this kind of work and the kind of work that you're more used to?

Girls — (Mutters of reluctant agreement.)

I. — You think that would be better?

Sheila — You sometimes get fed up. You come in everyday, like, and you go right in to it. The only time you get off it is on a Monday.

I. — What do you get then?

Sheila — Reading. Read a book. Write stories and things like that.

I. — Are you saying that you don't think you get enough writing?

Several — We've hardly had any!! If we've done any at all - apart from the scripts.

* * *

Group A

I. — Mr. Liddell has read some poems and stories to you, has he? What for example?

William — He read some stories frae Glasgow, aboot the tenements and the hooligans. One that Molly Weir wrote, 'The Wee Malkies' or something.

I. — Ah, you've got it slightly wrong. 'The Wee Malkies' is Stephen Mulrines' poem. Molly Weir's book is a story of her childhood when she used to go to a slightly posher bit of Glasgow and rampage about, making a nuisance of herself.

How did you like these bits?

John D. — Quite good because the whole class is discussing.

I. — Don't you think that in a class discussion you don't get the same chance to air your views?

John D./

John D. — If you want to speak you just put your hand up and told him stuff you had done.

Clark — Most people got their fair share.

John D. — Yeah we told him what we did at night time.

I. — Did you write something about that? Somebody else told me . . . you wrote a poem or something.

John D. — Aye, we had tae take it off the notes. We wrote notes about what we did at night and wrote the poem frae the notes.

I. — Aye, how did you enjoy that exercise?

John D. — A hard job.

* * *

Group B

I. — Mr. Liddell read a lot of poems and bits from books with you as a class. Did you like that or group work better?

Robert — Mr. Liddell. It's the way he pronounces the words.

I. — But do you think if it was a teacher other than Mr. Liddell, would that make a difference. Would you still prefer the poems and stories that get read to you.

Robert — I think we would prefer group work.

* * *

Group C

I. — Yes, I see. There have been occasions when the class has come together and did a poem.

General — Aye, that was good. The accents. The stories aboot what we did at night. The lifts an' that.

I. — Maybe you shouldn't tell me too much about that. Did you use these materials at all afterwards.

Iain — Aye, other groups used them that were doing children's activities and that.

I. — Apart from these what else did he read to you.

Various — Molly Weir and (indistinguishable . .)

I. — Well you obviously enjoyed that story as well. One of the other groups showed me a collection of about three poems . . .

Robert — Aye, we picked the Neighbours - that was to do with what we were doing.

I. — Yes, I see. What did you think of these then? These were activities/

mc — activities by children, weren't they?

Various — No/this/Leonard Clark and Molly Weir and that.

I. — Oh, that's a different set you had.

Now, I think that is about all. Is there anything else you want to tell me about what has been going on.

Kevin — There's the home readers. You get one every week. And he's got this book and he writes down the titles, and we're going to get a test next week.

Various — (rhyme off books read.)

I. — Thank you very much boys, that was very helpful.

* * *

7/ The good bits and the bad bits.

Group E

I. — I think it would be interesting for other kids to see this work. I don't think anybody else is doing it.

Lorraine — No, they're just doing ordinary work. We don't do that because we've got Mr. Liddell.

I. — Do you think this is better?

All — Yes.

I. — Could you say why it's better. Try and keep Mr. Liddell out of it. Try and think of the nature of the work rather than him.

Sheila — Well, when you're sitting reading books and that, it's boring.

Lorraine — You've got to be quiet and all these kinds of things.

Sheila — When you're doing these kind of things, you're getting out and you're enjoying it more, you're enjoying the work.

Suzette — You're learning about people and that, and where they live, and usually you . . . (trails away)

* * *

Group A

I. — Looking back, what was the worst bit?

John D. — Writing thae questions oot.

I. — Struggling with these questions, yes. What was the best bit?

Clark — When we were out in Bothwell Street, taking the pictures.

I. — Try to be honest about this one. Was that because it was an interesting thing to do or because it was better than being stuck in a school?

John D. — Better than being stuck in a school.

I. — Aye, I thought that was maybe the answer.

* * *

Group B

I. — You've had to make up your mind about doing various jobs - how have you reacted to it all?

Garry — Some bits are boring, some bits are all right.

I. — That's life, isn't it. Can you remember the bits you found boring?

Garry — Train of consciousness - I'd tae dae that bit three times.

Robert/

Robert — Aye, we kept on making mistakes.

I. — When you said that was a boring bit because you had to repeat the thing, are you sure 'boring'is the right word?

Robert — Ah didnae like it.

Garry — Ah didnae like dain' it.

I. — Because you had to repeat it. On the other hand if you hadn't repeated it you wouldn't have got it right, would you?

Garry — Dunnoe.

I. — Was it not worth the effort?

Robert — Don't know. We haven't heard the finished thing. We only done it yesterday.

I. — Any other bits that are boring?

Garry — Writin'. I'd rather dae drawin' than writin'!

I. — Right, you did say there were good bits. What were they?

Garry — Interviewin' the posty and that, when we were ootside.

Robert — Aye we asked the posty a question but he says he wisnae allowed to answer it.

* * *

Group C

I. — I see. Tell me in very general terms, how have you like working in this particular way?

Several — It's better than (indistinguishable)

Robert — When ye cannae go out and talk tae people or ye've got tae stey in the class when a' the rest are away oot, ye get a bit bored.

I. — Uh-huh, so it's got that disadvantage. Dae ye think there are times when it's not fair?

Robert — Aye, sometimes: when it's the last two periods of the day and ye're tired and they two are arguin', ye get a sair heid an' . . .

Steven — Ye don't argue a' the time.

Robert — Once we got to the stage of a fight and I punched him in the face right in the class.

I. — Well, that's not a good move. In general, then, do you prefer this way of working or the more normal classroom kind of way.

Robert — Prefer working like this.

Kevin — Prefer it like this.

Iain — Dinnae care.

Kevin

Kevin — This way we can get a discussion. When you're on your own you've got to make up your own mind and sometimes it doesnae come oot good. This way we get a' the ideas and can pick the best yin.

6/ What the class think they have learned (or failed to learn!)

Group E

Sheila — We've no had any right English work. Like out of books and these kind of things.

I. — What do you class as right English work, then, Sheila?

Sheila — When you take things out a book - like exercises and all these kind of things. We never got them.

I. — Does that worry you?

Several — No. (laughter)

I. — Uh-huh. Any other points? There would be some people who would say it's really not work at all. It's just a kind of big entertainment - a game.

Dawn — It's work and it's hard.

Suzette — At the beginning it was hard. You always get things that are hard and no easy to solve, ken, you've really got to work your brain to solve it.

* * *

Group A

I. — Can you give me an idea how you have enjoyed this compared with the more conventional classroom work? John, how did you get on with it?

John W. — A'right.

I. — Would you have been as happy doing normal class work, or happier or less happy?

John W. — Less happy. There's mair work in it, I think.

I. — More work doing this kind of thing?

John W. — Yes.

I. — Do you think you've learned more?

John W. — Yes.

I. — What do you think you have learned?

Clark — How to put things straightforward.

William — How to get on with people.

I. — How to get on with people in your group?

William — Yes, and people outside. And you said, how to put things in a straightforward way.

Clark — Yes. Questions and stories and . . .

I./

I. — Right, so you've learned a bit about asking questions, interviewing, and making descriptions, too.

* * *

Group B

I. — Suppose I was to ask you how useful this work is that you've been doing, what would you say to that? Do you think you're learning anything important?

Garry — Aye

Robert — How you can present yourself to other people.

Garry — Learn to be a reporter.

I. — Well, if you're going to be a reporter, you need to write. Have you learned anything about writing do you think?

Robert — No really.

I. — I wonder. How much writing have you done apart from your poem?

Robert — Oh, we've done loads and questions - on Mr. Liddell's chipboard. Four or five sheets. That was all the questions and interviews, precedures and things like that.

* * *

Denise

None of this has been of no use to me. it has all been very interesting. I think the story has been of most use because it is helping my punctuation etc.

Karen H.

It has been a great help to myself, as it has shows you how to get round certain problems.

Gillian

I think this work has been of venefit to me because I have learned how to cope with easier with problems. I think it has improved my skills. Writing the stories and poems have been of most use to me.

Suzette

It's fair because you are just asking us to use our brain and consitrate on what we are doing and telling us whether we are. The project will help us think more and help us as we go through school and also help us all through life because we were having to think about things and plan.

Louise

I think I have benifited by the work which the class has been doing. This kind of work (the project) has improved my writing ability and made me "work". If Mr. Liddell wasn't pleased or satisfied with your work he didn't just say "Its all right". He would tell you to rub it out and start again. Because Mister Liddell kept doing this, I thing most of us tried our best the first time instead of writing the same story 10 time.

Karen R.

I think the work we have been doing has been of some benefit to me but not when we have been working in a group because I am very easily distracted

Jacqueline

The story that I wrote will help me most with writing and spelling. The books helped me with my reading very much. The project didn't seem to help me very much at all, so I saw no point in the project.

Margaret

The project - my mind made me think of it as a skive.

Scott

Why: because I was bored with going out onto the street and trying to describe it and the people in it. I would rather have stayed in the class and done English excersizes and write essays. It will probably do me a lot of good. It might have been a little use to me: No I don't think so.

Yes, when we went out onto the street because I do those things every day and you are in contact with the same type of people in your own street.

The bit that has been of most use was the discussing things within the group because it has taught me how to work with other people all doing the same thing.

Blair

If you were more strict everybody would have had higher marks. I think I should have had a lower mark. The assesments would have more use if they had been given in the middle of the term so that we could see what you expected of us.

Karen K.

This work has been of benefit to me because I have learned a lot from it and I think I have improved my skills of writing E.T.C. I think about all the work has been of use to me, especially writing the story and writing the poem about neighbourhood images which is up on the wall.

Kevin

I think it has been quite a benefit to me myself. It has improved my skills for writing a lot. It has all been of quite a lot of use to me. I think mostly it has improved my writing stories ect.

William

It has been of benifit to me as a person.

Yes I can write better stories now.

No everything has been of use to me. The interviewing of people has been the most use to me.

Agnes

The work I have been doing has been very useful to me. It has improved my reading and writing. It has improved my skills of writing and speaking on tapes. The poem of the night workers was of no use to me because it was telling about other people in no connection with Bothwell Street. The most important thing of all was when we went out to Bothwell Street and did some interviews when the tenants told us/

us all about the street.

Linda

I think it has been a benifit to me as I have learnt more about social life and the working life it is has improved some of my skills. It has improved my reading and writing and my knowledge. I don't think it has been no use. I think the story and group working as you learn to work with people and learn more.

Lorraine

I thought that the film strip helped me a lot and I thought that the story was good that I wrote the story has helped me with my punctuation and reading.

Two points of elucidation here. In Problems of Group Teaching in S1, an earlier discussion document, I talked about the 'concertina' system for project work in which class sessions for various purposes interrupt the group sessions. The same system, as detailed above, worked well here, the literature in the main being done in class sessions and regular class meetings held to discuss difficulties being encountered in common by more than one group.

The other issue is specific instruction in language forms, spelling and the conventions of punctuation given to promote the pupil's ability to express himself freely in writing. The assumption was that such matters could be profitably taught only once the pupils were aware of their need for them in order to say what they wanted to say. Basically the strategy was thus:

1. Puctuation and Spelling: corrected casually in jotters, not given emphasis until a final version for display was being asked for. At that stage a quick class lesson on essentials, how punctuation is needed in order to say what you want to say.

2. Sentences: done by alerting class to the kind of structures needed for different purposes: so the group doing a report on the animal life of the street were given help to formulate 'report-type' sentences, the group formulating a questionnaire given insight into question sentences, and so on.

3. Spelling: corrected casually, had to be checked for final versions.

In addition, Mrs. Broadway took the class for one other period of half an hour in the week and did more formal language work with them intermittently. Her comment on my failure to deal with the poorer-ability children appears later.

Analysis of the Project

Mrs. Broadway in commenting generally on the project afterwards identified the key problems. What now follows, with her permission, under sub-headings for easy reference, is her analysis followed by my own, of these main issues. There is no attempt to explain away what she has critised but only to relate to hers my view of the same situation. Teachers are invited to tease out what is useful to themselves from both points of view and from the evidence supplied here. Mrs Broadway's remarks are in italics under each sub-heading.

(a) The time taken for groups to get down to work

Time factor involved in allowing groups to merge and eventually to function as a group - this varied from group to group - girls' groups seemed to 'fuse' more quickly.

I see the socialisation process as having a value in itself. Working with other people is something that adults have to learn and to do throughout their lives. In class, the pupils are helped to see the problems in the process and to find ways of overcoming them. As teachers, if we want to be able to handle groups, we should think first about how 'socialisation' happens in the various adult groups to which we ourselves belong - and then realise how similar is the process in children's groups.

An analysis of the groups in the class and how they responded to the challenge appears opposite.

* = best in group
x = worst in group

Group Analysis (deliberately chosen non-friendship, mixed-ability groups)

A(Moods)	B(Visitors)	C(Families)	D(Children)
John D.* William x Clark John W.	Scott* Alan x Robert C. Garry	Kevin* Iain x Blair Steven Robert W.	Karen R.* Jacqueline x Lorna Diane Karen K.
1. Group failing to gell because one member or other off school throughout the assignment. 2. John W. a disturbed child, not capable of making working relationships: ready to object, find fault, refuse to contribute etc., yet needing acceptance in some way by teacher of group. Not learning anything. 3. Whole group disturbed by these problems, losing heart. This compounded by having the least interesting assignment, already partly covered in preparatory work. 4. John D. and William A. anxious to salvage something and not highly motivated now. 5. Teacher gives John W. a row but it has little effect. Makes it worse. Better to give him own piece of work to do and encourage.	1. Group suffering from antagonism of Scott and Garry. 2. Garry again a child who is a limelighter. Needs to write daring things - earlier on forced teacher to point of belting. Disturbs group because incapable of relationship. 3. Alan a shy boy, almost withdrawn, not capable of exerting a positive influence. 4. Robert C. the willing horse of the group, taking on the load and a little ribbed by others for it. 5. Group gain little from early work. Teacher gives Scott a row because of his recalcitrant attitude. Boy responds well and starts to contribute. 6. Group have success with interview of scaffie and given new impetus. 7. Garry does his own thing with a stream of consciousness piece and makes it easier for the rest to find a working pattern.	1.Bigger group and had some trouble early on - but this was probably because they couldn't decide what to do with the assignment. 2. Interesting that with the tables closed off on all but one side by members, the group can feel more of a unit, for good or ill. 3. Possibilities of conflict between Robert W. and Iain, the latter being again a child who is erratic in attitude, needing to be irreverant to keep his image of himself secure. 4. But Blair has the ideas, Steven, slow learner, is a companionable boy and Kevin organises their ideas. So eventually these qualities predominate and the group work well, especially when see success possible.	1. Group finding it difficult initially to work together. Possibly personal antipathy not detectable by teacher. 2. Lorna mature physically, finding whole business a bit irrelevant to her needs - would like straight academic work. 3. Jacqueline irreverant, bright of eye but not anti-social. Liable to go along so long as demands not pushed. Chatty. 4. Diane slow learner, and doubtful if she is making a significant contribution. But seems comfortable in group. 5. The two Karens anxious to do work, having to accommodate Lorna and Jacqueline and showing signs of frustration. Teacher remonstrates with Lorna, tries to encourage others. Teacher's weight has to carry the day for getting on with it.

* = best in group
x = worst in group

Group Analysis

E(Casual Meetings)	F(Working/Social Life)	G(Animals etc.)
Lorraine[x] Suzette Sheila* Dawn[*]	Jane Janet Karen H.* Linda[x]	~~Louise*~~ Gillian[x] Agnes Denise Margaret[x]

1. Sheila and Suzette both strong and opposite/opposing personalities. Sheila smart, a manager and Suzette not liable to be managed.

2. But Lorraine and Dawn, both very poor, contribute to allowing cleverer two a temporary partnership in responsibility.

3. Lorraine a dodger, unconfident, needing a boost. Dawn a pleasant, alert and good natured girl, making the best of herself in a way Lorraine doesn't.

4. Together the group have produced a very good tape of invented quarrels and friendlier meetings.

5. Teacher reinforces morale of group by using their work as example of what can be achieved.

1. Jane joining group only from time to time since she recovering from an accident. Group a little disturbed by this.

2. But got down to work on interviewing questions, Linda, the poorest intellectually, proving the most forceful of the group, doing the reporting to the class, the interviewing etc.

3. Karen is a shy good worker, pushing the work along by seeing the intelligent path ahead. She sees this as her role and it good for her to need to make her view heard.

1. Louise the manager. She and Agnes very practical in their grasp of affair.

2. Gillian potentially disruptive, a tomboy if ever there was one. Needing attention as a girl, got role problems. Careless and heedless about work.

3. Margaret wise as a woman, already deciding school has its limits. But willing to go along with an enterprise like this.

4. Not the easiest of remits, so encouraged to work by questionnaire. Done on other class.

In Appendix 3 are transcripts revealing the stages by which a group (1) socializes (where the talk has nothing to do with the work but is about finding common ground in terms of humour, attitude to the work - not necessarily positive! - and shared experience outside the school); (2) gets down to the job (with intermittent reminders to each other of the common ground reached in the socialisation process); (3) requires teacher intervention; and (4) produces a finished article. It is not the same group at any stage because only one tape recorder was in use for this purpose of recording the groups own talk and it circulated at random, each day with a different group. Bear in mind also that (4), the finished article, was in fact part of a tape-slide presentation needing a 'performance'.

(b) The nature of the assignments

Assignment cards handed to each group were rather vague - a lot of time was spent in actually working out what was expected. It would have perhaps been better to have issued more detailed instructions i.e. suggestions for tasks which might have been allotted to individual members of the groups.

Admittedly I was making it hard for myself and for the pupils by leaving so many things to be decided by the groups. And there was certainly one stage, already recorded in the diary of events, where I reluctantly had to agree that it was too much for them. But then in the interviews (see preceding blue sheets) the pupils themselves took a quite different view, restoring some of my faith.

The issue of assignment cards is worth elucidating. Broadly speaking there are three kinds of problem that appear on assignment cards. The first kind is that where the pupil is required to find answers which are predetermined by the teacher to a greater or lesser extent: interpretation-type questions about a passage of writing, say. The second is where the pupil is given materials and problems of a practical nature and where the solutions are not predetermined by the teacher: in this situation the pupil is asked to think creatively, but his mind can nevertheless continue to be focused on the problem and he has no social or organisational problems to solve. The material called 'Living Space' which I shall mention later, is of this kind. The third kind of assignment makes the most demand of the pupil, asking for performance of a task which demands social organisation, organisation of the work procedures and creative thought.

Now, of course, assignment cards may contain more than one kind of problem; all that is important is that, as teachers, we know the different kinds of difficulty each one brings and know also how to help the pupil to use his mind to solve it. With hindsight, I think now that it would have been easier on the class if I had first taken them through the kind of problem-solving which allowed their minds to be focused solely on the problem without the concomitant problems associated with organisation of the group and of the work. This said, I would continue to argue that the class benefits from the completely open-ended problem-solving kind of assignment in ways not achievable in the others; and that at one point in their progress in S1-2 they should be exposed to it.

In support of this view, I would refer back first to the opinions already expressed about creative thinking. But also I think it is worth reminding ourselves that as adults we do not choose to work with other people unless we have to, that is unless the problem demands more than one mind to solve it; and that when we do most of us are, on the whole, poor in the skills needed for such co-operation. Children are just the same: they see little point to group work if the work is such that it can be done just as well by one person. Not all group assignments need to be open-ended problem-solving ones, but they

should be of a kind which clearly will be done better by discussion and co-operation with other people.

Among the different kinds of assignment, however, the teacher's role, as well as the pupils', is different; and the kind of linguistic structures generated may be different. When the assignment involves only finding the answers predetermined by and large by the teacher, for example, about the meaning of a poem or about a common human experience, the teacher helps the group to come to terms with it, perhaps by directing attention to significant detail, or by helping them to organise their random thoughts, or by asking questions which probe more deeply into the nature of the poem and experience. Thus the group are helped to investigate more deeply and express more clearly the nature of the poem or experience. When on the other hand the assignment is an open-ended one, the teacher pressurises the group to sort out for itself what steps need to be taken, to organise itself to take them, and finally to find a way of expressing the results or findings. This, as all the pupils say, is very hard work, and one group may need much more support and suggestion from the teacher than another; but the linguistic inter-action can be extremely valuable and can amount to hard negotiation about what is to be done. In Appendix 4 there is an example of the teacher having to take a stiff line with a group who are showing a superficial approach to the problems.

(c) Functioning of Groups

> *Functioning of groups - a leader necessary. In most cases a leader did emerge, but not in all. (In one group there were several dominant personalities resulting in some heated arguments). In the final analysis the teacher is really the group leader, and that makes his task an exhausting one.*

The best thing to do here is to look again at the Group Analysis Sheets under (a) above. Some groups indeed do work by one of their number assuming a leadership role in the sense either of providing the key ideas or of being the organiser. But the dynamics of any one group are very complex and differ from all the others.

The teacher is preferably not the leader but he is the pusher. And there are times when, in order to help a group over a particualr hurdle, he is temporarily the leader as well.

How exactly does he operate? The main thing is to keep a record of the group's progress, perhaps on a duplicate copy of the assignment card. A glance at the card then tells the teacher each day which group it is he is approaching, what their assignment is and what stage they ought to have reached. Then he can get worked up with impunity if they haven't been at it hard enough!

On approaching a group, therefore, the teacher knows what has already been achieved and what they had been planning to do when he last saw them. He asks someone - a different person each time - to report on progress. If not satisfied, he probes the reasons for the delay. Sometimes this is due to skiving and the group get a row and are given a time-limit for the job to get finished (or it is to be done at home); but most often it is because of some organisational or conceptual problem and the teacher can help to resolve it by trying to identify the difficulty more clearly, or by suggesting a new way of looking at it, or, if the worst comes to the worst, by joining the group and helping to solve it. It is best if he leaves the group with a clearer idea of the problem they still have to solve and the inklings of how it might be done. He notes carefully where the group have reached and what they are trying to do - his briefing for the next visit.

(d) Discipline

In an ideal situation the task should provide the necessary motivation - in a normal situation there will always be a few who lack any kind of motivation - rigid discipline is more difficult to exert in a group situation.

Quite right: the class doesn't exist in which every child's attitude to the work, personal confidence and emotional stability work positively for the teacher all the time. And there is no form of class organisation which assures the degree of constant concentration we would all love to have. The group situation, however, does leave more doors open for pupils to disengage their minds from the task on hand; and a good deal of that is because they are having to associate with other individuals in a work situation. Children with emotional instability or psychological insecurities are put under the further stress of having to find a role for themselves within the group. The teacher can help in this process by recognising the child's problem and encouraging him to make the kind of contribution which will give him praise and acceptance from the others. But the worst cases are under any circumstances very difficult to handle: after attempting to get them to co-operate with someone else in the group (to lower the odds against disturbance both for the child and the group), it is often necessary to give such children an individual task which nevertheless contributes to the group's final output. In this way, Garry in Group B was persuaded to do a stream of consciousness piece about a boy (himself) on his milkround; but John W. in Group A I was unable to help by any means and I can't be sure that he would have fared equally badly in a highly disciplined class situation.

With these and with the others (the 'academic children' and the 'mature girls' to be mentioned in a moment) the teacher would find it counter-productive to exert strict discipline in a group situation. There is an assumption about the relationship between teacher and pupils that it would be unwise to disturb: that the teacher is freeing them to think for themselves, find their own pace, sort out their own problems. The teacher therefore has to be a low-key figure, exerting pressure through the group on individual children ("what have you contributed to these ideas, Karen?"; "Where do you think the group should go from here, Steven?"), having the patience to let the individuals find a role for themselves within the group, only intervening if there are signs that the child is not going to make it or is going about it in a way that is bound to fail, and even then intervening at the practical level ("Could you not do so and so, Garry, and that will let the job get finished by tomorrow?"; "Come on, John, Clark is needing your help with this bit of work.").

(e) The 'academics' and the 'mature girls'

(i) The 'academics' - to them this was not 'English' in the form they recognised - possibly, too, there was the idea that any praise was accorded to the group, not to the individual - also the work was in fact more difficult than more traditional work.

(ii) The more mature girls in the class tended to be inhibited and regarded the work as rather childish.

Agreed. And this twin problem seems to me much more serious and difficult to handle than the problem at the other end of the ability range. The 'academic' children, good at reading and writing skills, want to retain their sense of superiority by continuing to do these things - not to be thrown into a situation where their assurance is put under first social and then intellectual stress by a group of known lesser ability. The 'mature' girls really have needs of a quite different kind from the rest of the class: the content of the work bears for the most part little relation to these, and the method may be reminiscent of primary groups.

I don't know what to do about this. Over a longer period I think I would have same ability groups for part of the week or for a particular part of the year's course so that I could give the academic and maturer children their heads in reading and writing at their own level while attending more carefully to the specific needs of the slower learners - another failure which is now recorded.

(f) The less able

Although at the beginning of the course provision was made to provide 'remedial' work for the less able members of the class, this was not carried through. For some this was a pity as they needed to feel they were doing something positive towards improving their written English.

On the other hand, many of these weaker children improved considerably in oral competence and in general self-confidence.

Agreed guilty. As the diary notes record, the group of nine poorer-ability children were started off with work intended to strengthen their reading skills; but after one meeting this fell away and was never recovered. In fact I saw the class for three separate periods of one hour each week and they had a single half-hour period in addition to which I couldn't go. That might have been the time to solve some of the problems connected with both the academic and slower learning children. They couldn't be disengaged from the project in full swing without serious damage to its rhythm.

(g) Assessment

How do you assess the individual's contribution to the final product?

This has been discussed in Part 1. Basically, all you can assess in such group activity is oral work; but the project yielded plenty of opportunities for individual pieces of writing which enables the teacher to assess not merely their technical skills but their imaginative engagement with the work. But see also under (j) below.

(h) Time-limits

Actual amount of work done - some parts of the original scheme of work were scrapped due to lack of time. At several points during the course I felt that time-limits should have been set and strictly adhered to - this was not done.

Maybe, I'm not sure. But what caused me to jettison certain stages in the project (again recorded in the diary notes) was the realisation that I wasn't going to gain anything from them, that the pupils were better able to do without it. We have to make careful plans as teachers; but more important is our sensitivity to what is happening inside the children's minds and how we review our plans in the light of it. If something is not working or liable to work, it has to be put aside.

Similarily, it is not possible to have strict time limits because the teacher doesn't know in advance how long it will take the groups to master a particular stage of the work. Sometimes artificial time limits should be set in order to drive new urgency into the work; but it should be done in the recognition that they will probably need adjustment. Remember that the main measurement of the effort being made is the daily record of groups' progress made as the teacher goes round the groups and discusses their work. (see (c) above)

(j) The story-writing

The final part of the course, the story-writing, was extremely successful. The results speak for themselves. The stimulus story, "Sparrow", provided the children with a 'model' and this, coupled with the experience gained from the earlier part of the 'Street' work, resulted in some excellent pieces of writing.

One must not underestimate the part played by the teacher in this final stage. The enthusiasm with which the class tackled this task was engendered largely by him. He made the children aware of the elements of a good story - gave them a structure on which to build and convinced them that each of them had within them some kind of experience on which to write their story. Even the weakest members of the class were writing with confidence.

The success of the stories was due to a number of predictable factors. Children write well out of their own immediate experience at most times, and were asked to do so here. Furthermore the work on the project, which had taken them out into the street and illuminated through questionnaire and interview the lives of its residents, had alerted them to the rich possibilities for writing which lay around them. The contact between words and the real world had for most of them been established. Suddenly a great deal of stored experience was capable of being utilised.

It needed a trigger; and I was fortunate to have a story 'Sparrow' written by a C.S.Y.S. pupils some years ago whose setting, use of dialect in the dialogue, and basic story ingredients all suited the need of the moment. It is reproduced in Appendix 5 along with all the stories written by the class. The class took to it because it concerned something they all recognised as a part of their own experience: the treasuring of something precious to a child and its eventual loss through adult insensitivity. The class were asked to write a story involving a similar situation or one where one of the participants comes under stress of a kind similar to that suffered by the boy in 'Sparrow'.

This brings us to the question of 'Form'. 'Sparrow' was not simply read, it was analysed in great detail. I asked the class to identify the bits of the story where something was actually happening, where the plot was being advanced. That took some time and there was considerable discussion about whether certain sections were really taking the plot forward. With what was left (most of the story), I wanted to know what the writer was up to. So the patches of dialogue were looked at to see how they brought into focus both the boys committment to the sparrows being alive and the varying degrees of disbelief, cruelty and insensitivity of the other characters. The opening two paragraphs were studied in terms of what they were doing (establishing the setting and its particular atmosphere that morning) and how they did it (choice of verbs and nouns, use of nominal groups). The class realised that these paragraphs were also about the boy and that it explained how he put such store by his find of the sparrow. The class were led into these very refined regions by one particular girl, Suzette, not at all the academic type, who volunteered these observations before I had managed to frame the questions which might draw them out. Thereafter the guts of the structure of the story was studied (three main confrontations: with the boy's pal, the schoolmaster, and his mother) and the class had no difficulty in sharing Tommy's anguish at the eventual loss of the bird, and seeing how effective the author's control of the violence had been. The restraint of the last line was also noted with approval. It had been one of those rare occasions where the class had enjoyed not only the story but the investigation of how it worked. So in starting their own stories they had a clear sense of the ingredients of the genre, and how they can be manipulated to tell a story where the characters and their experiences are real, their thoughts and feelings genuine and strong.

This business of offering a model, of making the reading serve the writing is opposed to some current notions of language and learning; or at any rate has not yet played a part in them. Clearly a model is only to be used when the class are asked for a highly complex mode such as a short story. Personal experience can be written about without a model and indeed, for a lot of our experiences we need to find, to forge, the form which will best express them. But none of us can write without some idea of the kind of shape our writing could take - even though we change our minds about that as we write - and the more complex the genre, the more need there is for a 'model' which offers a structure without restricting the choice of experience or mode of expression of the writer.

The pupils' stories are arranged in a particular order to demonstrate the truth of this. The stories at the beginning have all come, in my opinion, directly from the work of the project and making fullest use of the story potential suggested by 'Sparrow'. They are vivid, close to the children's own experience, honest. These form nearly half the total number. But gradually they are subverted by experiences, feelings and responses which have come from the children's reading, mostly of comics and magazines. Interestingly, this has no correlation with intellectual ability and yet the story form starts to break down - another 'form' from the comic/magazine source is obtruding. Finally, we reach the cluster of stories which have nothing to do with the project or 'Sparrow': the sources here vary from adult novels ('Jaws' and similar blood-curdling tales) to women's magazine stories. Some of these children were the 'academic' group who had found they could give no personal committment to the project, who write correctly and skilfully but whose stories don't bear comparison now with those of some very average children in the first group.

The point I'm making is that with story-writing the pupils will use a model whether we like it or not, the one which is most familiar to them through their own reading; and that if the school can provide better stories with manageable models, the class will use them to their considerable improvement as writers.

Tentative conclusions about the teacher's role

It is not possible to draw generally valid conclusions from such experiment as this. On the other hand it is useful to state what I think I've learned from working in this way with children, about the role I needed to play as teacher. In doing so I recognise that other teachers will have all sorts of doubts and qualifications about both the work and how it was tackled; and may see the teacher's role therefore as quite different. All to the good if this account helps others to focus better on their own quite different practice and understand it better. So here goes:

1. The best kind of preparation for handling groups in class is to observe the dynamics of the various adult groups to which we ourselves belong.

2. The choice of what to do with a class in the way of work (and therefore in the way they are organised) has to be guided by aims related to their personal and social development.

These aims might be itemised as: to establish connections between words and reality, using other peoples accounts of their reality in words to encourage the pupils to do the same; to encourage them to think creatively, using what they know and what they've got to make what they want; and to give them insight into the opportunities and difficulties of working together towards a particular end.

3. Group work of the kind described here allows all three of these concerns to be developed; but the mixed-ability class will at other times need different

kinds of assignments, different kinds of group including same-ability groups; and even during the course of a project of this kind will benefit from class sessions devoted to reading and studying a related piece of literature, to discussion about common difficulties, to assessment of progress and re-adjustment of priorities etc. Only the teacher has the sensitivity to know how to choose and organise his material to satisfy all the needs of the class, to take account of their particular strengths and weaknesses both academic and social, and to promote nevertheless her own educational goals.

4. Academic-minded children, mature girls, difficult children and slower learners need special provision made for them either in tandem with project work or by separation into specific groupings for part of the year's course, or both.

5. Groups need a great deal of 'managing' by the teacher. Children need help in both the socialisation process and in the working out of their assignments. They need tabs kept on them all the time.

6. You cannot get all the children to work at peak concentration all the time. We can't work that way either. But with group work, the teacher no longer controls the spacing of concentration and rest periods and it is certainly easier for some children not to concentrate at all. Calling for individual pieces of writing in the midst of the project, connected with it, helps the teacher to spot this and thereafter keep at the renegades to contribute more to the work of the group.

7. In spite of all this manipulation of groups, I think that much more depends on how well the class are taught than on any specific organisation in which that teaching occurs. You don't have to work with groups to be a successful teacher of a mixed-ability class; and working with groups will be no guarantee of success if you are teaching badly. On the other hand there is no doubt that group-work offers the pupil a variety of learning situations which normal classwork can't provide.

8. I find little evidence that the much vaunted panacea for writing ills - of giving the children an audience for their work - does more than tighten up their focus and make their choice of usage more deliberate. That is valuable. But it doesn't motivate them to write in the first place: rather it is success in their writing which motivates, the feeling that they can do it.

9. And they can only do it if they have enough material/experience to use for their writing, and a clear idea of the 'form' in which to write.

10. I find no support in the tapes I have analysed for the idea that slower-learning children in a mixed-ability group are exposed to a wider variety of syntactic structure and usage. Rather it seems to depend on the type of assignment they are given. The material called Living Space[1] (whose effect on an S1 class in Whitburn I was monitoring while my own work was continuing in Leith) brought out much more varied structures from all the groups because it involved solving practical and limited problems which could be laid out on paper or in materials and actually be physically adjusted as the argument proceeded. The more abstract the problem and the less practical it is, the less variety there is to the structure.

The other factor in determining 'usage' is the make-up or leadership of the group. If they take a 'responsible' attitude to the work, the language becomes more formal; if not, the language hardly differs from that of the playground. That doesn't mean the latter groups don't attain their objectives (with or without teacher pressure); it does mean a lower common linguistic denominator is used to do it.

11. So the summing up must be that it is still more important for us to develop our skills in the teaching of reading, writing, speaking and listening than to learn how to organise our classrooms in new ways. But if we don't also learn to organise in new ways, we will find it hard to develop in our pupils all the thinking and inter-active skills they are going to need in the adult world.

TEXTS FOR 'STREET'

APPEARANCE OF THE STREET

Edinburgh Courtyard in July

Hot Light is smeared as thick as paint
On these ramshackle tenements. Stones smell
Of dust. Their hoisting into quaint
Crowsteps, corbels, carved with fool and saint,
Holds fathoms of heat, like water in a well

Cliff-dwellers have poked out from their
High cave-mouths brilliant rags on drying-lines;
They hang still, dazzling in the glare,
And lead the eye up, ledge by ledge, to where
A chimney's tilted helmet winks and shines.

And water from a broken drain
Splashes a glassy hand out in the air
That breaks in an unbraiding rain
And falls still fraying, to become a stain
That spreads by footsteps, ghosting everywhere.

NORMAN MacCAIG

Glasgow Sonnets

A mean wind wanders through the backcourt trash.
Hackles on puddles rise, old mattresses
puff briefly and subside. Play-fortresses
of brick and bric-a-brac spill out some ash.
Four storeys have no windows left to smash,
but in the fifth a chipped sill buttresses
mother and daughter, the last mistresses
of that black block condemned to stand, not crash.
Around them the cracks deepen, the rats crawl.
One kettle whimpers on a crazy hob.
Roses of mould grow from ceiling to wall.
The man lies late since he has lost his job,
smokes on one elbow, letting his coughs fall
thinly into an air too poor to rob.

EDWIN MORGAN

APPEARANCE OF THE STREET

A Breathless Hush In The Close Tonight

It is so ludicrous to imagine anybody actually building the things that I have always assumed that Glasgow's tenements have just always been there. Nobody could have put them up deliberately. When I first read about the ancient Picts running about in woad and scaring the life out of Caesar's legions, I took it for granted that they did their running about through the closes and back courts of Gallowgate where I was born.

The tenements are built extravagantly of good red sandstone, so that they have outlasted all those generations of Picts and are still there, and there doesn't seem anything anybody can do about them. It's true that in George Street and over in Govan, on the south side of the Clyde, some of them have started falling down spontaneously during the past ten years, but this is probably because people left them and they got lonely, and not through any constitutional weakness.

Most of them run to four storeys, built in rectangles to enclose the back courts. The back courts are divided by brick walls and brick-built wash-houses built for climbing over. The close in Glasgow is not just a hole in a building but a way of life. The close leads directly from the street to the back court, and the staircase to the flats above starts in the middle of it; and there is always something going on - somebody is always wasing it or writing on the walls or hiding in it or giving a yell to test the echo.

After they wash it, the women give the stone flags a finish of wet pipeclay that dries bold and white and shows every footprint. Then, round the edges, they add a free hand border design drawn in pipeclay; sometimes a running loop like blanket-stitch, sometimes more tortuous key patterns, always mathematically accurate....

CLIFFORD HANLEY

We called our room and kitchen a 'house', for we'd never heard of the word 'flat' when I was a wee girl. It was in a red sandstone tenement, which we thought far nicer than the dull grey tenements farther up the road. In some mysterious way some closes were smarter than others. The Cooperative close at No 290 was considered really classy. For one thing there were no children, and instead of painted dark green walls inside the close, like the other tenements, this one had tiles which were the envy of every other tenement wife, for they could be wiped clean at the touch of a cloth, and this sparkling cleanliness awed us with its rich look. This back court, too, was different from our ordinary earth one, for it was concreted all over, and the wall which divided it from our lesser courts was higher than ours, and not a railing was missing. This rigid iron barrier was useless in keeping out the rest of us children from the teeming tenements. Although we were fully aware it was forbidden territory, every now and then, just to test our courage, we would go tearing through the splendid tiled close and invade the concreted back court. We would stot our balls in an ecstasy of delight to see how high they would bounce off this marvellous concrete, then throw them against the walls of the posh tenement itself. Then, freedom from punishment going to our heads, we would go mad and start yelling at the tops of our voices, without rhyme or reason, 'Come up for yer dinner, ya redheided sinner, cauld totties an' herrin'.'

MOLLY WEIR

THE STREET IN DIFFERENT MOODS

Edinburgh Courtyard in July

Hot light is smeared as thick as paint
On these ramshackle tenements. Stones smell
Of dust. Their hoisting into quaint
Crowsteps, corbels, carved with fool and saint,
Holds fathoms of heat, like water in a well.

Cliff-dwellers have poked out from their
High cave-mouths brilliant rags on drying-lines;
They hang still, dazzling in the glare,
And lead the eye up, ledge by ledge, to where
A chimney's tilted helmet winks and shines.

And water from a broken drain
Splashes a glassy hand out in the air
That breaks in an unbraiding rain
And falls still fraying, to become a stain
That spreads by footsteps, ghosting everywhere.

NORMAN MacCAIG

Rainy Nights

I like the town on rainy nights
When everything is wet -
When all the town has magic lights
And streets of shining jet!

When all the rain about the town
Is like a looking-glass,
And all the lights are upside down
Below me as I pass

In all the pools are velvet skies,
And down the dazzling street
A fairy city gleams and lies
In beauty at my feet.

IRENE THOMPSON

The snow lies like clouds
On cars and roofs,
with tiny tufts on top of flowers
a crunchy blanket under foot
of white; pure white
only until the salt begins
to melt it into slush,
brown black, like soot.

THE STREET IN DIFFERENT MOODS

Sunday Morning Among The Houses Of Terry Street

On the quiet street, Saturday night's fag-packets,
Balls of fish and chip newspaper, bottles
Placed neatly on window sills, beside cats.

A street of oilstains and parked motorbikes,
Wet confectionery wrappers becoming paste,
Things doing nothing, ending, rejected.

Revellers return tieless, or with hairdo's deceased,
From parties, paying taxis in the cold,
Unsmiling in the fogs of deflated mirth.

Neighbours in pyjamas watch them from upstairs,
Chewing on pre-breakfast snacks,
Waiting for kettles to boil, wives quit the lav.

Men leave their beds to wash and eat,
Fumble with Sunday papers and radio knobs,
Leaving in their beds their wives and fantasies,

In bedside cups their teeth, their smiles.
Drinkers sleep into a blank sobriety,
Still talking to the faces in the smoke.

Women they regretted they were too drunk to touch,
Sucking tastes in their mouths, their mossy teeth.
Into the street come early-risen voices,

The Salvation Army's brass dulled in sunlessness
And breath of singers the colour of tubas.
Dog obbligatos come from warm corners.

Behind the houses, antique plumbing
Coughs and swallows Sunday morning's flush
Down to Hull's underworld, its muddy roots.

The city of disuse, a sink, a place,
Without people it would be like the sea-bottom.
Beneath the street, a thundering of mud.

DOUGLAS DUNN

November Night, Edinburgh

The night tinkles like ice in glasses.
Leaves are glued to the pavement with frost.
The brown air fumes at the shop windows,
Tries the doors, and sidles past.

I gulp down winter raw. The heady
Darkness swirls with tenements.
In a brown fuzz of cotton wool
Lamps fade up crags, die into pits.

Frost in my lungs is harsh as leaves
Scraped up on paths. -I look up, there,
A high roofs sails, at the mast-head
Fluttering a grey and ragged star.

The world's a bear shrugged in his den.
It's snug and close in the snoring night.
And outside like chrysanthemums
The fog unfolds its bitter scent.

NORMAN MacCAIG

STREET VISITORS

Our Dustbin

Nobody makes poems about dustbins
So I will.
For a dustbin is of interest too.
Cats like poking around smelling bones.
When the dustman comes to collect
The rubbish
You can hear the tin go along, clang! clang!
When he empties it the dust rises
And goes whirling to the sky.
Bits of china shine in the sun
And bright things I wish I could look at.

Gears grind.
Wheels stop.
Steps fall
and drop.
The bin is carried away
to the lorry that hums
in a cloud of dust.
Over it goes -
is banged on its side -
is dropped to the ground
with nothing inside.

Book in hand
The gas-man comes,
Reads the meter,
Writes ninety-four,
Slaps it shut
And off next door.

Empty bottles
Jinkety, jink,
The milkman's here -
Left three today,
Clinkety, clink
And on his way.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STREET

Molly Weir

All our neighbours were a source of great interest to me. I didn't see them as an assortment of shabbily dressed women struggling against heavy odds to make ends meet, and keep dirt at bay. I was vividly aware of their peculiarities, and absorbed in their lives. There was our red-faced upstairs neighbour, with her five pale children and her dull quiet husband, who hardly opened his mouth. She was the terror of the stair. We could tell at a glance when she was in ferocious mood, as likely as not to give you a swipe in the passing just for staring at her. She was a huge woman, and I used to shiver with fright when the sound of yelling and screaming in her house above our head told me she was giving the children another walloping. Her violence terrified me, and I never dreamed the day would dawn when she would become a semi-paralysed invalid, worn out by her own wild temper. Maybe she had high blood pressure or some awful secret illness, for we never associated health with behaviour. You were either a targe or you weren't, and there was an end of it.

There was a dirty woman in a nearby close, quiet and self-effacing, who stank to high heaven and we took the smell with the personality, but gave her a wide berth just the same. I was sternly forbidden ever to borrow a comb from any of her children in case I'd borrow a few beasts at the same time. My mother had vowed that when she had been speaking to her she'd been horrified to see the beasts running round the wool which tied this woman's specs to her ears! I made an excuse to go to her door, and, staring, fixedly at the wool holding the specs, noted without as much as a shudder that my mother was right. It was no exaggeration.

There was even a dandy in the tenement, who donned yellow chamois gloves when he went out courting another woman, not his wife. She, poor thing, couldn't stop his amorous ways, but his mother-in-law told me fiercely, 'He's a rotter. He's lived on the steps o' the jile a' his life.' How could he live on the steps of the jail, I wondered, and still live up our stair? She also told me darkly that he'd even broken into a harem during the war, and had been lucky not have been shot for it. A harem! What was so terrible about that? I would have liked to have seen inside a harem myself, and gazed upon all those concubines, a word which had intrigued me ever since I first read it in the Bible.

There was a wee skinny woman, so poor that she actually was glad to do our washing for us for half a crown, for my mother was too exhausted after her heavy work in the Railways to do this herself. This wee creature crept down to the warmth of our fire every single night in life. She never opened her mouth, but rocked silently back and forth, sipping the tea Grannie always had ready for her. Once when my auntie came to stay with us on a visit from Australia, and could stand this woman's silent presence not a minute longer, she jokingly sprang up and shouted to the wee washer-woman, 'What the devil are you making all the noise about?' The wee creature got such a shock she leaped to her feet, spilling tea all over the fireside, and rushed from the house, and never came back until Auntie had safely left for Australia again. My mother was mad, because we got no more washings done for us all the time Auntie was with us.

But our favourite neighbours, for us children I mean, were the newly married ones. When they came to our tenements they seemed so fresh, and lively, and young, after all the workworn mothers we knew. They sang at their work in their newly furnished kitchens. They didn't mind us perching

Molly Weir (contd.)

on the window-ledges of their ground-floor tenement rooms and watching their every move. They showed off a bit as they worked, and we loved their exaggerated movements as they lifted kettles and polished brasses. And they always had babies for us to take out in the big enveloping shawls which wrapped baby and baby-minder in a safe, warm cocoon. There were no prams in the tenements. A pram was as impossible in our economy as a Rolls-Royce. But if babies didn't always get enough to eat, they always had the warmth and comfort of being wrapped close to a loving body.

MOLLY WEIR

Miss Wing

At the end of the street lives small Miss Wing,
A feathery, fluttery bird of a thing.
If you climb the street to the very top,
There you will see her fancy shop
With ribbons and buttons and frills and fluffs,
Pins and needles, purses and puffs,
Cosies and cushions and bits of chiffon,
And tiny hankies for ladies to sniff on,
And twists of silk and pieces of lace,
And odds and ends all over the place.
You push the door and the doorbell rings,
And the voice you hear is little Miss Wing's.
'Good-day, my dear, and how do you do?
Now tell me, what can I do for you?
Just half a second, please, dear Miss Gay -
As I was saying the other day -
Now what did I do with that so-and-so?
I'm sure I had it a moment ago -
As I was saying - why, yes, my dear -
A very nice day for the time of year -
Have you heard how poor Mrs Such-and-such? -
Oh, I hope I haven't changed too much;
That would never do - Now, what about pink?
It's nice for children, I always think -
Some buttons to go with a lavender frock?
Why now, I believe I'm out of stock -
Well, what about these? Oh, I never knew -
I'm ever so sorry - now what about blue?
Such a very nice woman - a flower for a hat?'
And so she goes on, with 'Fancy that!'
And 'You never can tell, ' and 'Oh dear, no,'
And 'There now! It only goes to show!'
And she goes on like a hank of tape,
A reel of ribbon, a roll of crepe,
Till you think her tongue will never stop.

And that's Miss Wing of the fancy shop.

JAMES REEVES

THE PEOPLE OF THE STREET

Neighbours

The people who live on the right of us
Are very quiet and make no fuss,
But the family on the left clatter about
Day and night, and sometimes shout.

Yet the people on the left of us
Are really rather marvellous,
Instead of being put out by everything
They burst out laughing, and sing.

But the family who live on the right of us
Often make me curious,
The way the father whispers to the mother,
The sister to the silent brother.

I suppose the neighbours are meant
To be different.

LEONARD CLARK

Local Colour

Something I'm not familiar with, the tune
of their talking, comes tumbling before them
down the stairs which (oh I forgot) it was my turn
to do again this week.
My neighbour and my neighbour's child. I nod, we're not
on speaking terms exactly.

I don't know much about her. Her dinners smell
different. Her husband's a busdriver,
so I believe.
She carries home her groceries in Grandfare bags
though I've seen her once or twice around the corner
at Shastri's for spices and such.
(I always shop there - he's open till all hours
making good). How does she feel?
Her children grow up with foreign accents,
swearing in fluent Glaswegian. Her face
is sullen. Her coat is drab plaid, hides
but for a hint at the hem, her sari's
gold embroidered gorgeousness. She has
a jewel in her nostril.
The golden hands with the almond nails
that push the pram turn blue
in this city's cold climate.

LIZ LOCHHEAD

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Ghosts In The Close

I have always assumed that Glasgow's tenements have just always been there. Nobody could have put them up deliberately. When I first read about the ancient Picts running about in woad and scaring the life out of Caesar's legions, I took it for granted that they did their running about through the closes and back courts of Gallowgate where I was born.

The tenements are built extravagantly of good sandstone, so that they have outlasted all those generations of Picts and are still there, and there doesn't seem anything anybody can do about them. It's true that in George Street and over in Govan, on the south side of the Clyde, some of them have started falling down spontaneously during the past ten years, but this is probably because people left them and they got lonely, and not through any constitutional weakness.

Most of them run to four storeys, built in rectangles to enclose the back courts. The back courts are divided by brick walls and brick-built wash-houses built for climbing over. It was on one of these that I made my first acquaintance with the terror that lurks in the big city. I would be four years old at the time, a perilous age in Glasgow because in order to live a full rich life at four, you have to attach yourself to the bigger fry and they can always run faster and jump higher than you can. So I was at the tail end of the line one night on the run along the top of the back court wall in Gallowgate and on to the high wash-houses of Cubie Street, and I was good and far behind when I arrived at one of the obstacles of the course.

There was a turn in the wall, and in order to finish the run you had to dreep to the ground, stand on a dustbin to get astride the next bit of wall and then home to the roofs. The instant I lowered myself to dreep I knew it was too far. It was too dark to see the ground below, but I had heard enough about people breaking both legs. I had heard practically nothing else, in fact, from the time I could walk. But by this time I was hanging by my fingers and I couldn't climb back up either. I shouted, but nothing happened, so I screamed, and I had a good vibrant scream in those days. A Glasgow back court on a dark Tuesday night is the loneliest place in the world.

Some time later my sister Johanne, sitting in the house a hundred yards away and two storeys up, recognised the screams and bolted out to save me. She had to prise my fingers off the top of the wall before she could pick me down.

Lone children coming up their own stairs had a cry - 'O-pen! P.N.!' penetrated through every house in the building, a merry ring. But under the mere expression of noisy high spirits was a thin undertone of fear. For a close at night, even your own familiar close, is a menacing thing, and there is nothing you want so much as the heartening sound of your mother opening the door for you upstairs before you even start climbing. There might be Anything lurking on one of the landings under the sputtering gaslight; in fact, there is, you know there is. But you can't linger at the foot of the stairs either, for there you are too close to the back court, and that's nothing but a rectangle of blackness at the rear of the close.

Even without going into the close at all you can feel the dark menace,

Ghost In The Close (contd.)

for, in a quiet street at night, your quiet footsteps abruptly throw back an echo each time you pass a close. You look in quickly, and there's that dark limbo at the other end. Or you force yourself not to look round, but you can feel the blackness through the side of your face, and you break into a run, but that merely qickens the rhythm of your unease, for as your feet echo past each close, you realize that something is running along keeping in step with you at the back of the building, hurdling the back court walls effortlessly with its long legs . . . and how many long legs?

So when you see a boy running on the pavement and uttering a sharp hoot as he passes each close in a Glasgow street, he isn't doing this merely to enjoy the echo and annoy the burghers. He is shouting his defiance at something in the back court that keeps pace with his every step.

CLIFFORD HANLEY

The Coming Of The Wee Malkies

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,
if they dreep doon affy the wash-house dyke,
an pit the hems oan the sterrheid light,
an play keepie-up oan the clean close-wa',
an blooter yir windae in wi the baw,
missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,
if they chap yir door, an choke yir drains,
an caw the feet fae yir sapsy weans,
an tummle thur wulkies through yir sheets,
an tim thur ashes oot in the street,
missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,
if they chuck thur screwtaps doon the pan,
an stick the heid oan the sanit'ry man;
when ye hear thum shauchlin doon yir loaby,
chantin, 'Wee Malkies! The gemme's a bogey!'
-Haw, missis, whit'll ye dae?

STEPHEN MULRINE

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Molly Weir

Like children the world over, we followed an unwritten pattern for our games. One minute we'd be playing peever, which was our name for hop-scotch, and the greatest thing in the world then was to hop skilfully from bed to bed without touching the chalked line, sending the marble disc or peever into the next bed with poised toe; and then, for no apparent reason, we were all hunting out our girds. The gird or hoop season was starting and we didn't want to miss a minute. I can still see my mother's wrath as her snowy bedspread was pushed aside, while we three children groped under the bed for our girds and cleeks. The cleeks were the metal batons we used to control the gird's movements. The pastime was one usually reserved for boys, but as a special concession to my enthusiasm and my flying limbs, I was allowed to join the runners.

There were usually about six of us setting off at one time. An assortment of metal circles leaned against our legs as we waited for the last one to arrive, and we dirled negligently with the cleeks as we listened to the leader outlining the course for that night.

'Noo, it's roon' the buildin' the night first of all. Then ower the park, doon past the power station, alang the canal bank, an' back by the road.'

'Right.'

With wild skirls and leapings we were off, girds spinning smoothly in front, eyes watchful for a break in the rhythm, cleek ready to administer sharp encouragement at the exact moment of metal wobbling, feet trotting in unbroken pattern as we raced along.

There were tricky moments with bumpy cobblestones, but we experts knew just when to apply the cleek to keep all steady and sweetly running. The menace of tramlines at a complex crossing would have to be met, and cleek, eyes, feet, and brain worked at lightning speed to manoeuvre the gird so that one would not fall behind the crowd.

The high road not only provided a marvellous grandstand view of everything going on underneath on the main thoroughfare, it was also our adventure playground. It provided games and contests of skill quite different from those to be found in the back courts, and we loved it.

On summer evenings as it grew cooler and we became tired of the joys of taking bottles of water and jeely pieces up to the public park, or satiated with the thrills of hunting for 'baggies' which disappointingly died almost as soon as they'd been fished from the pond, somebody would say, 'Whit aboot the high road?' We actually said 'hirode', for we didn't know it was two words and that it meant a road higher than the main road.

In swift consent we'd wheel in that direction, like migratory birds, each determined to be there first. The one to reach and touch the end pole first was leader for the rest of the evening's playtime. Somehow it was always evening when we thought of pole slides. The leader, having established his right, was obeyed without question. His was the heady power which decided which poles we'd patronise, or whether we would do any sliding at all. We happily fell in with his most fantastic plans, made just as the spirit moved him.

Molly Weir (cont.)

The tall poles were spaced at regular intervals along the main road, and actually carried the overhead wires for the tramcar trolleys, but their tops towered challengingly near to the railings which topped the high wall behind them. These railings were really a safety barrier on the outside perimeter of the high road pavement to protect the heedless from toppling over into the street below. We thought they'd been placed their entirely for our delight, and to us they were the narrow entrance to our adventurous slides on the poles.

This road on such a high level excited us, and we would first of all peep down at the main road, shuddering with pleasurable fear. 'Whit a terrible depth up!' somebody would breathe, and we felt brave as any mountaineer scaling impossible heights. Then, one at a time, the biggest going first to give the smaller ones courage, we'd squeeze our bodies through the narrow railings, reach out, clasp the narrow standard, and with an ecstatic rush slide down to the pavement so far below. A moment's pause to recover from the exhilaration of that breathless slide, then we'd tear round the foot of the hill, and back to the railings again, and so the game went on till bedtime. Sometimes a plump little tummy would stick for a second on its way through. 'Oh, gi'es a shove, ah'm stuck!', and the victim's eye popped with terror. With a mighty shove from the rest of us queuing up behind, he would be released, and the following slide was all the sweeter for the risk that had been involved.

Hard Cheese

The grown-ups are all safe,
Tucked up inside,
Where they belong.

They doze into the telly,
Bustle through the washing-up,
Snore into the fire,
Rustle through the paper.

They're all there,
Out of harm's way.

Now it's our street:
All the back-yards,
All the gardens,
All the shadows,
All the dark corners,
All the privet-hedges,
All the lamp-posts,
All the door-ways.

Here is an important announcement:
The army of occupation
is confined to barracks.
Hooray.

We're the natives.
We creep out at night,
Play everywhere,
Swing on all the lamp-posts,
Slit your gizzard?

Hard Cheese (contd.)

Then, about nine o'clock,
They send out search-parties.

We can hear them coming.
And we crouch
In the garden-sheds,
Behind the dust-bins,
Up the alley-ways,
Inside the dust-bins,
Or stand stock-still,
And pull ourselves in,
As thin as a pin,
Behind the lamp-posts.

And they stand still,
And peer into the dark.
They take a deep breath -
You can hear it for miles -
And, then, they bawl,
They shout, they caterwaul:
'J-i-i-i-i-i-mmeeee!'
'Timeforbed. D'youhearme?'
'M-a-a-a-a-a-reeee!'
'J-o-o-o-o-o-hnneeee!'
'S-a-a-a-a-a-mmeeee!'
'Mary!' 'Jimmy!'
'Johnny!' 'Sammy!'
Like cats. With very big mouths.

Then we give ourselves up,
Prisoners - of - war.
Till tomorrow night.

But just you wait.
One of these nights
We'll hold out,
We'll lie doggo,
And wait, and wait,
Till they just give up
And mumble
And go to bed.
You just wait.
They'll see!

JUSTIN ST JOHN

FRIENDSHIP AND CONFLICT

Molly Weir

We called our room and kitchen a 'house', for we'd never heard of the word 'flat' when I was a wee girl. It was in a red sandstone tenement, which we thought far nicer than the dull grey tenements farther up the road. In some mysterious way some closes were smarter than others. The Cooperative close at No 290 was considered really classy. For one thing there were no children, and instead of painted dark green walls inside the close, like the other tenements, this one had tiles which were the envy of every other tenement wife, for they could be wiped clean at the touch of a cloth, and this sparkling cleanliness awed us with its rich look. This back court, too, was different from our ordinary earth one, for it was concreted all over, and the wall which divided it from our lesser courts was higher than ours, and not a railing was missing. This rigid iron barrier was useless in keeping out the rest of us children from the teeming tenements. Although we were fully aware it was forbidden territory, every now and then, just to test our courage, we would go tearing through the splendid tiled close and invade the concreted back court. We would stot our balls in an ecstasy of delight to see how high they would bounce off this marvellous concrete, then throw them against the walls of the posh tenement itself. Then, freedom from punishment going to our heads, we would go mad and start yelling at the tops of our voices, without rhyme or reason, 'Come up for yer dinner, ya red-heided sinner, cauld totties an' herrin'.'

At that a window would be thrown up, and an outraged face would appear. This was the policeman's house. and we shivered at our own daring in arousing his wife's wrath. 'Go back to your own back courts,' she called out furiously, in a much more polite accent than our own mothers', we noted, 'and stop yelling.' Yelling? Who was yelling? We were only singing. We gazed at her, mesmerized, trying to imagine her quiet house with only herself and the policeman to keep her company.

I was usually far too wise to repeat any of the remarks overheard in our kitchen, but once I got carried away by what I thought was Grannie's praise of a chum's mother who had a particularly explosive laugh I burst out admiringly, 'Oh, Mrs. D., laugh like that again. My grannie says you've a laugh like a hen cackling.' Grannie seized me by the ear the minute I came in from play and demanded to know why I'd been so silly as to cause trouble like this, for of course Mrs D. had been furious. Somehow I just couldn't make Grannie understand that I thought it was a compliment. If I had been able to laugh like a hen cackling I'd have been delighted with my cleverness. Grannie sighed, for she knew that one of my proudest party pieces was imitating a chimpanzee, walk, grimace, shrieks and all, and I had to be threatened with walloping before I'd promise never to do it again.

MOLLY WEIR

For Bonfires

An island in the city, happy demolition men
behind windowed hoardings - look at them
trailing drills through rubble dust, kicking rubble,
smoking leaning on a pick, putting the stub
over an ear and the hot yellow helmet over that,
whistling up the collapsing chimney, kicking the
ricochet, rattling the trail with
snakes of wire, slamming slabs
down, plaster, cornice, brick, brick
on broken brick and plaster dust,
sprawling with steaming cans and pieces
at noon, afternoon bare sweat shining
paths down chalky backs, coughing
in filtered sunshine, slithering, swearing,
joking, slowly stacking and building
their rubbish into a total bonfire.
Look at that Irishman, bending
in a beautiful arc to throw
the last black rafter to the top,
stands back, walks round it singing
as it crackles into flame - old doors,
old beams, boxes, window-frames,
a rag doll, sacks, flex, old newspapers,
burst shelves, a shoe, old dusters, rags of
wallpaper roses. And they all stand round,
and cheer the tenement to smoke.

EDWIN MORGAN

Night Workers

In the cold of the night, dark and deep
Who's awake and at work when I'm asleep?

The watchman keeping his brazier bright
In the rubble and mud of the building site.

In a hole in the road, beside gas pipes and drains
The workmen mending the water mains.

The taxi man reading, while waiting a fare.
The all-night garage men dozing there.

Drivers in trucks with heavy loads
Rumbling along the shining roads.

And, feet ringing slow in the empty street,
The policeman checking the doors on his beat.

In the thin, cold drizzle of the dark deep night,
They're awake and at work when I'm tucked up tight.

BRUCE McGREGOR.

Lean Street

Here, where the baby paddles in the gutter,
Here in the slaty greyness and the gas,
Here where the women wear dark shawls and mutter
A hasty word as other women pass,

Telling the secret, telling, clucking and tutting,
Sighing, or saying that it served her right,
The bitch! - the words and weather both are cutting
In Causewayend, on this November night.

At pavement's end and in the slaty weather
I stare with glazing eyes at meagre stone,
Rain and the gas are sputtering together
A dreary tune! O leave my heart alone,

O leave my heart alone, I tell my sorrows,
For I will soothe you in a softer bed
And I will numb your grief with fat to-morrows
Who break your milk teeth on this stony bread!

They do not hear. Thought stings me like an adder,
A doorway's sagging plumb-line squints at me,
The fat sky gurgles like a swollen bladder
With the foul rain that rains on poverty.

G. S. FRASER

Bothwell Street

It was a cold and windy night
That made the wind
Howl
Bright lights
Shine
On the road making shadows
The lady comes home,
Black plastic shiny bags
Full of rubbish, making a
Bang
As she closes the door.
The grannies whirl,
Drips
Fall
From the leaking pipes
Cracking
The wall.
The lights go out
As it gets late.
Windows rattling with wind,
People staying up to watch the late night movie
And at all at once about 3 o'clock
The street is as quiet as a mouse,
You could hear a pin
Drop.

Linda

Streets dirty, windows smashed beyond repair, leaking pipes making puddles, people stepping in to them making a mess on the street. Windows and doors boarded up. Torn washing left to dry. No life in the street at all, people living in slum down houses, curtains all torn and baggy, not even clean. Cats-eyes in the buildings, sight sounds of cats whimpering. Cars immediately drive past as the last late bus screeches past into the bus station.

John W.

The wind is blowing
The back court trash
onto the street
Windows are smashed
I can sometimes hear the crash
The grannies row in their rocking chair
dreaming about noises in the past.

Dawn

Roof like a jigsaw
with some pieces missing.
Walls like cake
ready to crumble.
Windows like ice
Smashed.
Children playing in the
Street
fighting over something
pointless
Women talking
complaining
about the disgrace.
Some people passing by
looking the street
up and down.

Margaret.

The old houses are still
standing.
Dim lights faintly
glow in the dark.
The grannys birl round
in endless dizzyness
The rain is coming down
so fast
like gravel
being thrown at the ground.
In a shelter of a rusty
bread bin
A shamouis leathered cat wails.

Back doors bang
shutters knock
on window panes
dancing like a fly
that cannot find it's way
Raindrops run down walls
like teardrops running down a face
of a broken hearted child.

Agnes

Boys and girls are
gathered round,
Throwing cans and rubbish
about.
Dogs are barking,
cats are squealing,
Chasing after each other.
On the roof the grannys
whistle,
Wind is blowing making it go
round and round.

The pipe is burst, water is
running,
taking away the stains on the
ground.
The stairs are
dark and
creepy,
no light to make it
bright.
The paint on the door is
peeling of,
no one bothers to paint it
again.

Some men aren't working
most of them are
Lazy,
They are just giving up hope
of being employed again,
They don't bother.

Diane

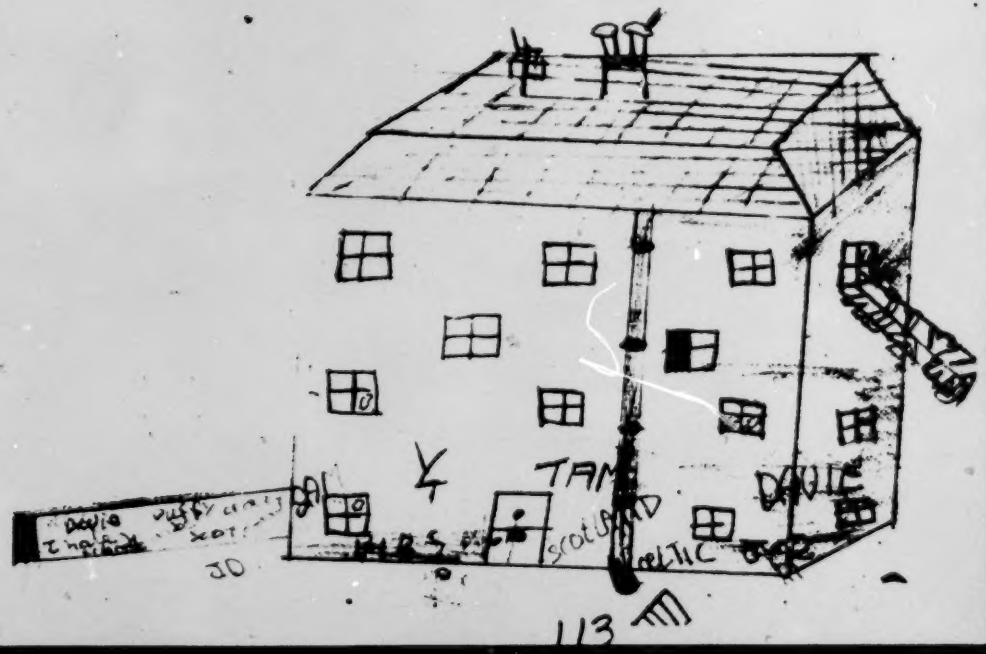
The wind blows violently
shaking
the grannies
and rattling the windows.
The last bus
slowly
turns the corner
leaving him
standing.
Nothing stirs except
the Rat
crawling in the gutter.

Karen R.

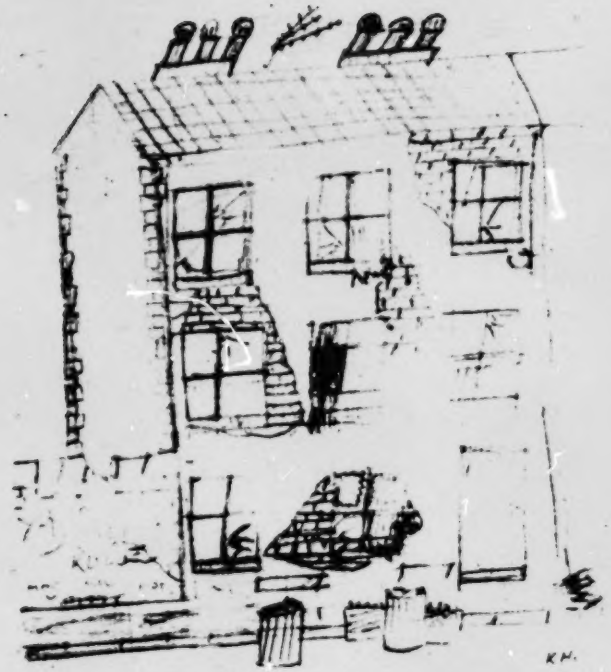
Bothwell Street

Tin cans rolling down the street, like
Thunder
to a cemetary, cars
rumbling
past like an earthquake,
The stairs smell damp and creepy
The houses are like smelling a
rose
And the houses welcome me with their
silence.

Jacqueline



5.



The street lies filthy the scaffies
no longer come,
The writing on the wall fades in the rain and
wind,
The windows lay shattered and litter
lies on the ground,
Apple cores rot,
broken bottles lie in ambush for an animal
to injure,
A lonely boy walks up amongst the
ruined buildings,
The slates are falling from the roofs,
and plaster draws from the wall.

Robert W.

6.

Bothwell Street

Old wifies natter
in a close
like geese at
feeding time.
Houses look like
sardine tins with
all the fish
crammed in.
Messages on walls
"Dave Loves Aggie" and "Y.L.T."
Windows spiral shaped from flying stones
people shuffle at the heel
The musty smell of
Beer and chips.

Robert C.

Street Images

The car draws up, to drop her at
the corner.
Her shadow
moves slowly,
under the dim,
flickering street light
She waves
the car draws away
leaving the dark street
once again to
SILENCE!
The gloomy street lay in
Silence
The scurrying of a
Rat
a flickering light, the only
life
Slowly the cat moves
among the bins
and the disappears
into the night.

Louise

Compressed buildings
Silhouette the narrow street
Clattering Cans
Blown around by screaming winds
Wavering aerials sway back and forth
The wild moan
Of a drunkards chorus
Rings through
Desolate streets
As peaceful sleepers are
Wakened by the first
Light of dawn, and
Young dogs welcoming the new day.

Scott.

A hollow
Dripping
Sound
from a burst drain
The drips gleam for a second
in the moonlight
A shadow
at the picture frame
broken wind
A light
goes out like snuffing a
candle
A slate
tumbles in its way to disaster
Splintering on the road side
looking like a bomb.

Steven

The noise of the midnight traffic
slowly fades away
And in the tenaments everyone's asleep
except for the night watchers
which scuttle! and
Scurry! about
looking in dust bins for scraps of food
going from bin to bin
A stumpy shadown looms upstairs
and dissapears into a room
a match is struck
half a candle is lit
and is blown out right away
by the cold night wind which finds
its way through a broken window then
the old figure turns away away and stumbles
into bed covered up by the Daily Express.

Clark

Bothwell Street

The tenements are like rows of
prison cells
dark dingy with dampness
Inked blotting paper
windows are dirty
cracked like ice
The chimneys like rusty cans
screeching as they turn madly
disfigured.

Suzette

The Old Street

There is a plaque
On the wall
A Date
1822
There are some boys
In the Street
Throwing stones at milk bottles
When they're supposed to be at school.

Women
Hang out washing
Shouting to each other from window to window
Moss grows on the old damp walls
And water
Trickles
From burst pipes.
Mattresses, Boxes and other junk
Lie on the old waste land
And back greens.
Mice
run/

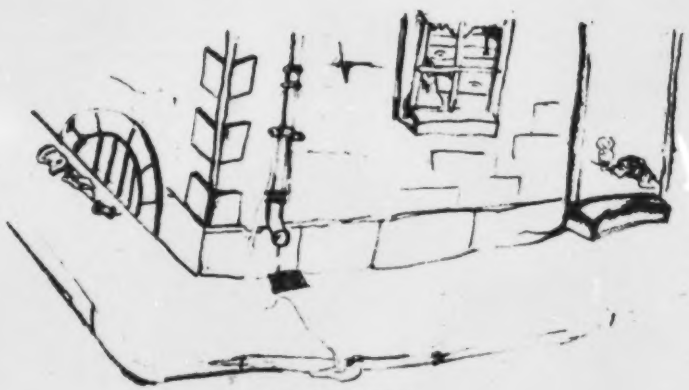
Mice
Run
From bucket to bucket
Some people
Try
To clear up
But all in vain
These old houses are not worth the work
So the people give up or leave.

Kevin

Bothwell Street

A loud crash of
Thunder
A shower of rain through
The broken window
Drips
Fall
Onto the wall, washing away the
Chalk.
Footsteps
Look for the bell pull
Not there
Been ripped off by Vandals

Karen K.



Bothwell Street

The pavements are dirty
Littered with dirt and earth
From rotting buildings
Stones and bricks fall
Scattered about
Buildings subsiding
Ugly scaffolding
Going up.

Four storey buildings
With few windows left to
Smash
But the people won't give up
They'll keep on
fighting
So that their homes
will not crumble
like the one's up the road.

Sheila

Sunset

In the sunset,
The dim lights
appear,
In the old tenements,
Little children are sound
asleep,
Occasional footsteps echo
hungry rats squeak,
Time drags slowly towards
dawn.

Janet

The cold wind
Blows
Through the backcourt at night
The shadows of the old ramshackled buildings
The buckets fall
Over
In the distant light
The sound of dogs barking in the night
The birds all
Fly
Away
As the last light fades away into the night
It's one oclock now
The last sound of tin cans fade away
Windows
Shatter
As stones go a flying
The sound of
Drips
From leaking pipes
Make cracks in the wall
Late at night.

Gillian

Windows as black as the
Ace of spades
And a sound of smashing
windows
is like the sound of falling
Glass
Writing all upon the walls
Smudging when the rain
begins to fall
Paint on the wall as thick
as paste
And the disgrace of the buckets
that smell.

Lorraine

A Drowned Street

The wind hurls round the
Derelict street.
Twisting into every cove
The dim light from the house reflects
In the puddles creating a mirror of
Fantasy.

The rain falls down, a drop
Or two.
Dropping against the old grey walls
Making a faint mark on the dusty
Sandstone.
A drop or two splashes a tin can
And lets it overflow.

Lorna

Bothwell Street

The sun glistens
Through its moth-bitten windows
Exposing
Its patterned walls of
Brick
And chipping plaster
Decaying
To dust.
The walls are
Scribbled
With PHIL LOVES PAN,
And HIBS FOREVER.
The pavement is
Littered with
Rubbish
From days ago.

Bothwell St.

There are no backyards just demolished houses
Next to that the old dirty railway
Rats run round big heaps of garbage
Smelling out unwanted food
Battered slates fall every day smashing on the
street.

Vandals throw bricks and stones at windows
But no body bothers to fix the glass
they board up the windows instead.
A few cars stand on the street, dirty and old.
The paintwork scratched and worn away.
The burst pipe leaks and makes a constant stain
which people spread with great big feet.

William

Condemned Houses

Condemned houses.
But still with people in the.
Squatters trying to avoid the
Bailef.
They can't pay their bills
Rats scuttering around
in the rubbish.
Searching for food
The squatters then go quiet
Children
are playing in the houses at
Japs and Commandoes.
They hide in the rooms and
Boxes
CRASH!
The children kick open the door the
Squatters
are living in.
They panick as they see the adults.
The adults panick as they see the
children.

Gary

Perched on the corner
of the long hills peak
Doors at crazy angles
Walls filled with chalkings
lonely chimney still reeking
Tree - like T.V. aerial
alone on desolate roof
Children stoning unbroken windows
Street mucky and dirty
ready for demolition.

John D.

GROUP D in first stage of group work, the 'Socialisation' process.

(This group was given The Love and Language of Schoolchildren by the Opies - some of the rhymes from the book appear in the discussion below.)

T. Now.

Jacqueline Right, right, right. Write somethin'. Right, right.
(Pause)
Right'll naw, naw. A wattie look at it. A wattie look at it.

Diane Dawn
(Pause)

Karen K. We'll write it.

Jacqueline Jump over the wa' all though it's too high
swim the river although you can't swim
push the hedge although it's too thick
and climb the hill although it's too steep
(Laugh)

Karen K. Put it away the now.
(Pause)

Jacqueline A wee, wee moose, follow me nearer, nearer door than window to let there see. . .
(Laugh)

Karen K. Right, right.
(Pause)

Jacqueline Oh ma god. He,he.

Diane Dina laugh.

Karen K. I ken whit wi kin dae.

Lorna What

Karen K. We kin put the, we can interviev the people in the other street to see what they hink aboot the children.

Jacqueline Is that a fact.

Lorna (Rasberry)

Diane He, he, he.

Jacqueline Lorna, honestly. Oh god what a smell.

Lorna He, he, he dinny start.
(Pause)

Jacqueline What a smell, oh smelly feet.

Lorna Oh, Cheynie shut up.

Diane/

Diane OH, that's on the tape.

Jacqueline Oh, we're on the tape. Oh we're on the tape.
(Pause)

Lorna How did Karen?

Jacqueline Right, write something, right write something nice.

Lorna Write a valentine
(Laugh)

Karen R. You're no supposed to write that.

Jacqueline Ir you writing a valentine?

Lorna I gen.

Jacqueline What ir yae writing on it?

Lorna All the work.

Diane To Richard O. Longie
(Pause)

Jacqueline Lorna wi' Richard Longie. Ha, ha, ha. (Pause) What ir yae dain'.

Lorna (Cough, cough) Writing a valentine card to Mr. Liddell (cough, cough).
(Pause)

Lorna It's on the tape.

Jacqueline Right, come on Lorna, you've to write something.

Lorna Um writing something.

Jacqueline Uchoop, uchoop.
(Laugh)

Lorna Oh, shut up. A want tae write something.
(Pause)
All the work could be done.
Cheynie, buzz off.

Jacqueline Whote ir we meant tae be dain', we're meant tae be working.

Lorna All show yoo in a minute.

Diane We're meant to be working.

Lorna Am writing it doon, oh dinnae start.

Diane Yir writing a valentine doon.

Karen K. Shut up, Diane and Jacqueline.

Lorna Procedure, Interviewing - Diane and Jackie, Karen K. and Karen R. and me. Classwork, all the work to be done will be done in a group, right.

Diane/

Diane — Are you interviewing us noo, now on that tape?

Lorna — We're no gone to interview yoo, ya big dingle. Hello, this is Candid Camera. Right, that what we've got so far.

Karen R. — What questions are we going to ask them?

Lorna — What have a gote tae write now?
(Pause)

Jacqueline — Em, you've gote to write what we're gonny dae. Em, yiv gote tae write our problems on the other side, I don't have problems.

Lorna — I use clearasil but I don't have problems, ken. I don't speak to Cheynie.

Karen K. — Interview people in the other wtreet to see what they think aboot the children.

Karen R. — Bit they might no be in the street though.

Karen K. — Ken how there's a bridge, well, we will interview people on the other side of the street.

Lorna — What'll a write.

Karen K. — Over the bridge.

Jacqueline — We're better tae, eh, interview the postie 'n a that.

Lorna — Whote di wae want tae interview the postie fir.

Karen R. — We'll need tae interview them it dinner time or early in the mornin'.

Lorna — Listen, where's the card, it says here.

Diane — In the afternoon we can see the postman.

Various Voices — Produce a word and picture account of the children.
(Laugh)

Diane and Jacqueline — Pinky, Pinky, Thumby thumby.

Lorna — Bump yer head and scratch yer bum. Right wait a minute. Right ave made thum.
(Pause, Laugh)

Lorna — Right never mind.

Diane — Com on, we better get on.

Jacqueline — Right, right.

Lorna — Burnin the whole school. (Laugh).

Jacqueline — Stop laughin, Lorna.

Diane — Stop laughin, Lorna, yir makin a fool o yerself.

Jacqueline/

Jacqueline — Right we'll have tae, right.

Diane — Naw'll no.
(Laugh)
(Pause)

Diane — Nut
(Laugh)

Lorna — We've gotta say how wr're gonna boot this - that's the problem.

Diane — Write the problem on the back.

Karen K. — We've no go' any probems tae writé.

Jacqueline — We have tae 'cos that's what it says, put the problems on the back.
(Mumble)

Jacqueline — Bit we canny get the children oot.

Lorna — Dinnae Karen
(Laugh)

Lorna — If we canny get thum run in out their hooses saying ger out.

Karen K. — We're no gonny interview the children.

Karen R. — Theyplay at football an' they hit the balls through the windows.
(Pause)

Lorna — What we gonna do. Em, ave jist told ye what we're gons tae write I've jist wrote yer name.

Diane — Let me see it then.

Jacqueline — We'll have tae write what pepple we're going tae interview.

Lorna — No. A' right, wait a minute. no. 1 Interviewing the people in the next street.

Jacqueline — Albion Terrace.

Lorna — People.

Karen K. — In Albion Terrace.

Diane — Albion Terrace - A thought it was Albion Road - Bothwell Street.

Lorna — Am no writin' this. Diane - you write it.
(Pause)

Lorna — You've got it in your pockat, haven't you?
(Pause)

Jacqueline — Jist write, eh, Interviewing People.

Lorna — Old Mother Gray, Old Mother Gray.

Jacqueline Interviews people, ken the people in the shop, what they think o them.

Diane In other streets nearby and in the shops.

Jacqueline Ken, the shops in Bothwell Street, or one shop.

Karen K. I

(Pause)

Now, interview people in the shop.

Lorna listen

Karen R. By that time we'll have nae tape left.

Lorna Where have ye been.

Karen R. We'll have nae tape left.

Lorna I've been tae London tae see the Queen. What will ya dae wi' a loaf of bread as big as your head an' a piece of cheese the size of your knees and a piece of jelly as big as your belly. Mumble, mumble.

Karen K. We'll have to watch the children to see what they do.

Are we taking photographs?

Jacqueline I, we'll take one o' 'em, somebody standing.

Lorna Oh, aye.

Diane Take photographs of

(Pause)

Jacqueline Take photographs o' the street if there's any laddies or lassies in it, get them beside the stair or somethin.

Diane Or very old buildings.

Karen R. They're all very old buildings.

Diance We'll take photos of the buildings.

Jacqueline Just 'cos there's wardrobes and chairs huddin them up. He, he, he.

(Pause)

Diane What did ye say Karen.

Karen K. Eh. I cannae mind.

(Pause)

Jacqueline We can take photos of the street to see what the children are doing.

2. Group C - Preparation for Families. Group Discussion Working at Second Stage: getting down to discussing the work.

Kevin	Wait, wait, wait a minute.
Robert	Shut up
Kevin	It's an old family - is an old couple.
Steven	Just an old woman - right it's just an old woman.
Robert W.	Dinny be funny.
Blair	Ah, ha, ha.
Kevin	What will we call them eh.. eh. . .
Robert	The Drumfits.
Blair	Make it. Make it two old people. (Pause) That's a magic thing.
Kevin	Right.
Blair	Right, Jones.
Kevin	We'll call it Jones 'cos there's a lot o' people called Jones.
Blair	Right.
Robert	Why Jones?
Steven	Just write that.
Kevin	Right, right, a' right. Jones.
Robert	Why Jones?
Kevin	'Cos we canny think of another anme.
Robert	Ee, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Kevin	Right, turn it off.
Robert	Do they shout at children or something?
Kevin	Right. Yeah, she gets a bit annoyed at them.
Robert Kevin	Aye, they're making a noise an' that.
Steven	She's a naggy woman.
Kevin	Because she's scared o' them. Will we write that?
Robert	Ha, ha, ha.
Kevin	Aw, shut up. (Pause) Will we write? Will we write that?
Blair	Aye, Aye, aye. Whe shouts at the children an' that.
Kevin	She's scared in case they smash eh - windays wi' the ba' earrgh.

Robert Steven	Ha, ha, ha.
Kevin	Right, right, we'll write that doon.
	(Pause)
Steven	Hello there, Honky Tonk.
	(Pause)
Blair	Mrs. Jones. Right, Mrs. Jones.
Kevin	Mrs. Jones lives alone. She shouts at the children playing football because she's scared of them.
	(Pause)
	Oh, Ave spelt 'cool' wrong - right.
	(Pause)
Steven Blair	He
Kevin	What will we call it?
Iain	The Montgumerrys - right?
Robert	Na, Fergussion.
Steven	Na, Macentosh
Iain	Mrs. Winsor
Blair	Why no Macentosh?
Steven	Winsor Lodge.
Kevin	Na, na.
Robert	Na, na.
Kevin	Smythes - eh, cum on, think.
Blair	How do ye spell it?
Steven	Aye, how de ye spell it?
Robert	S M Y T H E
	(Pause)
Kevin	S M Y T H E
Mrs. B	Yes, it's S M Y T H E.
	(Pause)
Robert	The Breadington Smythes.
Blair	Breadington Brestington Smythes.
Kevin	Mr. Smythe - what does he work as? . (Pause) . . Mrs. Smythe is a bank manager.
Blair	He, ha, ha.

Robert — She'll be like Ginger Rodgers.

Kevin — Mr. Who's he . . . Mr. Smythe.

(Pause)

A've wrote Mr. Smythe doon wrong.

(Pause)

Blair — Why should he be a bank manager.

Steven — Maybe ee should be a bank manager.

(Pause)

A bank manager up town.

Kevin — Ye canny write'up town'.

Iain — Up the town.

Kevin — I didna ken where that was till Ah was ten.

Robert — Eeee.

Blair — Why does he still live in the street?

Kevin — Nobody knows why he lives there . . . Aye, well, they've got two wee kids and their Ma doesna let them oot ta play 'cos all the other children are hooligans he, he, he.

Robert — She doesna hang her washing oot on the line.

Kevin — Mrs. Smythe that sounds like Smith - what a snobby name.

Steven — Huh, thanks.

Kevin — Mrs. Smythe thinks she's higher than everybody in the street.

Blair — She wears bigger platforms than the rest of the street.

Robert — She lives in the attic.

Kevin — She canny live in the attic.

Robert — She's an old granny and she lives herself.

Blair — (laughs) Shut up. Make it he's a bank manager - na, make it he's a shop keeper.

Kevin — Mrs. Smythe would never think of working - she's too high for this.

Iain — Make it she's just a housewife.

Robert — The children go out to play in double bressded jaykets.

Blair — They dinay wear bags. They wear drain pipes.

Robert — Aye, they wear platforms like Devin's.

Iain — You going knocking apples this year?

Kevin — Cyril and Cecil.

Iain — Cicellia Josephine.

Robert — Cecil Smythe. Ha, ha,ha, ha, Cecil Engelbert Smythe. Oh my ma gidnis.

Kevin — What will we call the kids?

Robert — Cecil Smythe and Cecillia Smythe

Kevin — Dinna write that doon now, Steven. We can write that doon wi' the children. We can write 'their mother will not let them out' right? If ye dinnay write that doon now ye can write it doon wi' Cecil and and Susie, or somethin'

(Pause)
Samuel.

Robert
Blair — Samuel Smythe.

Robert — Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Pause)

Kevin — How old are they? Make um, e goes to a snobby primary school eh . . Leith Academy, or something.

Blair — Make it Fettyes.

Steven — He's ten.

Iain — Edinburgh Academy.

Kevin — He's ten.

Robert
Iain — Edinburgh Academy, Ra, Ra, Ra.

Blair — What was that school you tould me about on your holiday?

Kevin — Scarbrough High County Modern Secondary School.

Robert — Royal High.

Kevin — That was a laugh - they came up and says to me, " We go to Scarborough High County Modern Secondary School, what."

Robert — Mary Erskins

Kevin — No Royal High. Me Ma yoused to go to that school.

Robert — The G

(Pause)

Kevin — Wait, wait a minute - St. Augustine's - Aye, cos I know somebody that's a teacher there an' Ah hate him - eeugh! Right, St. Augustine's.

Robert — Na, nut, nut, nut.

Kevin — A' right then it's no Edinburgh Academy.

Robert — Aye, 'cos when I play fitba' wi' them, they shout "Academy, Academy, Ra! Ra! Ra!"

Kevin — They dina play fitba'.

Blair — Aye, they shout that at rugby.

Kevin — Right then, Edinburgh Academy . . . whit a snobby school. Edinburgh Academy.

Mrs. B. — Is that a real school.

Kevin — Aye, they play rugby and go

Robert Kevin — Academy, Academy, Ra! Ra! Ra!

(Pause)

Steven — Eh, Eh.

Kevin — Is it two laddies or a laddie and a lassie? Why could it no be a laddie and a lassie.

Blair — Kevin

Robert — Two laddies.

Blair — Na, they'd have pagers and snobby families dina have pagers.

Robert — No, they widna.

Kevin — A' right, then, it's a laddie and a lassie. What's a snobby secondary school? Eh, eh Mary Erskine's.

Robert — Aye, Mary Erskine's.

Kevin — Mary Erskine's? Where's that? What are their names anyway?

Blair — Johane

Kevin — Na, I like somebody called Joanne.

Steven — Oh, aye.

Kevin — It's ma big sister's best pal.

Blair — Fiona

Steven — Na. Ah ken somebody called Fiona.

Blair — What about Fiona Neil?

Kevin — She's a tramp.

Robert — Linda Leegum.

Kevin — What's her name.

Robert — Lily Anne

Blair — Mary Ellen.

Kevin — It's no the Waltins. Lily Anne. Na, Ah hate names like that. A' the wee shops are called them. Right, write that doon.

Steven — Na.

Blair — Na toffee none.

Kevin — Americain. Na, make it one of they names with two names in it, ye ken, 'cos the wee snobs are called that.

Blair — Samuel and Samantha.

Kevin — Na, if they were called Samuel and Samantha, if they got nick names they'd both be called 'Sam'.

Robert — Ceceillia.

Kevin — Na. Call it one of they funny names. Ah seen a wee lassie on Saturday and her Ma was calling her Tokito or something.

Blair — Tokito! Come here.

Steven — Come here number one and two.

Kevin Steven — Eh, eh.

Kevin — What are their names?

Blair — Tokito.

Iain — Natisha

Kevin — Aye, her up in Russian. Aye, we'll call her that 'cos that's a snobby name.

(Pause)

Ye ken whit Ah jist din? Wrote it doon in Russian. (Pause) A've dun it again. Ah keep on writing that fur sha.

Robert — Make her 18, 19.

Kevin — Na make her 13.

Robert — Make her go to St. Hillary's, St. Hillary's.

Blair — What school does she go to?

Kevin — I dina ken. I dina know her.

Blair — (Laugh)

(Pause)

Iain — Mary Erskine's.

Steven — That's a lassies' school.

Robert — Mary Erskine's isna a snobby school.

Iain — Naaa.

Steven — Trinity.

Kevin — They've got a magic rugby team.

Kevin — They're magic. Well, no a' that magic.
Is there an Edinburgh Academy Secondary?

Iain — Na.

Robert — Aye, a boys' school.

Kevin — Just make it Mary Erskine's.

(Pause)

Mrs. B. — How many families have you got?

Kevin — There's MacDonals - they're just a young couple. And Mrs. Jones.

Robert — She's an old bag.

Kevin — And the Smythes.

Robert — Who could you get for a young couple?

Group A in discussion with teacher about plan of action

(Example of teacher working with the group to find a way of satisfying the remit.)

T. (Surveying the proposals submitted by the group) Who are we going to do this to? Where are you going to interview these people?

Clark Are we doing it on Thursday?

T. Yeah, but where - where are you going to get them?

Clark In the houses, we'll go in the houses.

William No we cannae go into the houses

Clark We'll have to do it in the street?

T. I think so. Either that . . .

John D. Dae it in Albion Road then because that's the busiest.

William Naw, but how dae ye ken whether he lives in the street.

Clark Just say 'Wxcuse me, do you live in Bothwell Street?' before ye as the questions.

William But say they've no got time. Doin' their shoppin' or something.

John D. Ye can ask the lady in the shop.

T. Aye, you might find some of them in the back-green or something like that, you know.

John W. There isn't a back-green.

T. Well not a back-green, a back yard. There's bound to be somewhere they put their washing out, isn't there?

John W. Hm.

T. Do they all go to the laundrette?

William Most of the houses have got . . .

T. Is there a laundrette?

John D. Aye

T. In that case go to the laundrette.

William Most of the houses doon there have got big high kitchens with pulleys on them.

T. Ah, yes.

William Cause its away about the height of this classroom.

T. Well anyway, if you can't find people there you'll need to go a bit further afield, into the shops or something. We'll need to discuss that because two or three groups all want the one thing and/

and it might be an advantage if you all didn't crowd into the one shop at the one time and if you didn't go in in dribs and drabs either. In other words, I think we'll need to put some of these questions together and appoint a committee to do that. Anyway we'll fight about that later on.

(Long pause while teacher reads the questions the group have formulated)

Now, none of these questions ask about what it's like when it's snowing or raining or whatever.

(Pause)

Clark Will we add a few more questions?

T. I think something else will be necessary.

John W. Aw naw!

T. I mean, why ask about vandalism? How is that going to help with 'a word and picture account of the street in its different moods'?

Clark Can we ask what the conditions are like in the house when it's raining, or . . .

T. Well, what it's like in the street. You only need to go and look at the state of the drainage out there to realise that the things going to be running water into the street all the time. The drain pipes have all got holes in them.

(Short pause)

No? There must be a difference living in that street in Midsummer and the depth of the winter we're in now. Eh?

John W. (drumming on book)

T. (assuming a reasonable tone) Now, let's just examine what we're up to here. So far what you've done is devised a number of questions, right? (mumble of agreement) You're going to take photographs of them in their different moods. You're going to write about the street. What are you going to write about?

John D. The state of the tenements, the house, the railway, an . . .

John W. (drumming)

T. Well . . . ho. is that going to help the different moods business?

John W. (drumming)

John D. That's what they questions are on. It's they questions there that ask you what the moods are like when its raining, snowing . . .

T. Yeah. They won't <u>really</u> tell you very much, will they?

John D. No.

T. I really think that when you take your photographs, you might need also to . . . Oh, you've said that, though. Sorry, I'm misreading this. "Take notes when take pictures." So your interviews are really confirming what you learn when you go out to take your pictures. Is that the idea?

Clark Yes (mumbled agreement from others)

(long pause)

T. Well, in that case, I really don't see the point of any of these questions.

(short pause)

Clark (Indecipherable question)

T. I don't know. I'm asking you, what's the point of asking them? What are you going to gain?

(Pause: Teacher diverted to answer question from another group)

William Back to scratch.

(Pause)

We've got <u>that</u> so far, that's about all.

Clark Right, we've got to make up questions aboot the conditions, when it's rainin' or snowin'.

John W. (mimicking) We'll need to make up questions.

John D. Is that necessary?

John W. I don't know.

(Teacher returns to group)

Clark I don't think we need the questions.

T. I don't think you do, actually. On the other hand . . . you never know what'll turn up if you ask questions.

Clark We might be able to find out if the walls are damp in the inside - when it's raining. You can't see that from the outside.

T. Well, you need to say something like "What's your main complaint about the houses ?" or "What's your main complaint about living here?" or "When is the best time to live here?" because that will tell you more about how the people feel about the different moods of the street, if you like. Hm? I notice that you don't include, sun, rain, snow, night and day. . .

John D. The question about vandalism . . . was for asking that.

John W. What do you do at night?

T. "Is it dangerous to live here at night?" Now if you took that question about vandalism, and related it to a particular period in the day, that would give you a question that would be useful, wouldn't it?

(Subdued mumble of assent).

(Pause)

Now, come on. I know it's hard. I know you've got to get into that way by trying some questions and then saying "Oh well, not so good, I'll need to try some other questions." Now what I want you to do is to use these questions but turn them so that they're asking about the street at a particular time or in particular weather conditions, that kind of thing, O.K.?

(Pause, some more subdued mumbles)

T. Ah, for example, if you wanted to find out what the street was like at its busiest, that would undoubtadely be when the school comes out. Right? So . . that question (pointing to one) is perfectly all right so long as that's what you're going to do. Instead of saying sun, rain and snow, you say (1) when the school comes out (2) in the late evening or early evening (3) whatever else. Eh?

(Pause, silence)

I know how you feel, boys. I've spent the last year writing five drafts of a document. I can't say after the second draft I enjoyed it.

(Pause)

Come on, see what you can do. I think the root of your problem is in saying sun, rain and snow. I think you'd be better saying times of the day. Your questions would all fit then. O.K.

(Teacher goes off to see another group)

*At this point Mrs. Broadway, having been listening in to this discussion, joins the group as they lick their wounds and decides they need a bit more help. Since this was a rare occurence it is worth recording what she says, not merely because it is intelligent and helpful but because it reflects a less rigid line of pushing the problems back into the group as seen above.)

Clark Times of the day.

Mrs. B. Oh, really, you could do one about the kind of atmosphere when the school comes out; or at night when you expect things to be quiet you might find it is very quiet, or, that there's more going on than you would suspect - in which case no matter what happens you've still got something to write about, because even when a street's quiet there are still a lot of animals, cats and things, moving about, and you can do a description of that as a lot of you did for that poem up there (pointing to work on the wall). Or, if you come up with something more factual, vandalism or this type of thing, you've still got something to write about, so you can't lose.

(Pause)

And if you wanted to do it in contrasting weather, what it's like during the summer, what it's like when it's pouring, or snowing, you're three quarters of the way there. You just need to look again at your questions, decide what it is you want to know, and are you asking the right questions. Most of it is fine.

William We'll need to get these questions written oot . . .

Mrs. B. I mean, don't interview just because all the other groups are interviewing. You only interview if that will make your work that bit better.

(End of tape)

4. EXAMPLES OF FINISHED WORK AS PART OF TAPE-SLIDE PRESENTATION

GROUP G

Introduction

Part of the project on Bothwell Street was about the animal life, both wild and domestic, also bird life. This project at first created many problems, e.g. interviewing. After these problems were overcome, the project became both interesting and easier.

Domestic Animals

We interviewed class 1A on the subject of pets. We asked what kinds of problems they came up with while keeping pets. Some said they had no problems while others had many. One girl said she could never do her homework for cleaning out her hamster's cage. One girl had to watch when she was taking her dog for a walk because other dogs chased it. Another girl had trouble when it came to keeping her pets out of the kitchen. A girl had to watch the behaviour of her dog because it bit and the neighbours kept complaining. Lots of people had the problem of taking out the dog. One girl had a dog which never asked to go out, with the end result, her cleaning the floor.

Working people don't like leaving dogs (or any other animals) in the house while they are working. When they come home they are more than likely to find a very messy floor.

Older people don't like dogs in stairs because they leave a mess which they (the older folk) can't clean up. Dogs are the main subject of this part of the project, because they were mainly talked about in the answered questionnaire. Other animals such as hamsters and goldfish seem to create no problems as far as living in a flat is concerned.

Wildlife

Most of the wildlife in Bothwell Street is birdlife. It is mostly seagulls and pigeons that come to the street though the occasional blackbird is to be seen.

The surroundings aren't what some people would call suitable for birdlife (no trees) but birds gather here regularly. Some people complained about the birds pecking at the milk tops and making a noise early in the morning, but otherwise nobody minds them coming here.

We thought that people might be bothered with rats or mice coming up from the railway, but nobody said they were.

The fact that people even attempt to keep pets in surroundings such as these, suggests that they don't really consider the health of their pets. Although there aren't many places you can exercise dogs, there is Lochend Park, for instance. It has plenty of space, but nobody seems to make the effort to go there. The owners content themselves with a short walk up and down the street.

GROUP B

Introduction

Group B's job was to interview daily, weekly and occasional visitors to the street. The daily visitors were people like the milkman, streetworker and the postman. The weekly visitors were on a Saturday, football supporters or the pools man and the occasional visitors: the rag and bone man, and people like that. But first the earliestvisitor of all, the milk boy who comes at six o'clock.

Garry — How many pints the day, Missis Bruce?

Mrs. Bruce — Just the usual, Garry.

Garry — Right, ta. Where's the key aboot?

Mrs. Bruce — It's behind the door.

Garry — Right, A'm away noo.

Silly old bag.

Christ, it isny half freezin. Here Ah come tae Mona Liza's hoose. She's no half a miny old noo. That's how she gits 'ir name. She gits 'ir usual 1 pint and 12 rolls. Ah dinny like callin' that usual. Ah call it unusual. She's rollin' in mony and whe disnay even bloody gie me a tip.

Christ, Ah wish a wiz Ali Baba with a flying carpet and no huf tae walk. Just say, fly Cecil May.

Mr. McDougal's hoose. He's a good old geezer. He gies me two bob. He leaves it under that door mat. He's no that rich, but he doesny miss his money like Mona Liza. He gits two pints, six rolls.

(Going down stairs)

Now A'm coming roond the cornir tae Cadiz Street. Ha, look at that dug doin' a pee and dobbins on that wife's pram wheel. The first stair No. 4. Just two houses. First landing Mrs. Mandarck. A canny stand her. She's got a nose like two gas pipes. She's always got summit tae gossip aboot. She gits just one pint now. Second landing - Mr. McDougall he's a right Scots man. He gits one pint, two loaves an' a can smell him cookin' his haggis every mornin'.

One stair left.. 3 Cadiz Street - that's ma Gran's hoose. She gits six rolls, six pies and two pints. Ah git one pie and four bob tae spend. Noo tae Assembly Street - No. 5, Missis Montgomery. She's s' right. She gits one pint

Now the last street - Saly land. One hoose - ma hoose. Ma Mum gits two pints, six rolls and two yoghurts. Now back tae the shop tae git paid.

Mrs. Bruce — Have ye finished, Garry?

Garry — Aye.

Mrs. Bruce — Here's yir pay - £1.25.

Garry — Ta, am off.

Introduction

The first person we interviewed in Bothwell Street was the skaffy. He comes every day - and this is what he had to say:-

Q. What in your own words do you think of Bothwell Street?

Skaffy Ah'll tell yi sumthin' son, it's the dirtiest street in Edinburgh, an' it needs washed fi' top ti' bottom, an' Ah clean it every moarnin'

Q. Have you worked there long?

Skaffy Yeah.

Q. When do you get most rubbish?

Skaffy 'Specially when the fitba' match his been oan.

Q. Would you like to live in Bothwell Street?

Skaffy Aw, no, no, no.

Q. Why not?

Skaffy 'Cause aw the hooses are boat.

Q. Has the area changed since you started work there?

Skaffy Yeah, one o' the blocks wis pilled doon.

Q. Have you found any valuable rubbish?

Skaffy Now, no in Bothwell Street.

Q. Is it true the more you pick up the more you get paid?

Skaffy Aye, that's true.

Introduction

The second person we interviewed was the postman who delivered parcels to the street. This is what he had to say:-

Q. Has the area deteriorated in any way since you started work here?

Posty Yes - quite

Q. Have you worked in this area long?

Posty . . . Eh, one year.

Q. . . . Eh, what's your opinion of the street, of Bothwell Street?

Posty Eh - a lot could be done to the buildings . . renovated . . bit dirty . .if that's what you're after.

Q. Would you like to live in Bothwell Street?

Posty Not particularly, no.

Q Why?

Posty I . . like where I stay as it is. It's a nice street where I stay already.

Q. What do you think when you come into Bothwell Street? Have you any good points and bad points?

Posty ... watch where I put my feet after the dogs have been.

Q. Do lots of letters get delivered in the Street?

Posty I don't deliver the letters.. I deliver parcels.

Q. Are the stairs well lit?

Posty Very dark.

Q. Do you think the street is upper-classs or lower-class?

Posty (Pause) I don't think I'd like to answer that.

GROUP E Argument Script

1. Picture of stairhead.

2. Picture of woman talking.

Dawn	Hi you, Mrs. Smith, Ah want to see you for a second.
Sheila	Whit ir yi wantin' tae see me aboot?
Dawn	Aboot yir son bringan his pals in ma area.
Sheila	Ma son widnae go near yir area if it wis the last place on earth.
Dawn	Come in and see where him and his pals started spittin' then.
Sheila	Well, A'll see him aboot it but a doot it wis ma son or his pals.
Dawn	Yi better gie him a git fit up the backside. That's what he's needin'.
	Well now, mind an gie it tae him. A'm sick o' him and his pals. (complaining)
Sheila	A well, A'm awie in. A'm no listenin' tae you a' day.
Dawn	A'm no finished wi' you get.
Sheila	My God. Whit's wrong now? (Picture of two people arguing)
Dawn	Yir washin's on the wrong line.
Sheila	Well. I didnae ken it wis your line.
Dawn	Well, I pulled the whole lot doon. (Picture of two people arguing)
Sheila	Yi better no've. If ma washin's in the mud, your's'll be right in beside it.
Dawn	Dinae gie me any o' yir lip.
Sheila	Well, o' a' the nerve. (Picture of woman going up stairs)
Dawn	I'll swear I'll never gie yie a kind word again.
	(Picture of woman slamming door)

GROUP E Friendly Script

Lorraine	Hello! Mrs. Young, it's awfy windy the day.
Suzette	Aye, Mrs. Scot, it's awfy cold tae.
Lorraine	O, ma rheumatics are killin' me. This weather does them nae gid.
Suzette	I hid the city survaors doon. The cheeky Bee said wi hid wid worm and dry rot.
Lorraine	Oh, yiv no, have yi? Ah told yi it's this cold weather.
Suzette	He says he's gon tae send a bill. He said we're going to move house.
Lorraine	Oh, Mrs. Young, I'll have nae one tae talk tae.
Suzette	Yi'll need tae talk tae Mrs. T. up the road.
Lorraine	Whit! Dinny speak tae me aboot that woman.
Suzette	How no? Whit's wrong wi' her?
Lorraine	Whit's no right wi' her, mair like. A seen her on Monday, no wait, Tuesday, that's right, wi' her husband. They come oot o' the pub and he wis is drunk as a dug, and Mrs. Thompson wis jist as bad.
Suzette	Well, he's got tae hae some enjoyment.
Lorraine	But wait, Mrs. Thompson was jist as bad.
Suzette	My God, Jessie, that's terrible!
Lorraine	Oh, watch oot. Here she comes.
Suzette Lorraine	Cheerie Mrs. T.
Lorraine	And ken that Mrs. Campbell?
Suzette	Is that her at Number 12?
Lorraine	Aye, isn't she a right bad yin?
Suzette	She's no too bad.
Lorraine	Well, anybidy that hits her mother his tae be bad.
Suzette	How di yi ken that?
Lorraine	Well, hir mother came up tae ma hoose, sobbin' hir eyes oot. She had two black eyes and she said it wis her datter whay done it.
Suzette	Jessie, A dinny ken whit this young generation's coming tae.
Lorraine	Ah asked her whit she did it fur. She told me it wis because she coud nae get some money.
Suzette	Aye, yir right.
Lorraine	Nothing every happened like this in the gid old days.

Suzette Aye, yir richt.

Lorraine Well, A better be gone, ma hubbie's wantin' his tea.

Suzette I'll be seein' yi. Cheerie.

Lorraine Cheerie.

Group D in discussion with teacher about plan of action

(Example of teacher having to give both direction and ideas to a malingering group.)

T. Right, move over, so I.can join you.
This is group D.
Right, what have you done so far, tell me.

Diane Eh . . . eh. You say it (to another girl).

Jacqueline No you.

T. Did you find these books useful?

Jacqueline Aye. (Giggle)

T. Tell me what you're doing then. (Takes the jotter being used to write on)

Karen K. We haven't thought of very much
(Pause)

T. 'Interviewing', it says.

Karen K. People in the street. In the shops and that.

T. Yes. Are you sure that interviewing is what you really want to do? Would you not be better with a questionnaire?

Karen R. What's a questionnaire?

Diane People ask questions . . .

T. It's where you ask questions of a large group of people so that you get feed-back about how they think about something. For example you might submit a questionnaire about children's activities to a Primary School class; or to another first year in the Academy here. It'll give you feed-back about the kind of games they play and so on - providing you frame your questions right.
(Pause)
Does that make sense to you?
(Pause. Teacher takes up Opie book.)
That the way to get information like the stuff that's in there.

T. That's for the whole British Isles, what you want is the stuff in this district. Now if you think of the nearest Primary or you want to use another first year class, we can arrange that.

Diane We'll use a Primary class.

Jacqueline But they don't live in the street.

T. Pardon?

Jacqueline What's that got to do with the street, but, they don't live in the street.

T. Well, what you're learning are the games they play in this district of Edinburgh. It's not likely the people in this street will be any different, you know, because it tends to more in big areas of the town. No?

Karen K We'll get a questionnaire.

T. Well, that's up to you. I'm merely suggesting that that might be give you a better return than merely interviewing a few people. You might learn more from that.

Lorna Is it a' right if we interview a few people in the shops?

T. About what?

Lorna About how the children behave an' that. In that street.

T. Yes. That's all right. That's all right. What else are you going to do?

Diane Take some photographs.

T. (Pointing to vagueness of plans) See, that's no use to me. I want to know precisely what you intend to do. That's why I'm asking you these questions.
(Pause. Teacher looks at rest of plans)
That seems all right to me otherwise. What about older children, how are you going to get at them?

Diane They'll be at school.

Karen R. Ask the parents in the houses.

T. Pardon?

Diane As the parents.

T. Why ask the parents, Diane?

Diane The children will be at school.

T. Well, why not ask them at school.

Lorna They'll be at the main school.

T. T The main school, yeah.

(Pause)

Well, you decide what you think would be useful to do. Em . . . what age groups are you thinking about doing? Are you going to cover two different age groups, three . . .

Karen K. Every age group.

T. Pardon?

Karen K. All ages.

T. Wee ones under five included?

Jacqueline Our age and then right up.

Karen K. No, wee ones as well.

T. Well, that's up to you.

Karen K. You cannae leave out wee children can ye?

Lorna We'll need to if we ask only the classes in this school..

T. Now you may find that these are quite useful to you (pointing to chapter of book). Not because that's the games they play now, but because it gives you something to contrast with. O.K.?

(Pause)

That's not the bell, is it?

APPENDIX 5

(1) STIMULUS FOR SHORT STORY WRITING

Sparrow

The dim Glasgow morning air closed coldly around the boy as he shuffled along. He pulled his clothes around him in a gesture of defiance. His breath billowed outwards and upwards to disappear into the twoering gaps between the tenements. The faintly tangerine sky scraped through the lofty black gaps above Tommy's head as he scuffled along, lost to the sights and sounds and smells of a desolated Glasgow morning.

His foot kicked out at a lonely stone on the pavement. It rose a few inches and trundled out of sight into a matt black doorway. As he followed it into the darkness his eye caught a small object huddled into the step.

The sparrow was cold in his hand - almost too cold, but Tommy knew it would live - it was only a matter of time till it lifted its tiny brown head and opened its tiny eyelids. Tommy wandered along, happy in the thought that he had something to fondle on his way to school. The bell rang, and as he was being pushed and jostled someone blasted in his ear:

- Whit ye goat there Tommy?
- Aw it's jist a sparrow.
- Where did ye fund it, in a bucket?
- Naw, in a door doon Margaret's street.
- Let's see it then.
- Naw ye'll hurt it.
- Ah'll no, gies a look.
- Awright. Bit jist a wee yin.
- Goad, the thing's deid as a doornail ya mug.
- It's no deid at aw, it's jist sleepin'.

Tommy's heart took a sudden thumping tumble. Perhaps it was dead after all.

- Naw it's no deid it's jist sleepin'. He reassured himself and his friend. The classroom was warm and musty and Tommy took up his usual position at the back of the class beside the radiator. Still the sparrow lay. Cold and numb.

He laid his schoolbag under the comforting heat, bunched it up and placed the sparrow on top of it to warm up and live.

- It'll be warm there, he said to his friend from the lines.
- Ye're daft puttin' it there. Auld Henderson'll see it an' chuck it in the bucket.

Tommy shrugged off his friend's apprehension.

- Aw, Henderson's blind. He'll never see my sparrow.

Mr. Henderson stormed in - a blustering, bully of a man who ruled by the lash, and to whom childhood was merely an unfortunate interlude between childhood and adulthood.

- Class stand, he bellowed.
- Hands together, Our Father, Which art in ....
- Ah wonder whit ah'll call it, thought Tommy, maybe Albert after ma deid gold-fish. Ah could keep it in the auld budgie cage in the attic, till it gets better and .... Amen.
- Class sit, Sit down Aitken.
- Sorry sir, replied Aitken.
- In a dream again, Aitken.
- No/

- No sir.
- What was it this time Aitken, girls? eh? The class giggled.
- No sir.
- No sir what?
- No sir Mr. Henderson.
- That's it Aitken. Sit down boy.

Tommy flamed inside and longed to launch himself at the man making a fool of him and kick him like the cowboys on the television. Tommy gazed down at the little bird lying limp on his haversack beside the radiator, its feathers clammy and matted.

And it lay still.

Henderson walked slowly up the passage peering at grubby jotters. Tommy opened his at the next clean page and wondered if Henderson would see the young bird lying by his side.

- Let's see the book then young Aitken. Look at it. Filthy. What on earth is that on top of your haversack?
- A bird, sir.
- A bird, a bird. Get it out of here. Get it out.

Before Tommy could move, Henderson had the bird between his fingers and had dropped it deliberately and slowly into the wastepaper bin on the floor.

Water jerked itself into the young boy's eyes. His head filled with every abusive term he could think of but he remained silent and hateful. Henderson looked at the boy and smiled.

Tommy was running. Running fast. Over roads without looking. Not hearing the piercing hoot of a car horn as it swerved to avoid. All he could se sense was the sparrow cold in his warm hand. As he struggled breathlessly to the top of his stairway, he could hear his mother calling to him, far off. He laid the young bird in the heat of the fire to warm and come to life.

- Tommy do you hear me callin'? Ye're early hame. What's that ye're hidin'?
- Nothin' mum.
- What's that, a bird? Get it oot ma hoose, ah've jist cleaned the fireplace.
- Ahm jist warmin' it up mum.
- Get it oot, can ye no' see that it's deid?
- It's sleepin' mum. Sleepin'.

Without a word or a warning gesture she had scooped the sparrow up in the fireside shovel and dropped it into the fire.

- Muuuuuum. He choked on the word. He screamed, the rage tearing at his heart like a tiger caged. He hated her and everybody and he spat his hate out in every swear word he knew as it sprang from his mouth. His mother stood back as each word buried itself home. His fists pounded on her and the screams deafened her. Tommy kicked and screamed his way from the living room to the sanctuary of his bedroom. There in the stillness and silence his thoughts turned to the bird burning in the fire.

His sparrow was dead.

APPENDIX 5

i. The stimulus short story 'Sparrow' used as a stimulus and a model for the class's own short stories.

11. The class's own short stories.

S T I C K S N S T A N E S

A COLLECTION OF STORIES
WRITTEN BY THE PUPILS OF
CLASS 1I, LEITH ACADEMY,
Spring 1976

CONTENTS

		page no.
Grub	Kevin Lawson	1
On The Top Flat in Sloan Street	Lorna Murray	2
Steven	William Anderson	3
The Doll	Jacqueline Cheyne	4
The Tramp Called James	Robert Wood	6
The Sixty Year Old Heart Attack Victim	Steven Smith	7
Life's Unfair	Louise Curry	8
How to Dismantle Your Bike	Clark Hildersly	9
The Sparrow	Agnes Thompson	10
Abandoned	Bob Crozier	11
The Loss of a Friend	Suzette Barclay	12
Wasted Money	Karen Keighren	13
High Fly	Iain Devin	14
The Story of the Girl and the Kitten	Denise McCarthy	15
One Boy and his Dog	Gillian Lynn	16
Saved Only to Die	Karen Rain	17
The Disco Kid	Linda Christie	18
A Dog and His Master	Lorraine Smith	20
The Loser	Blair Flockhart	20
What a Game	Scott Fraser	21
He Didn't Turn Up	Sheila Hammond	23
The Final Straw	Karen Henderson	24
A Car Accident	Janet Buckle	26
Claws	Alan Pottage	26
A Midnight Rider	Margaret Turnbull	28
A Lesson for Carol	Dawn McLeod	29
A Big Mistake from David	Diane Modiak	30
Vacant Possession	Jane King	31
Sports Mad	John Duff	32
The Football Match	John Watt	34
The Killer Shark	Gary Falconer	36

Grub

Steven's mother was working late. And he felt hungry for his tea. His brother was the only person in the house and he was in the other room.

So he hesitated; then, slowly, carefully he sneaked across the room to the biscuit tin, stopped, hesitated then carried on, opened the tin. Then DISASTER, the tin falls.

Suddenly fear rushed through the boy. The fear increased as his brother came through the door. He said,

"Thievin again"

"I was only gettin some grub"

"Y'ere no' allowed to"

"Only one biscuit ya big jer"

Steven knew his last words were a mistake and ran for the door, right into Joe, the thing he was running from,

"Call me a jew"

"Sorry, Argh Dinna",

He felt the pain as his brother hit him,

"Get lost you, ya big pig"

He punched his brother with all his might and ran up the stairs, to the toilet and locked the door.

There his mind filled with ideas how he would tell his mum his brother had hit him. He was in a rage, he sat over the sink and cried, as he thought of all the names he could call his brother.

He heard the door open and foot steps came along the lobby. He knew it was his mother and ran down to see her.

"That big pig hit me"

"Who?"

"Joe"

"What for this time?"

"I dunno"

"Ye ken fine what a hit ye for nicking biscuits," said Joe bursting in.

"I never got one"

"Well, ye tried"

"Ah, get lost you,"

"O, so you were stealing the biscuits were ye?"

"Only one, cos a couldna get ma tea"

"Joe didna steal the biscuits and he's no had his tea,"

"He does steal the biscuits"

"Na, a dinna"

"Aye ye do and ye smoke too "

"I do not and if you say anything else a'll kill ye."

"Jah, ya fat pig"

"Don't you talk like that in my house"

Stevens next words filled his mother with anger.

"You just wait till your father gets home"

These were dreaded words for Steven. He felt a cold shiver go down his spine. At that moment the door opened and his father walked in the door. Steven was utterly terrified. But his mother said nothing. He thought, had she let him off?

All through tea Steven sat scared to look up in case his mother said anything. Then his mother whispered to his father. Steven started to rush his food down.

From fear, sweat began to pour from him. He got up and said

"Can I go out to play?"

"Na, wait in your room, A want to speak to you."

"What about?" Steven croaked.

"You'll find out"

"Am sorry what a done this afternoon"

"Just get in the bedroom anaway"

Steven went through to his bedroom and thought about the belt his father had hit him with last time. Speedily he hid the belt. His father came in.

"Where's yere scout belt?"
"Dunno."
"Where's yer belt?"
"here it is.

Steven pulled the belt from beneath his mattress.
"That will be another couple."
"Sorry dad, honest."
"Bend over."
Fear was all over Steven. Then suddenly pain hit him. He screamed. His fathers rough voice said,
"Shutup or you'll get more." Steven stopped screaming.
At last Stevens father stopped. Steven got up.
"An that will teach ye no to do that again in a hurry."
Then his father left the room. Steven hated all his family for this. He swore to himself he would leave that home as soon as he was old enough, and never come back.

Kevin Lawson

On the top flat in Sloan Street

As another spot of rain flew down sharply hitting the stained window pane at the top flat I could see just and no more a figure peering through the net curtains. The figure was looking straight ahead at the blur-black faded clouds as they sank heavily behind the roof tops.

The rain went off quite sharply as if some one had turned off a tap. As the rain gently rolled down the window panes and trickled down the walls I could see that figure at the top flat was a woman. She saw me looking at her and she quickly shut the curtain and in a flash was away just like a pigeon in the street.

Living down below her was a man who was usually drunk and scowled at everyone, but his wife was totally different. Even although Mrs Higgins was crippled she was always cheerful. Sometimes I would go up to her house to do a message or maybe something she wanted me to do in the house.

One day when I was going up to her house I heard a man shouting in the stair. I stopped and listened for a while and I heard the man shout:

"If you don't stop banging about and dropping things on the floor I'll get the police to you."

Then a woman said something that I couldn't make out because of the echo in the stair but something I could make out was that the lady was crying. I was going to knock at Mrs Higgins' door and just then her husband flew down the stair and grabbed my arm.

"What are you doing at my door EH?"
"Em, nothing." I said.
"Well, if you're here for nothing, you might as well get out of here," he blasted.
Next thing I knew the door had been slammed in my face.

As I walked slowly down the stairs I thought about the shouting and then I had an idea. I thought I would go up to the woman on the top flat because I had a funny feeling she was the woman who was crying. Then I thought she might think I was nosey and slam the door in my face. So I didn't bother.

The next day I saw that lady from the top flat walking along the road and now

I realized why the man had been complaining about the banging, because she had a limp and couldn't walk properly. She probably picked up things and dropped them by accident and the man down below thought she did this deliberately and just to annoy him.

One day I saw the lady and she was with a man who had a limp and something wrong with him and he was carrying the lady's message bag along the road. Many times I saw them together and they looked happy together.

One night I went in to my house and my mother said to me.
"Did you know that the lady across on the top flat in Sloan Street is getting married?" And I said no. When I asked her who she was getting married to she said it was the man whom I had seen her with quite a lot of times before.

She got married in white and they still live on the top flat in Sloan Street. Now the man down below them has double the amount to complain about!

Lorna Murray.

Steven

Steven sauntered down between the old dirty tenements of Duncan Street. It was a warm stuffy night as he made his way to the chippy. Suddenly he stopped. He had seen a bigger boy than himself through the side mirror of a broken down car. He had been walking at the same pace as Steven and had stopped at the same time as himself. Then he recognised him: It was Cha Smith the boy from Hills Road.

"Steve."
he heard him shout
"Whit di ye want," he answered
"K'mear."
"Whit fur?"
"I want to tell ye sommat."
"Whit aboot?"
"Jist sommat."
"Naw."
"Whit fir, ye feered or sommat eh?"
"Naw, ahm in a hurry."
"Whit fir?"
"Ahm goin to the chippy."
"Buy ees sommat."
"Canny."

This conversation went on for ages until someone put their head out of the window.

"Hey yoo doon there."
"Wha me?" answered Steven
"Both o yees. Will ye shut yer faces afore a come doon there an smash yees."

The window went down again and Steven looked to where Cha had been standing but to his surprise Cha had disappeared. Then he remembered about the message and scampered off to the chippy. He just got to the chippy door when he heard a voice.

"Whit took ye so long, eh?"

Steven ignored the voice and walked in. He was not really surprised as he knew Cha would not let him away after grassing it was Cha that hit Tommy on the neck with an ink pellet last Thursday. As Steven was being served he caught another glimpse of Cha peering in through the window. He could sense he was up to something. Cha was barred from the shop and told not to come back again so Steve knew he was safe inside, but when he got out what would happen? His heart was pounding and skipping beats while he thought about it. Suddenly there was a crash.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh"
cried Steve, as a half brick sent him sprawling over the counter. Cha had thrown the brick through the window to avenge himself on the owner of the chippy and on Steve. Without thinking he picked himself up off the counter and threw open the door of the Chippy. He was wild with anger, he started running but not in the direction of Duncan Street, but Hills Street. He caught a glimpse of Cha standing at the grocer's door on the corner of Stewarts Street. He shouted:

"You"
No one answered
"Smith" (he shouted).

Cha turned round and slowly paced towards Steven. Steven's anger was just about gone, but there was no turning back now. His mind kept flashing back to when he went sprawling over the counter. Suddenly he flew at Cha. With every ounce of power he had he smashed him right in the plexus. Cha fell back. Steven, realizing what he had done, was about to start running when he heard Cha splutter.

"K,K,K,Keep, Keep im away fi me."

Then Steven realized, he had hit so hard that now cha was afraid of Steven. With the sweat running down Steve's face he turned towards home. His chips forgotten.

William Anderson

The Doll.

Mr and Mrs Balfour were the ashamed parents of their daughter Linette. Linette was a mentally handicapped girl, fifteen years old and with the mind of a baby. She saw this doll in a shop window that she had wanted all her life. Her parents wouldn't buy the doll for her because they were trying to bring her up to act her age.

One of the school teachers often took them to a swing park. To get to the park they had to pass a newsagent. The school teacher (Miss Hooper) was very affectionate towards Linette as she lived a hard life. So one day Miss Hooper bought the doll for Linette. She was in her glory with the doll, she called it Lucy. Lucy was a rag doll, she had a blue and white checked dress and yellow hair tied in bunches with blue ribbons.

Every day without fail when Linette went home the normal boys and girls always took the micky out of poor Linette. But when they saw that she had a doll, and that Linette didn't have good speech that was even worse.

"Hi, Dave look whit mongo features his got. She's got a doll."
"Doe away. Deave his alene. Peas."
"Whit a shame. A'll tell ye whit, I'll leave ye alaine if ye ee is yer doll so a kin burn it.

Linette started to run as fast as she could and that wasn't very fast. As she hobbled quickly away from them they started to throw stones at her.

"Hey mongo, here's a present fir yir doll. Um awfy sorry a couldna wrap it."

The stones were hitting Linette but she didn't cry. She couldn't cry. Then an old woman looked out of her window and saw what was happening. She opened her window to shout at them as she felt terribly sorry and unhappy for Linette.

"Wull ye leave the lassie alaine?"
"Hie Ali, here's an auld fag shoutin at us. A think she's telling us tae leave mongo features alaine."
"Missis, if ye want us tae leave her alaine, cum doon an make us."
"Um cummin a right, dinna worry yersell. Ull get the polis tae ye."

The thought of the police coming was frightening to these bullies. They ran after Linette, who was near her gate by now. Luckily Linette was in her house before they caught up on her.

"Linette where huv ye been?"
"Da wis dist dummin doon li road ma."
"Git in, tae yer bed, an ge is that doll."
"Naw, ma,naw."
"Yull dae whit a tell ye, ma lass."

Linette ran up to her room as fast as she could, the doll tight in her hands. She was moaning into her pillow for ages. Gradually she was getting worked up, she couldn't see a way out of her trouble. She threw everything in sight away but the doll. Her doll was still in her arms. She ran out of her house shouting.

"Lucy, Lucy, cum back ta mi."

She kept on running fast, as fast as she could. She was running across roads as fast as she could without looking. She didn't see a car swerving round the corner. The next minute she was lying on the ground, unconscious, holding Lucy tight, but still living. They rushed her to the hospital but when they arrived she had died.

When a nurse, broke the news to Mrs Balfour, her mother burst into tears. She took the doll from the nurse, holding it tight just like Linette did.

Jacqueline Cheyne

The Tramp Called James

James the tramp lives in an old hut in the railway. He walks along in his tatty coat that he shuffled the buckets for. His shoes are held together by rotten string from old rabbits snares, and his tatty sack trousers are ripped up the middle and put together by a piece of barb from the barbed wire.

He snares rabbits and spears birds and cats, for food. In summer he knocks apples and cabbage, rhubarb, potatoes, lettuce, plums and pears. James goes fishing to the sewage pipe for mackerel and he picks up guppies, mussels, crabs and cockles.

One day he met his pal Whitie the winoe.

"Hi Jimmy hows it gaun?"
"Goat ony Meth?" said Whitie.
"Na, trying ta gie that up. No good fer ye" replied Jimmy.
"Aye mebbe ye're right eftir a'", said Whitie," Yer mebbe right."
"Aye's no good fer yer eyes," replied James.
"An'ave gaed up smokin anaw."
"My whit are ye comin'tae, yer gaun saft in yer auld age"
"Aye mebbe yer right, but A'm no wantin tae die young" said Jimmy.
"Whit," he replied." yer nearly 60, ya bam.
"Die young! Ha, ha"
"Aye well a'll need tae go. See ye later," said Jimmy
"Aye mebbe the morn. Chiroren" Whitie said

They went there own way, Whitie down to the dump and Jimmy to his ramshackle old hut.

Whitie was feeling hungry so he broke into the store. The police were coming up the road, so Whitie jumped up the wall into the railway and along to James' hut, waited till the police came, out the window went Whitie leaving the stolen goods.

"Right, let's get him, he's trapped," said the cop.
"Aye, we'll barge the door down if you don't come out" said the other.
Bang! Wham! Crash!
The door was flung open and Jimmy woke up startled.
"Whit's a this eh? Whit'ave a done?" Jimmy questioned.
"Come on, don't act innocent," said a copper
"Whit huv a done- A want tae ken," said Jimmy
"All right, Whits that?" said the copper
"A ken whadone it," Jimmy said
"Who then?" said the other copper
"Whitie the winoe," Jimmy answered
"Oh comeoffit. Think we'd believe that," said the coppers.
"Right, a bet ye. Check that fer finger prints," said Jimmy

The winoe was on the run. He was hiding in the old abandoned rope-works. The police were searching everywhere. Whitie was cold and scared, he didn't know what to do. He heard banging on the door then wham'. The door was flung open. Whitie scampered quietly to the old rope. He got to the top through the hole in the roof when, snap! the rope had just burst. He heard it and ran right along the roof. From there he saw Jimmy's hut. He swithered whether to go or not but he didn't, he ran till he came to the end of the roof, went to the lowest part and swish, jumped clean

into a garden.

The police had stopped searching. Whitey was in an attic. An old lady lived there but she was dead. No movement had been made in the house. Whitie got down and went to the beer cupboard.

"Booze," he said, "booze."

He got himself stoned on four bottles of whisky. The police were notified that Mrs. Hickenbottom had not been seen for three weeks. The police came to the house but could not get in, so they went round the back.

"How the hell do we get in to this house?" said a copper.
"I don't know. It's posin' a bloody problem." said the other.
"We'll need to smash a window and climb in." he answered.
"Aye, but the poor bugger's mebbe alive," said the other.
"What if she is and we climb in. We'll get done." said the copper.

The policeman got a big ladder, climbed up and was looking at old Mrs. Hickenborrom lying dead and the bammy old wino sitting drinking.

"Heh, Sam the old wino is in there drinking all the bloody booze," said the copper.
"What, the silly old bugger, I'll kill him," said Sam.
"Oh hell, burp! The fuzz, I'll need tae, burp! run," said Whitie.
"Oh no you don't, c'm 'ere you," said the copper.
"We'll need to sober up the silly old fool," said Sam.
"Yow! the drunken fool just bit me. And he's pissed off."

Nobody knew where the wino went but he was later found dead in a river near Cramond. James the tramp did not attend his funeral.

Robert Wood.

The sixty year old heart attack victim

The old man in his sixty's lives in a cottage about fifty yards out of town. He lives by himself and lives off his pension, but he has occasional heart attacks. Every morning as he walks to the shops to get his paper and rolls, he sees the same people - the milkman, the postman and the paper boy; wishing the boy would take his paper to his house instead of him having to go to the shops for it.

One morning he thought he was walking up the road but he didn't see any of the people he used to see. He searched his mind, for he didn't know what had happened to him. Was he dead, had he taken a heart attack? Or was he asleep? Then all of a sudden a nurse started fussing round the bed. Then he shouted,

"Why can't you leave me alone?"
"Come on now, Mr. Jones, you've had a bad heart attack. Now sit up and I'll get the doctor."
"No need,nurse. I'm here. Now how are you, Mr. Jones?"
"I'm all right. Now, can I go home?"
"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones. I don't know how to tell you. You see, you'll probably be a convalescent for the rest of your life."
"What?"
"Yes, I'm sorry."
"But.."
"I know you'll probably live for years, but if we let you out you might take a bad heart attack and die, so you see, you would be better staying here."

So, Mr. Jones was in the convalescent home until he died and his home stood where it was until last year.

Steven Smith

"Life's Unfair"

Jane Smith was an 11 year old girl living in the dark tenements of Glasgow. She had been bossed around ever since she could remember and looked and had to act much older than she really was. With an elder brother who was always out and a mum who came and went like the wind, Janie had had to learn the meaning of "Work". To her life seemed all work and no play, which in her case was perfectly true. At only eleven, Janie knew how to run a house.

Every morning she got up to the same boring routine - Breakfast - School - Tea. Although she had always a difficult time making ends meet, Janie along with her red hair and freckles, always went around with a smile on her face.

On Monday morning, she got up, washed and dressed and went into the kitchen to make the breakfast. Suddenly! Something caught her attention. A black cat, perched on the wall, staring in the direction of a small fragile thrush, its vicious eyes alive with greed.

She was off like greased lighting, down the stairs and in to the back green, just in time to see the cat leaping down on top of the bird. She raced forward, her heart pounding, and picked up the cat and then almost threw it over the wall. She gazed pityfully down at the small helpless creature lying still with only a slight sign of life. She picked it up and began to walk slowly towards the stair door. All at once there was a loud yell from the kitchen window.

"What de ye think yer dain doon there? Its nearly nine. If yer no up here in five seconds there'll be nae breakfast made!"

Janie looked at the bird and then into the face of her brother, thin and wrinkled with a sour look to match his temper. She thought to herself,

"He's no worried about me gittin nae breakfast, its his ain belly he's worried about. As if he'd mak' it!"

She walked into the dark stair and thought about the bird. Where would she keep it? Then she remembered the shoe box in the broom cupboard. Quickly she climbed the stairs and shut the door slightly quieter than she had opened it. She strolled into her bedroom, hoping that "dearest Jimmy" wouldn't hear her. She gathered some odds and ends and lined the box so that the bird looked reasonably comfortable.

Then, forgetting all about her breakfast, Janie raced along the lane and only got to school by the skin of her teeth.

The morning passed slowly and until 12 o'clock she just couldn't concentrate at all. At half past twelve the dinnerbell rang, and she ran speedily along the road, in an effort to have enough time to make three dinners before half past one. As she waded through the pile of dirty dishes, she thought to herself,

"Same as usual, he's bin sittin there aw morning, he hasn't lifted a finger."

Janie did her best to get everything done quickly but she was so late that she had no time to check on the sparrow so she assured herself that it would be quite safe in the small box behind the curtain.

At school, the afternoon flew by because she spent it in two of her favourite classes. She sat in History almost asleep, until a heavy hand crashed onto her shoulder.

"Well Smith," boomed the voice. "I'll have to see if we can arrange to get two "dreamers" periods on a Monday, eh girl"

The class sniggered. Janie sat still, her cheek alight with shame and anger.

"There'll be a day when ah get ma ain back on you, Mister Clever"

At 3.30, school dismissed and Jane sauntered along the road and thought about the afternoons capers. As she turned the key in the door, she heard all sorts of queer noises coming from the direction of the bedroom. She ran towards the door, just in time to see Jim throw something out of the window. He turned round with the empty shoe box in his hand. Jane turned in horfor and ran down the stairs only to find the small bird dead on the paving. As she turned round she saw the same sly cat on the wall. She eyed it with suspicion and hatred. She knelt down near the small patch of flowers that greatly resembled weeds and laid the bird in the tiny grave she had dug with her fingers.

Louise Curry

How To Dismantle your Bike

Billy Brown had just got a brand new shining yellow ten gear racer. Every week he polished it so the chrome looked shiny. He made sure the chain was oiled, checked the gears were in order, and made sure there was no rust. He checked the lamps and speedometer and made sure the dynamo was working properly. Then he washed the tyres, checked their pressure, cleaned the spokes, and in between them he polished the chrome so hard that you could easily see your face gleaming in it. And every time he went out a run he kept a look out for anything that could damage it. But one night he decided to show the bike to his friend and that's where the trouble started.

Slowly he started to pedal round the corner and then began to go a bit faster. The Gang of boys on the corner smoking half crushed cigarettes started to move and then.

"Come on, lads, git the toffy snout"
"Yeh, whae yopped the fuzz eh"
The six of them gathered round Billy eyeing him and his bike.
"A wouldn't mind a bike like that, Billy,"
"No bad. Hate tae see it in a mess though."
"Well don't touch it then."
The gang leader who was known as Slugger stepped forward.
"A'll make a deal wi ye. If you give us all a shoto'yer bike we'll let ye go, but if ye dinny like Tam said we would hate tae see it in a mess."
At that moment thoughts ran swiftly through Billys mind about what he should do.
"No! you're not getting a shot on my bike and if you touch it, I'll, I'll,I'll."
"You'll what eh?"
"Tell the fuzz again."
"Heh Slugger, you need a lamp for your bike."
"Yeh and Tam needs a pump."
"You won't mind if we take them, Billy."

Billy just sat tight in his saddle grinding his teeth, as he slowly saw his bike being dismantled and parts of it going into his captors pockets. Then he remembered about all the time he had spent cleaning and polishing it and how it was a waste of time now as he saw it being scraped, scratched and stolen. He couldn't bear to look, closing his eyes for a couple of seconds and opening them hoping that it was a bad dream and that he would soon wake up. But he didn't. Then - SMASH!

"Aw, Slugger yer too careless wi yer hands. Look whit yeve done."
"Am awfy sorry Billy, it just eh slipped out ma hand."

Then suddenly, Bang! Tam had hit Billy over the back of the head and Billy came off the bike with a thump and water in his eyes. Then Joe, another one of the gang, got out a chain, put it round some spokes and pulled, and the spokes came out. Billy got up and ran at Joe knocking him down and then picked up the chain.

"Right, who's first?"

Three of the small boys took off and Tam and Joe, Slugger were left with Billy. Tam rushed at Billy only to receive a hard blow across the face.

"Aaaa."

At that point Slugger and Joe ran off. Billy stood in the middle of the road pleased at what he had done; then he looked at the bike with tears in his eyes and kicked it hard.

Clark Hildersly

The Sparrow

On a cold grey Monday morning Keith Watson passed a few trees on his way to school. He scuffled his feet through the gravel on the ground while trying to hide the hole in his trousers. He looked about for a bit and just then, a sparrow's nest caught the corner of Keith's eye. He climbed up the tree and had a little peep into the nest and saw a sparrow lying at the far side of the nest. Its wing was lying away to the side. Keith knew then that the bird was injured. He picked the bird up with one hand and took a closer look at it. The bird's feathers were all oily and dirty and sticking together.

Keith climbed back down the tree and tidied himself up a little before he went into the playground. There Keith met his friend, Bob. They both walked into the school together and Bob thought there was something wrong with Keith by the way he spoke. So Bob thought if only he could ask him but to be polite about it. So Bob finally plucked up enough courage and asked him. Before they both went into class Keith stood and told Bob all about the sparrow.

"Ach it'll be aw right. Stop worrien'."
"Dae yae think so, Bob?"
"Aye."

They both went into the classroom and went to their seats. Then the teacher Miss Smith came in.

"Good morning class. Let's get our maths books out at page fifty two."

Just then Keith looked across at Bob with a worried look on his face.

The next thing they knew it was dinner time. All the pupils ran home to get their dinners. Keith left the house a little bit earlier than usual so he could have a little look at the sparrow. The school bell rang but Keith never heard it and this is what happened when he went into school.

"Where have you been?" The teacher said.
"Oh,er."
"I'll ask you one more time, Keith. Where have you been?"
"I can't tell yae and I won't."
"O, surely you can tell me, Keith?"
"He's been tae see his sparry miss," came a voice from the back of the room.
"And what sparrow is this then, Keith?"

Then Keith had to give in and tell his teacher. Then Keith went back to his seat and finished off his work. The end of the day was drawing nearer. Until the bell finally rang, everyone else in the school dashed out into the playground. When Keith came out of the school gates he noticed a huge crowd round the tree where Keith found the sparrow. When Keith reached the tree, there was silence

and they all stepped back. Keith said

"Right, own up who killed it."
No one answered.
"Tell me who killed it"

Then a little voice from the back of the crowd came forward and said.

"We all did. But it was just for a bit of a laugh"
"Well, maybe you think it's a laugh but I don't."

Keith's blood was boiling as walked away. When he reached home and his mother asked what was wrong all he said was

"I'm no' gonna tell yae or nae body else. So stop asking me." Keith ran out of the room crying as though his heart would break.

Agnes Thomson

Abandoned

One cold Saturday morning Willie got up and opened the window to get some fresh air. Willie knew every different everyday smell in Dundee and wished he could stay in a stately home. If that miracle was impossible he would have to be satisfied with his own home.

"Willie, breakfast's ready. It'll git cald if yea dinny hurry" cried Willie's mother.
"Coming" Willie shouted in reply.
"Dad, who's United playin the day?" Willie asked his father at breakfast.
"Dunno son," said dad." Are yi goin to the match?"
"Now am goin to the shops on Clepington Road at Lochee." exclaimed Willie.

At 10.15 that morning Willie got his pocket money and set out wrapped in warm winter clothing looking a bit like an Eskimo. Willie was cold and started to run to heat himself up. He passed big cars, lorries, busses, big shoppers, little shoppers, adults and children. Willie passed the empty dustbins which were emptied on Friday. And then suddenly he stopped. Willie's heart missed a beat. He walked back to the dustbin and saw a sack. Willie paused a moment. The sack was moving. Willie's heart beat went faster as he tried to untie it. It was a dog. Willie was full of excitement as he bundled the dog in his arms and ran home.

"Mum look what I've found, an abandoned dug." Willies voice was quivering with excitement.
"Are yea sure its abandoned?" asked Willids mother, as excited as Willie.
"Must be. Who'd want to throw away a pup like that. Kin I keep it please, mum? Please." begged Willie.
"Aw, suppose so. See what yir faithers got tae say aboot it." replied mother.

Willie stopped and walked to the sanctuary of his room. First thing he did was to give the dog some food and water. Later Willie lay on his bed gazing at pictures of Hamish McAlphine, Andy Roland, Henry Hall and Dave Nairy. What was his father going to say? Willie was in a state of worry. Willie's father was a long distance lorry driver and the breakfast table was the last time he would see his father till Thursday.

All Sunday Willie was in the park playing with the dog trying not to get too attached in case his father would say no to the dog. Willies mother could see the worry in Willie and tried to comfort him.

Willie's schoolwork was deteriorating. Wednesday came Willie was excited, he had carefully looked after the pup. Would it have to go to a dog home?

"Mum. What time is dad coming home?" exclaimed Willie.
"Could be tomorrow morning," said his mother in comfort. That night Willie could not get to sleep. Would the dog have to be thrown out on the street?

Thursday came. Willie was out of bed and dressed by 7.30. Willie never usually ran through to the kitchen but today was different.

"Mum, is dad back? Where is he?" cried Willie in excitement.
"He's no home yet but he should be here any minute," said his mother trying to calm him down. Just then the door slammed, the dog was barking.
"Whats that? A dug, whose is it?"exclaimed Willie's father in astonishment.
"Its ours if ye say we can keep it, I kin buy food wi ma poaket money and he can have that box wi a cover in it for a bed." said Willie hurriedly.
"Now, Now. Dinny get excited. A' suppose we kin keep him if ye promise to take him for walks and train him." said Willie's father calmly.
" A promise." Willie said with tears in his eyes.
"That settles it then, we kin keep it," exclaimed Willie's father.
"Willie was so excited he threw his arms round the dog lovingly as if it had been his life-long friend.
"When I've had my breakfast we'll take him for a walk. What do you say Willie?"

There was no need for Willie to answer, the tears on his cheeks showed it all.

Bob Crozier

The loss of a friend

Rab Walker lives in the country with his Mum and Dad. He is 14. He is lively and likes exploring in to things. One day Rab was on his way to school. As he passed the woods he heard a squeaking noise, so Rab, being curious, went to see what it was. As he got close to it he realised it was a baby skunk. Rob immediately picked it up. He noticed how weak it was. So he took it home.

As he approached his house he thought to himself what his mother would say. He could also imagine the expression on her face when she saw it. Nevertheless he went into his house. His mother was in the kitchen so he rushed up the stairs clutching the skunk. He begged his mum and dad to let him keep it and after a lot of pleading they said alright. He called the skunk Sammy as that seemed as good a name as any, Rab loved the skunk and took it everywhere. The skunk grew older and its natural instincts began to show. Then one Sunday Rab and his mum and dad went in to the town to go to church. When they returned the house was upside down and Sammy the skunk was having a feast on the hens eggs and there were feathers everywhere.

Rab's dad went crazy. He told Rab to get the skunk out. He said it was still wild. Rab pleaded with his dad to let it stay and he finally said alright but if it happened again it would have to go. Then one day about 2 months after the first incident Rab's cousin came to visit him. She went over to see the skunk and suddenly it dived at her. Rab's dad heard the commotion and came running. When he saw what it was he chased the skunk away. And then he took the girl inside. He went and got his gun. Rab rushed to stop him but his father threw him aside. He cornered the skunk in the barn and shot it dead. Rab began to scream. He rushed at his dad punching and kicking him. When he calmed down, he ran to his room feeling hate for everyone and especially for his dad.

Suzette Barclay

Wasted Money

Jimmy was twelve but he was quite small for his age. He was really needing some new clothes but he had to make do with what he had till his father got a job. He had bright blue eyes and his fair hair glistened in the sun as he made his way to the toy shop.

He had been saving up his money for weeks to buy a football. He was quite poor but at long last he had the money.

"Yes, sonny, what are ye after?"
"A want one o they fitbaws mister."
"Ye got enough money for it?"
"Aye."
"Well, lets see it then."
"Here it's."

Jimmy handed the shopkeeper his money, and quite satisfied with it the shopkeeper handed him the football.

"Ta mister," Jimmy shouted as he ran out the door.

Jimmy felt the happiest he had been for weeks as he made his way down to the park. When he was nearly there he met his friend Davie.

"Hi Davie, ye comin doon tae the park to play fitbaw? I jist bought this fitbaw an am away tae play wi it."
"Naw, no the day, I've got to go shopping wi my mum, worst luck."
"See ye the morn then," said Jimmy.
"Aye, see ye" said Davie.

Jimmy arrived at the park and was walking around looking for a spot to play with his football. It was quite a big park but soon he found a nice sunny spot near the river.

After a while he got a bit tired playing with his football and sat down for a rest. He was wishing one of his friends were with him because it was a bit boring playing himself. A girl walked past eating an ice-cream and Jimmy wished he had enough money to buy one.

Soon Jimmy decided he would go home. He did not like his home very much, his mother and father were always arguing and they did not care much about him. He put his football under his arm and was just about to leave when a gang of boys came over to him.

The boys were about fourteen years old and there were about eight of them. They were the gang from Turner Street, that went about smoking and acting tough. Nearly everyone was afraid of them but Jimmy had never heard of or seen them before.

"Gies a kick o yir fitbaw then."
"Nut, go an buy yir ain one," said Jimmy.

As Jimmy was arguing with the boys, one of them had sneaked up behind him and knocked his football out from under his arm.

"Hi. gies it back," shouted Jimmy.
"Nae chance," one of them said.

They were kicking the ball to each other and Jimmy was running about trying to get it back. Then by accident one of the boys kicked the ball a bit too hard and it rolled down the hill and landed in the river, and was carried away downstream.

Jimmy just stood there for about five seconds staring at his ball being carried out of sight. Then he burst into tears. All that money he had been saving up

for weeks had been wasted.

Karen Keighren.

High Fly

It was a cold day and George Harris was walking along the lane to school when he heard a snapping and cracking in one of the trees. He couldn't make out what it was because the trees were thick and bushy. George went through the trees to get a closer look. He got to the bottom of the tree and looked up. He couldn't see very well for the sun but he could just see that it was a bird of prey. He ran home and told his mum. Just as he opened the door, he remembered that a rather rich falconer had lost a peregrine falcon.

"Mum, you know that falcon that was lost?"
"Yes, what about it?"
"Well, it's stuck in one of the trees in the lane."
"Oh, George, leave it alone, it's probably dead."
"But Mum, it's not dead."
"Now George, go to school or you'll be late."

George ran out of the house slamming the door behind him. He ran round the back of the house to where the garage was. He then took the ladder which was at the side of the garage. Then as he got the ladder out, he heard a voice. It was his grandfather. His grandfather was a tall man with grey hair, quite fit for his age. He was wearing a tweed suit with woollen socks, a stout pair of walking shoes. His grandfather though old, in his day had been an enthusiast on falconry and had owned a merlin and a gos-hawk.

"And what are you doing, my lad?". George turned round quickly and was relieved to see that it was only his grandfather.
"Oh, it's only you, Grandad."
"What on earth are you wanting the ladder for, George?"
"Well, remember I told you about that falconer who lost that peregrine falcon? Well it's caught by its jesses in one of the trees in the lane."
"Well, we better go and get it then."
"You don't mind then, Grandad?"
"No, of course not, those birds cost a lot of money, yea know."

When George and his grandfather got to the lane, George couldn't remember which tree it was.

"Are you sure you're not having me on, George?"
"No, honestly, I saw it was hanging on a tree. Listen, what's that noise? It's coming from up there. Look there it is."

George went to the bottom of the tree and put the ladder up against it.

"You'll have to climb it, George, I'm too old for this sort of stuff.. I'll just hold the ladder."

George climbed the ladder one rung at a time till he got within arms length of the bird. He took off his anorack and wrapped it round his fist. The Bird was exhausted from flapping about on the tree, so George did not have much trouble picking it up. As he came down the ladder, he was very careful he did not release the bird.

"You better go to school, George. You're late as it is. I'll take him home and see what I can do.

That day at school, George thought the day passed so slowly and he thought the bell would never ring. When it did he ran out and along the lane as fast as he could. When he got home George found that his Grandad had made a small shed for the falcon. And in the shed ther were lots of his Grandad's old falconry stuff, such as bells, creances, gauntlets, hoods. perches. and leashes, a lot of stuff which George had never seen before. Just then his Grandad came in with the falcon

on his fist. The falcon was a male peregrine, often called a tiercel. It stood about nine inches high and it had a wingspan of about two to three feet. Its feet were white with the lack of nourishment and its talons were bluntened with scratching them on the tree. His grandfather had tried to feed the bird, but it refused food because of its wild instincts.

"Well, George, we'll just have to wait and see if he'll take any food in a few days."

A few days passed and right enough, the falcon was eating from George's hand. Then George's Grandad decided to get a licence for the falcon. George couldn't get a licence because he was too young but his Grandad got one. The falcon had been getting better while it had been staying with George but his Grandad thought that he should fly it since it wasn't getting any exercise. George took the falcon to the meadow to fly him on a creance and then the bird is not fed and then it is flown without the creance. George's falcon was trained and taught to hunt and George kept his falcon until it died five years after.

Iain Devin.

The Story of the Girl and the Kitten

One day during the summer holidays a girl was out for a stroll in the heat of the sun. She was dragging herself along the narrow road as she was so hot. Her eye caught a glimpse of a hole in a fence leading to an old tatty yard where she had decided to explore when she suddenly came across an abandoned kitten. She picked up the very weak and tired kitten and made her way home.

On her way, she came across some friends at her school, they were all very attracted to the kitten, especially one girl who was very much jealous and tried to pick a fight with her, but the girl managed to run away from them. She was so exhausted but she knew she had to run on or they would catch her. Eventually she got home, and took the kitten straight up to her bedroom and placed it on her nice warm soft bed, while she went downstairs and got milk for it. Later she hid the kitten in the shed where she put some sawdust and some milk in a saucer down for the kitten. Next day she told her mother about the kitten.

"Mum. You know I was out for a walk yesterday."
"Yes."
"Well, I found an abandoned kitten."
"Well what about it?"
"I put it in the shed."
"Well, go and bring it in to let me see it; and if its made a mess, you'll clean it up."
"Yes, Mum."

The girl wanted to keep the kitten and she knew her mum would let her because she was an understanding woman. She took the kitten into the house.

"Here it is, MUM."
"It's a lovely looking thing."

The mother stroked the kitten and it licked her hand.

"See, Mum, it likes you. Can I keep it, Mum?"
"Well..."
"Oh, please, Mum, please."
"You'll have to look after it."
"Oh, please."
"I will, I will, Mum, Oh, please."
"Well, we'll see."

Later the girl was playing in the garden with the kitten when the girls that chased her came up to her gate and started talking about her out loud. The girl just ignored them. When she saw them coming in the gate, she was a bit frightened but did not panic. She went to pick up the kitten when they jumped on top of her. She just managed to lift her head up and see the kitten go out the gate. Meanwhile her mum heard all the commotion and went outside to see what was going on. The girls saw her and ran away out the gate. The girl got up with a tear in her eye.

"Who where those girls?"
"Oh some girls at my school."
"Where's the kitten mum?"

She ran towards the gate but the kitten had gone. She ran along the street but could not find head or tail of the kitten. Glumly she scuffled along the road till she came to her gate. She stopped and looked at her lonely garden. Her kitten had gone and she would never feel the same again. As she scuffled into her gate her mum came to the door to greet her.

"The kittens gone mum, I won't see it ever again. It was only pet I ever had."
"But look what I've got."

The girl looked up in amazement to see the little kitten sitting in her mothers arms.

"It came back on it's own."

The girl was so happy and glad to see her kitten again and when the kitten was grown up and had kittens of her own the girl cherished them as she did their mother.

Denise McCarthy

One Boy And His Dog

Johnny was twelve and he wasn't really interested in much apart from animals. He had a dog and he was very fond of it, though his mother wasn't. Johnny's mother had short blond hair which was dyed and you could see the dark roots coming through. His father wasn't home very often because he worked on night shift most of the year.

One night Johnny's dog had really been getting on his mother's nerves. Johnny didn't know why because his dog was good and obedient. Johnny just ignored her and went through to his room and got his coat on ready to take his dog for a walk. He shouted,

"Dally," which was what his dog was called.

The dog was an alsation and very shy. It jumped at any little thing, even if someone spoke louder than usual. When it was a warm day you could see the sun shining down on its lovely coat.

The dog went to Johnny and stood in the hallway ready to have its leash put on. As Johnny was leaving the house his mother shouted,

"I have had just about enough of you and your stupid dog."

Then she went on and said,

"I hope the thing is knocked down and killed because if that doesn't kill it I will."

Johnny left the house wondering if she really would kill his dog. Soon the thought left his mind and he slowly walked up the street and turned the corner at Bridge Place. As he walked up the street, he saw a gang of boys. As soon as he saw the boys he crossed over to the other side of the street. He didn't recognise them at first, but as he got nearer them he remembered seeing them before. He didn't know the boys to talk to but he knew where they lived. These boys were rough speakers and pretty scruffy. Johnny crossed over to the other side of the road because he didn't want any trouble, though he could see these boys did.

Johnny got nearer to them and was getting a bit scared. He wanted to turn back to his house but then he thought, no thanks I'm not going home now. Not when my mums in

that kind of a mood. Now Johnny was walking very fast and he was just about to turn the corner when one of the boys shouted.

"Hi son, any money?"

Johnny shouted no and walked round the corner. He heard footsteps walking behind him and knew straight away that it was those boys. Finally the gang of boys caught up with Johnny and one of them said

"Joey, cum oan, we'll get'is dug"

Johnny tried to run away from them, but the dogs leash was caught on the fence. By now one of the boys had began kicking the dog and it was screaming. The street was empty so he couldn't get any help from a passer by. The tears were in Johnny's eyes, he could see the dog was in pain. All of a sudden there was one loud scream. Johnny knew the dog was dead.

He ran down the road leaving the dog lying on the pavement. As he approached his door he saw his mother looking out of the window. He was screaming. His mother came to the door and Johnny barged right past her, shouting and swearing. He ran through the hall and into the bedroom and lay on his bed crying. He shouted from his room

"My dog is dead and its all your fault."

Gillian Lynn

Saved only to die

Cathy Jones lives on the top floor of one of Glasgow's tenements. She lives with her 16 year old brother Pete, and her mother who works in a factory during the day and a pub at night. Pete when he is not at school is out with his girlfriends or his mates.

On Monday morning Cathy got up, washed, dressed and made the breakfast for her mother and brother, then set off for school. She had an unusually good day at school and sauntered home cheerfully to make the tea. After tea Pete went out to the pictures, her mother went to work and Cathy was left alone to do the dishes.

After she had washed the dishes Cathy washed some clothes. When she went onto the balcony to hang them up, her eye caught a small motionless object lying on the edge of the balcony. She walked towards it and there lying hardly able to breath at all was a newly born bird. She took it into the house and warmed it by the fire then gave it something to eat. She laid it in the warmest part of her bedroom incase her brother found it. The next morning at breakfast Cathy said,

"Mum"
"What?"
"Would ye mind if a bought a pet intae the house?"
"What kind o'pet?"
"A bird a wee baby sparrow"
"A right, but keep it oot o' ma road - an its only till it gets bigger an kin fend fir itself.
"Mum"
"What now?"
"Will ye no tell Pete incase he hurts it?"
"A right, a'll no"

Cathy told no one about her bird and kept it hidden in her bedroom from her brother. Every day before she went to school she fed it and when she came home at lunch-time and once again at tea time. Cathy looked after her bird as if it was her own baby.

The Saturday after she found the bird she was out shopping and Pete was in the house on his own. He was looking in Cathys bedroom for one of his records when he came across the sparrow. Pete had never really liked birds and was jealous that Cathy had something else to occupy her time apart from running after him. He picked up the sparrow and went to the window. But just at that moment Cathy came in. She saw that he held in his hand and she dropped the shopping and ran at him shouting

"Pete! Pete! please leave him.

Mum, Pete's got ma sparrow. Mum tell him tae leave it, he's gonny fling it oot the windae. Mum please tell him."

But it was too late, the bird had gone. Cathy ran down the stairs to get it but she was too late. the bird was dead. She picked it up and looked at it, then up to her window where her brother was watching. She ran up the stairs, straight to Pete and shouted

"You've killed ma wee sparrow!"

Karen Rain

The Disco Kid

John wanted to go to a disco at 7 o'clock that night but father would not let him.

"Dad!"
"What?" said his father
"Can I go to the disco the night?"
"No you're not going and that's that"
"Ach dad, everyone else is going in my class. No wonder they call me a swot."
"Well you're not"
"Why not?"
"What time does it finish?"
"10.00"
"No it will be far too dark and all the drunks will be coming out the pubs and what about thae big gangs at night?"

"Well I'm going"
"No you're not."

But John walked out the door and met his friend at the disco hall. John was only 13 years of age and he had no mother so his father was the only one he had to look after him. They didn't often agree but his father tried to do his best to be friendly and to please John. John didn't really go out at nights. But this night he had.

When John got to the disco hall he went in the hall with his friend and all he could see was people with different colours of skin dancing as the lights were dim and shining on to them. He could see and smell blue smoke coming from boys who thought they were hard. He saw a crowd of girls in the corner talking. Some of the boys there had their shirts open as they were sweating. And when it came half-time they had some refreshments. At five to ten everyone made a dash for their coats.

It was now 10 o'clock and the disco was now finishing. With the last record John felt a bit exhausted and hot as he had been dancing all night. He got his coat and made his way home by himself. He had just reached the beginning of the terrace where he lived, when a gang came past. Most of them had crew-cuts. They wore wranglers and had stud jackets and when the light caught the studs they looked like cat's eyes shining in the dark. Some of them had chains coming from one pocket to other. On the back of

the leaders jacket there was a devil. Some had cigarettes in their hands, most of them were cowards trying to act big hard nuts.

They did not notice him at first but then they noticed his clothes as they were so up to date. Suddenly John noticed they were coming across the road towards him and he remembered what his father said about gangs, They were coming closer and closer and John was getting the feeling they were following him. He made up his mind that at the next bend of the street he would run for it. But that did not happen, they got him before he got to the bend. They all crowded round him.

"I dig your suit" said one of the gang.

But John just ignored them and said,

"Excuse me"

Then the gang said

"Oh the little boy's got manners has he."

John saw an opening in the circle and ran through and as he did this he dropped ten pence. One of the gang picked it up and said to the leader.

"Oh the boy, the little boy's got money, Look"

The leader said

"Right, lets grab him,"

So the gang ran after him and when they got him they theatened to give him a doing if he didn't give the rest of the money to the gang. John did not know what to do as he had a pound on him that night, so he just said

"I have not got any other money on me."

The leader said

"I don't believe you. Search him"

So one of the gang searched him in each pocket and in the last pocket the boy found the pound note and said

"Look what I've found here."

The Leader said

"So you would tell a lie to me would you? Right lads, do him up."

John could not escape. He felt afraid as the gang punched him and John felt unconscious and fell to the ground leaning up against the wall in a sitting position. The gang was going to do more to him but the leader said

"That'll do, lads, just leave him there"

By now it was getting on for quarter to twelve and John's father was getting worried. His father went out to look for him and he found him with a bleeding nose, a black eye and a big lump on his head. His father took him home and sorted his cuts and in the morning John said he had learned his lesson and his father said

"The next time you go to a disco I will come and meet you after the disco has finished."

171

Linda Christie

A dog and his Master

One day a scruffy master and his dog were walking along a narrow road. The master was limping and his old scuffy coat seemed to be dragging him down. His face was twisted and his eyes were beginning to close. Patch his dog just tagged along beside him black and white with a big bushy tail.

Suddenly the dog walked in front of his master and the masters face changed from a tired old man to a very angry man as his face was scowling like mad. He got tight hold of his walking stick and beat the dog hard. The howling dog ran away from its master. His master hobbled along helplessly after Patch.

The dog ran down the narrow road and along the dusty pavements until he came to a nice big butcher shop. Patch ran into the shop. He saw some sausages so he pulled the whole lot down and started to eat them. He took some sausages to a park and the assistant came running after him. He slept in the park all night and in the morning he was very hungry because he didn't get his normal food that he would have got from his master. Patch went out looking for more food in the shop and in old buckets.

He couldn't find any. He decided that he didn't like that kind of life. He started to make his way back to his master.

Meanwhile, the master, who was missing his dog, was sorry he had got angry and started to beat the dog with his walking stick. He had never been cruel to his dog before,he just didn't know what had come over him. The master spent most of the day looking for Patch around the area he saw him heading for, but without any luck. Next day as the master was having his breakfast he decided to have another look for Patch.

He got his coat and hat on and as he opened the door there was Patch lying on the door step. Patch was so pleased to see his master that he jumped up and nearly knocked him over. The master knew Patch would be very hungry so he gave him a big feed. After Patch had eaten he fell asleep as he was very exhausted. After Patch had rested, his master felt like going for some fresh air.

As they were walking down the road Patch's eye caught a cat. He started to chase it as it ran across the busy road. But it was too late for Patch, he was hit by a car and by the time the master got there Patch was dead. He felt very sad because this time he had lost his little friend for good.

Lorraine Smith

The Loser

He walked on to the deck of the small yacht. Rays of sun poured down like thick honey. Sure it would be easy. His mates would go down below, tie up old "J.J" and sell him to the Brazilian Government. "J.J" had valuable information that would interest them.

The rest of the crew who were stupid enough not to agree would be thrown over board with their feet in concrete. By the time anybody found them missing, they would be living it up in Brazil with the money from the Brazilian Government and the money from "J J's" safe below deck.

Suddenly Ken gave the sign. He ran over to Mike,

"Come on, Mike," he said
"Hey, Chris," shouted Mike,"Come on"
"No," replied Chris

172

"Whats the matter?" said Ken.
"Can't do it," said Chris.
"Your crappin it," said Ken.
"I can't do it," replied Chris.

Just then the thunder struck, the sail was torn at the mast. The storm raged in blind fury. Chris was flung onto the compass. It shattered beneath his weight, glass went flying everywhere,

"Chris," shouted Ken,
"There goes the bloody compass"

On the third day of the storm they were adrift. Suddenly Chris made a dive for the door of "J.J's" cabin. He jumped the stairs. "J.J" was opening the safe, Chris threw him to the side and grabbed the money. He tied the strong box to his wrist with a cord.

Ken shouted,

"You stupid bloody idiot, what about the blasted ransom?"

Chris ignored him and ran onto the deck. He grabbed a life belt and dived over board, the money still with him. Chris swam frantically away and at the end of the day the yacht was out of sight. After Chris had been floating for about four days the weight of the money was almost dragging his life belt under the water.

On the sixth day he had given up hope. The relentless sun baked his head. Night was his only santuary from the sun.

On the eight day Chris spotted a triangular shape in the distance. The shark, for shark it was, darted forward. Chris spewed his guts as the shark ripped his leg from his body, but by some luck a giant squid had also been spotted by the shark. The squid fired his inky blue screen. The squids defence system was working and Chris floated away leaving a trail of dark blood behind him.
The money was dragging him down, his life belt was his only support. He passed out. The next he knew he was in a mud and straw hut. He dragged himself to the door, and clambered into an ox-cart. All he wanted to do was to get away. Soon the ox-cart was driven away. In about three hours he was in a town. To his amazement across the road was a hospital. He pulled himself across the road into the hospital.

The doctors used all their skill and all Chris's money to heal his swollen festering leg.

Three years later a tourist to Brazil was confronted by a beggar with only one leg.

"Money Sir," said the beggar.

Ken walked passed Chris into the distance. Chris looked at the bright scars on his wrist made by the cord and the weight of the money.

Blair Flockhart

<u>What a Game</u>

Jonathon! Jonathon! The sound of the crowd chanting his name was ringing in his ears, as he led the Chicago tigers out into the stadium.

The tigers were champions of the U.S.A. American football league and they were now to play their toughest ever game, against the Canadian champions, Montreal Flyers!

The Chicago team are firm favourites to win because of that one man, Jonathon Lee.

Jonathon was 5ft 11 in and weighed around fourteen stone. His eyes were deep brown and he had short, jet black hair. But when he was on the pitch everything changed. He turned into a ferocious beast, eager to get his hands on the ball, and when he did, not many men could stop him.

"Right captains," beckoned the ref.
"Keep your team under control and don't lose the head."
"Yep" was Jonathon's reply.

So too did Don Marshall, the flyers captain reply.

"O.K."

So it was the flyers to kick off. Their pitcher ran up and took a mighty swipe at the egg shaped leather ball. It soared into the air, and landed with a bump in the tiger's thrower's arms.

"Joey, Joey"

Cried Jonathon. The ball came. In seconds it had been booted strongly out of play and into the massive 110,000 crowd. It was the flyers put in.

"Hup 42, 36, 44, let's go!" cried the backer. He flicked the ball backwards to the pitcher and charged forwards. The pitcher took the ball and flung it into the air.

"Go baby go," he screamed.

As the ball flew over the heads of the opponents straight to Tommy Munro the backer side footed two players before crashing the ball on the grass behind the touch-line.

The flyers had scored! The players were as happy as their fans who were now in full voice. But soon the ball was back in play. Jonathon had it, he beat one man then another and another. But then came the crunching tackle from flyer's captain Don Marshall. Jonathon fell to the dark green surface and lay in pain for some time.

Then again the ball fell to little Tommy Munro who pushed it on to Don and then on to Jimmy Grey the pitcher. The ball sped round the team like a bullet. The ball was in a huge maul on the tiger's 10 yard line.

Then the ball broke loose and little Tommy yet again put it down for a second score to the flyers. Twelve - nil!

As trouble broke out in the stadium, a grim-faced Jonathon Lee kicked for goal only to hear the referee shoot the gun which would bring the first half to a halt.

The tiger's coach was furious with the first half performance.

"That was utter garbage," he bellowed
"Everyone's playing crap, even you Jonathon, Whats wrong?"
"Aw, we just aint getting the breaks coach, you'll see it'll work out alright A'm sure." answered Jonathon.
"Well, you better be right" concluded the coach.

But in the other dressing-room everything was much different.

"Great lads! Great." said the coach
"But for God's sake don't slacken off."
"You've got this team, but give them half a chance and they'll be back in this game! he added.

The referee beckoned the teams back on to the pitch to start the second half. Jonathon restarted with a mighty kick which the flyers had to concede and force a ten yard drop out. The drop out came in and the ball was grabbed by Jonathon who dummied everyone before falling on the ball to score. Twelve - six!

Now the crowd began to chant Jonathon's name. Jonathon! Jonathon! they cried, and as they did so he turned and gave them the victory sign.

Now,yet again the tigers were on the attack. 35 yards out they were awarded a penalty after Jonathon had been punched by one of the flyers.

Jonathon took it himself. He ran, he hit it and he scored. The ball flew through the air like an arrow, straight between the posts. Twelve - eight!

Thirty five minutes had passed in the second half, ten minutes left. Could the tigers do it, or could the flyers hold out? Six minutes left, five, four, but now the tigers are awarded another penalty for tripping.

It was Jonathon again who was to take it, he placed the ball on the spot and glared at it then at the post which loomed up in front of him. He ran to the ball and thumped it into the air, soaring high into the sky. But it was straight and the tigers had scored. Twelve Ten!

Now there was only two minutes to go: could the flyers hold out? One minute to go, thirty seconds, is this the end of Jonathon and his team? Twenty seconds, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, the tigers were still pouring on the pressure, but that's it. All the players trooped off the pitch, some with faces of relief, some with faces of grief. All except Jonathon who had slumped to his knees and was crying.

"How the hell did we lose," he sobbed.

This great player had fallen in one game. Was this the end of the great Jonathon Lee?

Scott Fraser

He didn't Turn up

Jenny is stout, she has greasy hair and spots and is worried about her looks. She is just an ordinary girl who meets a 15 year old boy called Dave at a disco. The disco is beginning to liven up. Jenny's pals are there and the rock and roll records are on. Dave wanders over to Jenny and begins to talk to her.

"Hi there"
"Hello"
"Good disco isn't it"
"Yes, its quite good"
"What's your name"
"Jenny, whats yours"
"Oh, my names Dave. Fancy a dance"
"Oh! please"
"Okay came on"

Jenny dances on and on with Dave and notices her friend green with envy. A couple of hours later Dave and Jenny have a Coke and Hamburger at the Snack Bar in the disco. She has another couple of dances with Dave and then goes home thinking she can't be all that bad looking. She goes up stairs into the house and as she was going up the stairs she hears her mum shouting.

"Where have you been? Do you see the time,"
"I was at the disco, I met a boy called Dave"
"You're too young to have a boyfriend."
"Mum! I'm 15. I'm not a baby.
"All the same, don't see him again."

Jenny ran up the stair, tears streaming down her cheeks, hating her mum for spoiling a lovely evening. The door slammed. In walked her dad, drunk!

"Whats all the noise? Who's crying?"
"Your daughter up stairs. She said that she met this boy called Dave, and she likes him. I told her she's too young to have a boyfriend."
"You what! Jenny is old enough to look after herself."
"Well she's up stairs. You can see her in the morning."

4 o'clock came, next day. Dave hadn't been out of her mind except when she had to do her History test in a rush. Suddenly there was Dave, walking towards her.

"Hi there Jenny"
"Hi Dave"
"Where you going?"
"I'm going home"
"Come on, walk you home"
"No Dave, doesn't matter"
"Why not?"
"Mum says I've not to see you again."
"Why ?"
"She says I'm too young to have a boyfriend"
"Never mind her, how about a date?"
"Can't wouldn't be allowed"
"Come on, your mum will never know"
"Okay then."
"Great, I'll see you about 7.30 outside the pictures at Telford Drive.

Jenny went home, not daring to tell her mum about Dave. Friday came and as she changed her mum asked her;

"Where you going?"
"Out to the disco"
"Who with?"
"Sally, my best friend"
"You sure? You're not going out with that boy?
"No mum! honest! I'm not"
"I'm coming to collect you after the disco."
"Oh! mum its really alright. I'm going to the Snack bar afterwards."
"Well alright"
"Thanks mum"
"Don't be late now"
"No, mum"

Jenny went off trying to look her best. She arrived at the pictures about 7.15 and was waiting patiently. 7.45 came, no Dave.

"Oh, he's missed the bus," she thought.

8.30 came, still no Dave.

He hadn't turned up. 9.00 came, Jenny came to the conclusion, Dave, the boy she liked so much, had left her for someone nicer.

Sheila Hammond

The Final Straw ...

She awoke suddenly, very startled. Then it started, everytime Anne was in a foul mood, the teacher always tried to make her worse and nearly always succeeded.

"Anne Rigby, stand up!"
"Yes Miss."
"What are you doing?"
"Nothing!"
"None of your lies," shouted Miss Bryan.
"I will ask you again and this time, I want a truthful answer. Now, what were you doing?"

Anne felt her face gradually going very red indeed.

"Reading, Miss."
"No, you weren't. When I looked up, I saw you, as usual dreaming about your normal subject, boys. Or what was it this time?"

Anne's temper was slowly rising. Why is it always me, she was asking herself and in her temper, snapped at the teacher.

"What is it to you, what I was dreaming about?"
"Right then, one hundred lines for tomorrow, I must not be cheeky to my teacher."

Anne sat down, still fuming mad. She got out her maths jotter and text book, turned to the page she was told to work at. She never lifted her head until she was told to give her jotter to the teacher for checking.

"Come out here, Janice Lyon and Anne Rigby."
"What is she wanting now?" Anne asked herself.
"Which of you two, were copying? You Anne?
"No, Miss," answered Anne in a huffy tone.
"Oh, you Anne, are becoming a proper little madam! If you don't get your own way, you put on a huffy face and bite everyone's nose off."

Just then, the lunchbreak bell rang and everyone filed out. Anne shrugged it off, it didn't bother her what people said. But deep down inside she felt a deep sort of pain. It made her start to think about herself. Was she really a huffy little madam, as her teacher had pointed out? Was that everyone's opinion of her?

Anne walked sloppily along the corridor and still thinking, she met her friend, Louise.

"Hi, Anne"
"Oh Hi Louise"
"Coming to the cafe?"
"Ye okay, I'm famished"

Anne was alright through lunchtime until Davie Andrews came up to her and started to take the micky out of her.

"Who's a huffy wee madam then?"
"Oh go away."
"Why who's going to make me then?"
"Don't bother me, you're just a coward"

The argument got worse and more and more aggressive,with foul words being used. Anne and Davie fought on for quite a while. Anne was kicking and punching as she had never done before. Eventually Anne said to Davie, continually kicking at his leg.

"You think your fabulous, Davie Andrews, at everything."
"You're nothing but a snob," shouted Davie.

Anne stopped! Turned round and slapped Davie across the face. She walked away thinking.

"Perhaps he is right, I am a snob!

A Car Accident

David Densley was a man in his twenties with a family of two. Like most young men David wore modern clothes and platform shoes. David is about six foot in height with blue eyes, dark curly hair, with on oval shaped face.

One thing about David was that he was a cheerful and happy man who even made people happier when they were sad. For an occupation David worked as a bank manager and took part in rugby and golf tournaments at the weekend, usually at Saint Andrews.

Recently David had purchased himself a bright blue sports car with silver headlights. It had taken David quite a long time to save up for the car. On his way back from rugby in his new car, he thought of all the adventures and picnics he and his wife could have with their new car. Suddenly CRASH! the sportscar went into collision with a lorry. The lorry squashed the cars bonnet flat and the windscreen smashed into thousands of fragments. The driver of the lorry was unharmed so he tried to rescue David. He could not do this as the car was over on its side. The driver phoned the police and ambulance to come to the scene.

On arriving they freed David and found his legs were crushed so the ambulance men amputated from his knee cap downwards.

David's wife, a woman in her twenties with short paged brown hair, blue eyes and a pale complexion was shocked to hear that her husband had his legs amputated. Each day Louise (David's wife's name) travelled to and fro to the hospital to see her husband. After three months David was given artifical legs and discharged from hospital. On that day Louisecollected David and took him home to his home to start a new life.

Janet Buckle

"Claws"

On the Coast of Ireland there is a holiday resort. In the summer this holiday resort is very busy and the villagers make goods for the tourists and the hotels are always full.

Patrick O'Riley and his family were spending a weeks holiday there in a hotel. Next door to them lived the Cassidy family who were there on a fishing trip. As you come into the village there is a small police station which also is used as a town hall. The police force is not a big one, there are only three police men but the village only needs three. The sergeant who was in charge was called Pete Holder. The two PC'S were called George MacKay and Harry Cannon.

It was a warm night. Mr Cassidy and Iain decided to do a bit of night fishing. As they didn't catch anything in the morning Mr Cassidy and Iain boarded a small ship and they asked the skipper if he could take them into deep water where they might catch a few skate or even the odd shark.

"What bait do you think we should use Iain?"
"Well, dad, I think slices of mackeral might catch something,"
"Yes Iain I agree. Lets get cracking."

Iain and his dad were soon in action. After a few casts Iain caught a 15lb cod and his dad got stuck into the first and last skate that night although he nearly lost it when he was bringing it abroad because Iain couldn't find the gaff. He used a net. The skate weighed 6 lb. 2oz.

Suddenly there was a crashing noise coming from the stern and Mr Jones (the

skipper) started screaming in agony. Mr Cassidy and Iain threw their rods on the deck and climbed down the steps to where the noise had come from. When they got there they saw Mr Jones sprawled out face downward on the floor. Mister Cassidy rushed to Mister Jones and Iain went for the first-aid box. Mr Cassidy turned Mr Jones on his back and was paralysed with shock when he saw Mr Jones's stomach dangling out and his head mixed up, with fragments of brain scattered about the torso. When Iain came in Mr Cassidy had put a tarpaulin sheet over Mr Jones.

"Dad, what the hell's happened? and what is wrong with Mr Jones?" asked Iain."
"I, I don't know but we better get this tub back because look at that big gash on the side of the boat."

At the harbour Iain and his dad reported the incident to Pete Holder. Pete said Mr Jones had probably taken a heart attack and as for the hole on the side if the boat it could have been anything.

It was 1.30 am before Iain and his dad got back.

"Well what did you catch?" asked Mrs Cassidy rushing to meet them. They didn't answer but instead sat down on the two chairs nearest the fire.
"You look as if you have seen a ghost," said Catherine (Iain's small sister.)
"Not far wrong," answered Iain.
"Well then, what happened?" asked Catherine.
"Can't you shut your gob for five seconds you fat.....,"
"Iain!" shouted Mrs Cassidy.
"Don't talk to your sister like that."
"Sorry mum."

Mr Cassidy interupted.

"Catherine, go and make a cup of coffee please."

And then he told them the story. Mr Cassidy finished the coffee and said,

"Christ, I'm knackered."
"I'm going to bed."
"Me too, said Iain.

The next day Catherine and her mum went shopping while Iain and his dad fished off the harbour mouth.

It was 2.35 pm when Iain caught two mackerel on feathers. Mr Cassidy suggested that if they could catch enough mackeral here they could go out in a boat to try to catch bigger fish. Iain had caught five mackeral and a baby flounder which he threw back and his dad caught six mackeral and a cluster of seaweed. Iain and his dad got on board the "Sea Rider."

It was 5.30 pm when Iain and his dad reached the fishing ground. They didn't catch anything so they decided to leave. As they were entering the harbour they heard a strange bubbling noise.

"What was that?" asked Iain."
"I don't know. What do you think Hooper (the skipper)?"
"What?" Hooper asked.
"That bubbling noise." Mr Cassidy said.
"I heard no bubbling noise. Anyway I was greasing the anchor chain."
"SNAP" a noise came from the stern.
"What was that?" asked Hooper.
"I don't know but lets find out," said Mr Cassidy.
"Iain, go and get Pete Holder and his merry men."
"OK dad."

Iain jumped from the boat and ran to the cop shop. Mr. Cassidy and Hooper ran to the door of the cabin.

"Here take this," said Hooper handing Mr Cassidy an axe.
"TA," Hooper had a three foot chain in his hand.
"Come on, let's see what the noise was."
"Anything you say," said Mr Cassidy.

When the two men got to the engine room the floor was covered in three inches of water. The water was coming from a gash on the bottom of the boat.

"Christ, what's happened ere?" said Hooper.
"SNAP!" A snapping noise came under Hooper.
"Look out!" cried Mr Cassidy as a claw came through a gash underneath Hooper.

Like a piston engine, the claw snapped around Hooper's ankle, cutting his foot off as if it was a bit of thread.

"AAGH, Ya vicious skittery get," screamed Hooper as he staggered to the ground.

"Crack!" another gash to the left of Hooper opened and another great claw came through it.

"Jesus, what is it," said Mr Cassidy.

Hooper took a swipe at one of the claws with his chain only making a tiny chip in it.

Then the boat erupted, sending splintering wood everywhere. Mr Cassidy and Hooper submerged not far from the harbour wall. On the wall was Iain, Pete and a P.C. The other P.C was just coming after he had phoned for an army helicopter. Everyone by then had seen that the vicious beast was a giant crab with razor sharp spikes sticking out of its armoured shell. Hooper was nearest the crab. The crab glided along the bottom of the harbour and reached up for Hooper. Hooper's frantic gasp for air was dissolved in gushes of blood as the crab's claw sliced him in half. Hooper's lifeless torso sank to the bottom. Mr Cassidy soon realised how far he would have to swim when heard a chugging noise above the commotion. He looked up into the clear blue sky. It was an R.A.F. helicopter. The door on the side of it was open and a man was peering out with a grenade in each hand and a box of six beside him. The crab made for Mr Cassidy. The co-pilot dropped a grenade. It exploded instantly when it made contact with the crabs shell. The grenade made a crack up the crabs back. Another grenade exploded which tore off the crabs shell. The crab grunted in pain. Another two grenades exploded killing the beast almost instantly. The lifeless crab sank to the bottom as Mr Cassidy was hauled ashore. Mr Cassidy and Iain were given a police escort to the hospital and later Mr Cassidy was discharged in time for Mr Jones' and Hooper's funeral.

Alan Pottage

A Midnight Rider

Lorna was a spoilt girl. She was 13 with long blond hair tied back with clasps. She lived with her aunt in the country, her aunt was old and strict. She had lots of servants, one was a boy John. John was 14 years old and worked in the stables. He had blond hair, blue eyes.

One day Lorna decided to go for a ride on the moor with her favorite horse. When she got there, she decided to race the horse. Just as she was turning a sharp bend, a grass snake crawled out of the earth and startled the horse which went galloping on until it eventually stopped when it fell over a log. Lorna went flying into a nearby tree.

Back home Lorna's aunt was worried because it was eleven o'clock at night. So she sent John out to look for her on a new stallion. He knew exactly where to look; he went down the moor, followed a path for half an hour and eventually found her. He put her on his horse, took his gun and shot the horse as it was in agony. When they got home her aunt put her to bed. In the morning she was upset about John killing her horse. But her aunt promised her a new stallion. Now every time she goes out riding she goes with an escort.

Margaret Turnbull

A Lesson for Carol

It was a cold December morning and the wind was howling. The litter was scattered across the street. The windows were rattling like a mouse in a trap. My mother called me from the stairs.

"Carol, its time to get up for school. You don't want to be late on your first day."

I thought to myself why should I go? I hate school. Anyway I didn't choose to move house. My parents never think about me. I've made up my mind, I'm not going. I need a break. But how can I tell them - they'll never understand.

Once again my mother shouted

"Carol, get up this instance. Do you hear me?"

This time her voice was angry. She opened the door.

"Carol are you deaf? Did you not hear me shout on you?"
"I don't feel well."
"What's wrong with you?"
"I just don't feel well, mum."
"Don't talk rubbish. Now get up and get ready for school. If you're not down in ten minutes look out."

This was my only chance to escape from this house. I gazed up at my grubby case. Shall I run away?. I had to think fast. I had some money in my bank, yes I shall.

I quickly got up and dressed myself. O no, my mother is coming.

"Carol I warned you!"

Quickly I locked the door. She banged the door with her fists.

"Let me in, Carol"
"No, I will not"
"Well of all the nerve. Wait till your father comes in. You'll not be able to sit down for a week."

I thought to myself, where will I sleep, what will happen when I run out of money? These thoughts were running through my mind. I looked at my clock it was ten past eight. I must hurry, my father will be home at nine forty five. I took my case down from the top of the cabinet and quickly put some things that I would be needing for the next week or so into the case. I emptied my bank: five pounds thirty six and a half pence: That would only last me round about three days. I took another glance at the clock: twenty past eight. Where I was going I had no time to think. I'll go to Bathgate.

I waited for a bus.

'Sorry missey, it's full."
"But couldn't I just squeeze on?'
"Sorry!" The bus drove away. Just my luck.

"Come down here this instant!"

He was in some temper. He went thumping up the stairs, banged on the door.

"Let me in!" no answer. His face was red with temper. He broke the door down.

"Pat, come up here. She's not, not in her room."

His wife ran up the stairs.

"Fred, the window was open. She must have run away. Fred, I'll have to get the police"
"Now, now, don't go into a panic. If she's not back by one o'clock, we'll tell the police."
"Aye all right then, but it wisny oor fault."
"Now, just have a rest and calm yourself."

Here's the bus at last.

"Right lassie where ye gone tae."
"Bathgate."
"That'll be 69 pence please"
"There"
"Thank you."

45 minutes later. I arrived at Bathgate. I'll go up to my friend's house, Diane. On arriving I rang the bell. Ding - dong.

"Oh hi Carol, come in. Just come up to my bedroom. How are you liking your new house?"
"I've ran away."
"Stop kidding me."
"I'm not."
"What did you do a thing like that for?"

After half an hour Diane said,

"I'm sorry Carol but I can't keep you here."
"O, I didn't think you could. Well I better be going. I really am sorry. Bye - Bye."

I got on the bus and went straight home. How foolish of me, I thought, what will mum and dad think?

At home I opened the door.

"O Carol, where have you been? we have already got the police out looking for you. Keeping your mother and father like this it's dreadful. Get up to your bed and don't ever let that happen again. And don't think I'm letting it go just like that - your pocket money has stopped for a month and you're not allowed out for two weeks. All the thoughts that were going through my mind. For all I know you could have been dead."

Dawn McLeod

A Big Mistake from David

David was a quiet boy according to his mother and father. When he is by-himself he would talk to everyone and muck about with them until his gang of mates came. They were really trouble-makers and they used to always get up to something like smashing windows or breaking into shops. David was really a big hard nut with them but without them he would be OK. His mother and father didn't know anything about this until something happened one day. David was sitting at the kitchen table having his tea. The door bell went and his mother answered it. It was his scruffy mates. They said,

"David coming out?"

His mother replied,

"David's going to the club tonight with his friends."

Of course it didn't occur to David's mother that they were his friends as they

talked differently from David and they wore black jackets with silver studs on and looked so much like troublemakers. As David was going to see them his mother just shut the door.

"Who are these boys?" she said.
"I just talk to them and don't muck about with them," he replied!
"I hope that's true, as if you do muck about with them, you would probably end up in jail, which your father would definitely not like nor would I," she replied!

His mother believed him and didn't think anymore of it. David went out that night and met his mates at the club. One of David's mates, Jim, said,

"Fancy screwing a shop tonight?"
"Brilliant idea," said his other mate Jake," and anyway I need money, my mum threw me out the house, because I had no money to give her."

Jim had been staying in Glasgow for years the same as David and Jake, but he knew most about the shops: if they had a back door it would be easier as there are no front streets. He had this pick which would open any doors especially old ones. It was an old shop they were going to do, on the corner of a street and an old lady owned it. Eventually they opened the backdoor and crept in. It was very dark and they could hardly see. They weren't really afraid as they had been in jail before and they knew what it was like. David had to stand in the front street, and if he saw anything coming he would either shout or knock on the window. They weren't thinking of getting caught or anything, except David, who was shaking like a leaf. As usual they were making him do things that he didn't want to do. He didn't need to go into the shop as they told him to watch in case anyone was watching. They got all the things they wanted especially the money and cigarettes, but as they were coming out of the shop, David saw the police and shouted,

"Run hurry, there's a police van!"

They got out as quick as they could but of course they got caught, and all of them were in jail including David. David told the police everything that happened and whose idea it was. After that the police went round to David's house and told his mother of the incident, and that he was in jail. His mother and father couldn't believe it and his mother started crying. The next day they had to go to court. His two mates Jim and Jake got three months in the jail and David got a ten pound fine, and of course his mother and father paid for him. Then they went home and David explained everything to them and what the gang made him do. After that everything was alright and David didn't see Jim or Jake again.

Diane Modiak

Vacant Possesion

Angela was thirteen years of age, plump, greasy hair and spotty. Belinda was nineteen, pretty and clever. I used to have to do everything for her like sew her buttons on and always making endless cups of coffee. What I mostly envied about Belinda was her bedroom. It was right up at the top of the house, it was self-contained as it had been a bedsit once before. It had a gas ring in it and had loads of shelf space which was wasted on Belinda. All of a sudden mum's voice shouted

"Angela will you come and start tea as Belinda wants to go out early?"

I got to the bottom of the stairs. I said under my breath.

"Why should I? I'm like an unpaid maid."
"What was that Angie dear?"
"Nothing mum"

While waiting for the egg to boil I thought perhaps Belinda will leave home and I'll get her room. She had been going around with David Young for quite a while now and he was quite nice looking. Maybe she'd get married to David. Belinda was getting her make-up on when I went into her room with a cup of coffee, put it down and walked over to the window. Thoughts were in my mind.

"It's a lovely night" I said casually.
"Oh yes"
"The moon is full, it makes everything look so romantic doesn't it?"
"Yes, it does, doesn't it"

She had finished putting on her make-up and was going downstairs. I followed. When David arrived I heard her suggest a walk in the park, as they went out. I tried to keep awake to hear what had happened but I must have fallen asleep. But as there was no excitement the next morning, I guessed nothing had come of it.

By now I'd set my heart on Belinda's room, I'd even decided on decorating it yellow and white. Belinda had a date with David on Sunday and were going out in David's dad's car.

"Where are you going?"
"We haven't decided yet. We were going down to the sea but since it is raining we're not going now."

They eventually went for a walk in the rain armed with brollies. When they came back soaked to the skin, Belinda asked if she could invite David for a meal while mum and dad were out. Mum agreed but was a little bit apprehensive but I chipped in and said that I'd help prepare the meal and Belinda could serve it out, pretending she had cooked the meal. Friday came and mum and dad were getting ready and I was preparing the meal. After the meal I made coffee and through the hatch I heard David asking Belinda to marry him.

"Of course I will David."

Good, they were getting married and I was going to get Belinda's room after all. But when mum came back Belinda said they were going to get married and after the honeymoon move into Belinda's room. Oh well, bang goes my idea of Belinda's room.

Jane King

Sports Mad

When Mr. Grey got up on Tuesday morning he had a very bad cough so he decided that he would go to the doctors.

Mr Grey was quite a tall man and he wore specs and had short black hair and he was keen on athletics.

The doctor told Mr Grey that he would have to go to hospital for some X-rays.

A week later Mr. Grey went to hospital and sat in the silent waiting room. Mr Grey waited about half an hour before a nurse stepped in and asked Mr. Grey if he would follow her. Silently they both walked down the long corrider.

The floor was covered with shiny linoleum and glossy wallpaper. Then the nurse turned to her left and they are in the X-ray room, with the doctor and a nurse standing waiting for them. The doctor told Mr. Grey to take his clothes off down

to the waist and to stand on the X-ray machine. After the X-rays the doctor told Mr. Grey that he had a bad heart and they couldn't do anything about it except give him pain-killers.

Day by day Mr Grey got worse and the painkillers were doing no-use. But Mr Greys luck changed and he began to get better and the doctor told him that they might be able to let him out in a couple of weeks. A few weeks later Mr Grey was told by the doctor that he would be allowed out. But the doctor also told Mr Grey that he would not be allowed to carry on with his athletics. Once Mr Grey was told this he thought that life would not be worth living if he could take part in athletics.

Mr Grey disobeyed the doctors orders and one day when he was at the track as he came into the homestraight Mr Grey put a spurt for the tape but ten yards from home Mr Grey collapsed in a heap and never recovered. He had had his last heart attack and he was dead.

John Duff

The Football Match

The dim street in London was very lonely and empty apart from young Tommy Briden who was strolling along the road - unhappily, for his eager father wouldn't let him go to the football match. As he walked along happily he heard his father shouting for him:

"Tommy, come here."

Tommy didn't reply

"Just wait till I get that damn boy."

Tommy hesitated and went.

"Where have you been Tommy?"
"I just went out."
"I told you not to go out. Get in that damn house and up to your bedroom. I'll be up in a minute."

Tommy ran up with his Dad's boots clumping at the back of him. Tommy got to his room, got in and locked the door. His dad eventually reached the door, turned the handle. It was locked-

"Tommy open that damn door"
"No, I hate you"
"Don't want none of your cheek, son"

His dad charged at the door. Crack! Thud! - it opened. He saw his son with his shoulders all shugged up and his arms over his head, sobbing. Tommy's heart was jumping like a football and he was still sobbing his eyes out.

"Whats the matter with you?"
"I hate you,you never take me anywhere"

Dring, Dring.

"I'll git that. You wait here, Tommy"
"It's your pals."
"Right, you big-"

Tommy opened his bedroom window, grabbed his scarf and hat and dreeped out of the window - his dad came up the stairs

"Where the hell is that damn boy - I'm not finished with him yet"

He looked for Tommy in his bedroom.

"Aw naw, he's dreeped out of the window, I'll get his blood for this, I'll bloody kill him"

Tommy, was still going down the road with his pals

"Come on, Tommy, this will be a magic game."

They were still walking when the big fellow came up to them.

"Come here the now, pal."
"What is it?"
"I want you to screw a shop."
"Aw, I don't know."
"Come on, yir pals can help you, how about it? I'll gae yaes two pound each"
"Yiv got a deal."
"Right. This is what I want you to do. I want you to go over to that house and break into it"

"What, Miss Young's hoose? She's just an auld widow though."
"Remember the money."
"Well alright"
"Right, gon dae it. I'll hud yir fitba gear."
"Right."

They walked across the road, climbed up the roof and up to the attic. They were in. They went down stairs and saw Mrs Young making coffee. They let the big man in.

"Now, we'll have tae be very quiet."
"Right"
"Now, Davy, here's a hanky I want you to go down stairs and jump her. You got that?"
"Aye."
"Here's another hanky, cover your face up"

Davy went down the stairs covering his face up with the hanky, jumped Mrs Young and gagged her.

"Hey, pass some rope down."
"Here."
"Thanks"
"Right, I want you to go round with this sack and put everything that's valuable in it."
"But what about the match?"
"Yu'll see it."
"What about you? You canny just sit there."
"I know. I'm gonny steal things we can eat."
"Right"
"Right"
"Come on, lets go."

They walked down and saw Miss Young with a blanket over her head, gagged and tied.

"Hmm, Hmm"
"Shut her up, Davy"
"Right"
"Shut up or I'll punch your eye in"
Whack! He hit her right in the face.
Matt took a clock, 33 pounds.
"Tommy, we got the stuff."
"Wait a minute"
"What fir?"
"A' canny go home wi a' this."
"I'm runnin away"

He took tins of soup, packets of biscuits, two pounds, a chicken leg, a lump of roast beef, and chocolate cakes.

"Right, let's go? - ?"
"What about that boy that told us to do this?"
"Well run away fae him."

They went up stairs and into the attic. Mrs Young got free. She went to the phone and dialed 999.

"Police, please"

They ran out the house and the police were coming.

"Hey, that's Tommy Briden and his pals."

They got caught and were put in a home for 2 years. Very unhappy boys.

The Killer Shark

Amity, a small sleepy town set on the edge of the sparkling ocean. A holiday hideaway on America's East Coast, which depended on the holiday trade for its life's blood. Every year weary, wealthy people from the smoke-laden cities arrived to lie on the beach and soak up the sun. White bodies flopped gratefully into the bracing ocean waves and then stretched themselves out for the annual prescription of warmth and rest.

The town was welcoming and opened its arms for the summer season, knowing that the big city money would keep Amity through the dead months of winter. The bleached white houses were ready for their occupants and already college kids, sand-covered children and winter-weary adults were taking up their temporary home.

A beach party was in full swing on the golden sands of Amity. The flames from the bonfire lit up the faces of the teenagers. Laughing and drinking at the start of their holiday. They were feeling happy and drink helped that instant relaxation after the end of term exams. Chrissie sat on her own staring at the ocean: the thought of a swim in the deliciously warm ocean seemed a wonderful idea. The care-free days of Summer had arrived. She ran down the beach, throwing off her clothes as she went. Tom, who'd been watching her tried to follow but the beer caught up with him and he fell behind. The silky feel of the water against her skin was refreshing, a sense of freedom in the empty sea. Lying on her back for a moment, she floated, letting her thoughts roam as she gazed at the soft, purple sky.

The sudden impact against her leg as she began to swim again threw her. Had she swam into a piece of wood? Violently, a nightmare of threshing water, echoing screams and the primitive death struggle between man and the elements, the shark found her. Before the mercy of death and oblivion took her, Chrissie was seized with the terror of imminent death. Her body was thrown into the air as helpless as a rag doll. She slammed back into the ocean, disappeared in a sickening whirlpool - down into the tearing jaws of the unseen killer.

The ocean then returned to normal, a soft swirl was all that remained of what had been, a second before, a vibrant, living human being. The beach party was still in full swing. Nobody heard or saw the murderous prowler take its prey.

Martin Brody, as Amity's new chief of Police, woke up to the telephone bell interrupting a deep sleep. He'd been dreaming about New York. This was the new life in a quiet sea-side town. He registered the information coming over the phone automatically, years of training making his brain work long before he was awake. A drowning - some woman missing from a beach party the night before. He dressed quickly, wondering why they'd taken so long to report the woman missing. Brody and a station cop took sections of the beach. Both he and Hendericks thought that the chances of finding the woman's body were slender. Her boyfriend or whatever he was explained that she'd gone for a swim the night before, leaving her clothes on the beach; but she hadn't come back. Perhaps she changed her mind and went visiting. Even Brody smiled at a woman capering around the streets of Amity stark naked. Hendericks must have found something, he was blowing his whistle loud enough.

The mutilated remnants of the woman's body made him feel sick, years of being a cop hadn't equipped him for this. He could see it had been a woman. But there the resemblance ended. What creature could tear a human being almost to shreds and then leave the leftovers to drift ashore? Brody felt his stomach heave and Hendericks looked as if he was going to pass out, his face distorted with horror.

Sitting in the reassuring surroundings of the police station he picked up the accident form. The words 'SHARK ATTACK' as a cause of death seemed very inadequate

in relation to the pitiful pieces of body he'd seen lying on the wet sand. Sure he'd seen dead bodies before but not like that, not ripped to pieces by ferocious teeth that came out of the sea.

The beaches had to be closed at least until they knew where the shark was coming from and if it was still around. It would probably never happen again but he had to be sure. It wasn't worth taking risks with lives and right now the beaches were filling up.

He could see what they were saying. Perhaps it hadn't been a shark. The theory that the girl had swum into a boat propellor made sense. It happened every few years, someone got cut to ribbons. Larry had the pressure on as Mayor of the town and a very prominent citizen, he'd pointed out that a scare would put the town out of business. With 4th July celebrations looming up one sniff of a shark scare and the town would lose its winter living. Besides who in hell was certain it was a shark? If it was, why should it ever come that close again? Brody hadn't liked the insinuations that he'd do well to follow what the town wanted if he wanted to keep his job. Larry had Ben's backing as editor of the local paper. Ben's word carried weight, it was his job to make people see things his way. When the two town giants had left him, Brody still felt ill at ease. He had no choice but to keep the beach open, yet he knew, whatever was said, there was still a risk.

The boys loved it in a seaside town. Brody watched his sons playing as he and Ellen enjoyed the day off. This was the life they should lead, healthy, restful away from the chaos that had their life in New York. He began to relax, watching the sea and squinting his eyes at the glitter.

The boy had floated out too far, he was beyond the other swimmers. The frail little body didn't stand a chance. The child disappered into a foaming of water and blood. The sea had boiled for an instant, snatched the little child into its depths and then had smoothed again like a freshly made bed.

The froth of blood and foam scattered, the end of the child's life. Briefly as the evil beast, satisfied with his helpless victim, sank back into the sea that sheltered him. There was a gentle swell on the ocean's surface.

Brody froze, his whole body tense with disbelief. It had happened, he'd been right. Emotion surged through him, rage and hatred for the shark. But most of all a sickening guilt. If he'd insisted on keeping the beach closed, it wouldn't have happened. The child had been there one minute, floating in the sun, and then gone, eaten bit by bit by the monster. He'd seen what had happened to the woman and now a child was attacked. He felt real grief, it was all too easy too imagine his own son torn limb from limb as he stood helplessly watching a battle that only had one victor - the shark.

Amity's council meeting to decide on the best solution to the shark problem left Brody feeling more full of self hatred than before. Now they believed him, now they wanted to rid the beach of the nightmare of a man-eating shark. He'd wanted to believe the boat-propellor theory that Ben and Larry had put up. Now they were faced with their own kind of truth.

Quint was a man who lived for only himself. A skilled fisherman certainly, but tough and shrewd. He didn't care about human beings left in pieces, their blood spilt by a shark. He cared about challenge and money. He knew they were all desperate, that was his ace card. They'd pay for his skill and he'd put up his price and get their shark. They smelt of fear. He'd been close enough to fear in his life to recognise the stench. He fixed his price $3,000 to catch the shark and $10,000 to kill it. Of course they'd agree they didn't care about the people any more than he did, they were scared of losing the living, their town.

Brody found that meeting Matt Hooper came as relief. The guy was a shark expert, from the Oceanographic Institute. He asked to see what was left of the first victim. Definately death from shark attack, and by Hooper's estimation a huge one.

As Hooper and Brody watched the small armada of small craft return from a massive shark hunt, they heard shouts of triumph. An 800lb., 12 foot long tiger shark had been killed. Everyone except Hooper was convinced the killer had been caught. The shark expert felt the tiger shark's bite was much smaller than the killer of Chrissie, the original victim.

Brody and Hooper, alone in the belief that the killer shark was still at large, started to make their own search. They found the abandoned craft of a local boat skipper who'd been on the hunt. The craft was partly submerged and there was no sign of the owner.

Brody watched, curbing his natural fear of the ocean, as Hooper, donning a wet suit, went into the sea to investigate. His shouts as he surfaced made it clear he'd found something. In the dive he'd discovered, but dropped, an enormous tooth. And the expert was positive it was from a Great White Shark.

This time Larry would have to listen to reason, Brody decided, as he and Hooper went to see the mayor. The same old refusal to face the grim facts greeted him as Larry smoothly dismissed their theory. He was happy to say that the tiger shark which had been caught was the killer. They'd see no more trouble on Amity's beaches. His smooth, confident face radiated confidence while Brody's feelings were of helpless despair.

The fourth of July and the beaches were jam packed. The sands black with people determind to enjoy the holiday weekend now that the shark fear was officially over. Brody had done his best, spotters and observers had been posted on all the life guard stands. Small boats, filled with rifle carriers stretched the length of the beach.

Through the calm, warm sea appeared the sign of death, a black fin etched with deadly clarity above the water's surface. Through a narrow estuary that widened into a busy pond glided the silent death. Hooper frantically in pursuit radioed other craft for help and headed, throttle fully open, after the shark.

Too late a man on the pond, thrown out of his dingy, meets the killer. Within seconds of help. The mighty shark attacks again. The man is attacked. The giant's jaws open, sharp teeth cut into the flesh. Bones are cracked with ease and the man lives no more. The sea where the man used to be is brilliant with blood, the now familiar blood laced foam is all that is left.

There was no smiling confident face in the town now - it was all out WAR. Quint's offer was taken up and the trip was arranged. He'd come back with the shark - dead or alive.

Brody's determination helped him cope with his old fear of the sea. Hooper was totally different in his attitude. Shark didn't frighten him nor did the sea. His fascination for what he considered to be one of nature's most fantastic creatures knew no bounds, even when it came to killers. As for Quint, his aim was simple: catch the shark, kill it with harpoons and sail on back to collect his money. Brody sat quiet on Quint's fishing vessel as they ploughed their way out to sea. Hooper's learned attitude to sharks and Quint's desire to get the job done were in no way thoughts in sympathy with his own. He had to catch the shark, revenge was necessary. To prevent another person being savaged in the sea was obviously important, but the desire to see the loathsome creature dead was what had spurred him to go on the hunt.

The sea was silent, only Quint and Hooper talked. Arguing about the merit of harpoon versus cynanide gun as a method of killing the great shark. The bait, sickening in itself was thrown regularly over the boat's side. Brody watched the blood-red offal flow in a trail behind them. His thoughts were on the mutilated woman and the child who'd died and the last victim who'd been dragged into the pond.

Then Brody saw him, the evil, hideously ugly snout of the shark breaking the sea surface. He shouted at Quint and he went for the harpoon gun. The shot was fired, Brody's excitement rose, conquering his sense of horror. They'd got him but in spite of the harpoon wedged firmly into its skin, it dived. Against what Quint had told him. The shark dragged the drum off the compressed air attached to the harpoon down with him. He'd escaped.

The drum, attached as it was to the harpoon, at least made it possible for them to follow the monster. As the drum bobbed occasionally to the surface, so they steered the boat. They shot him twice more but still the shark was living but not only living but triumphant. Brody felt the shark would win as he appeared again and again. He circled them, then with super strength he attacked the boat. He was going to kill them all, they had no protection. He wasn't just a shark. Brody fought down his sense of panic and he could see that Quint was equally frightened. This one didn't behave like any other sharks that the fisherman had seen in his time: this one was different - very different.

The boat began to crumble like matchwood under the fierce jaws that chopped at the sturdy fishing vessel. The night seemed suffocating. Would they survive until dawn? Brody tried to retain his self control. It was impossible for one shark to consume a fishing boat, especially when he was badly wounded with the harpoons, wasn't it?

The grey dawn arrived at last. The three men, silent; each one trying to preserve rational thought. The hideous snout appeared again. Hooper made his decision. They were to lower him in a specially constructed diving cage. This cage was designed to protect human beings from sharks, so that photographs could be taken and observations made for scientific advancement. Hooper seemed quite calm at the prospect of being lowered into the sea; actually hoping the shark would attack him, and he could go in for the kill with a cynanide gun.

Under the water the cage came to rest. Hooper inside the bars was poised. Muscles coiled for action. The cynanide gun, would kill the great shark if only he came close enough. There he was 'UGLY MUG', cavern-like gob, huge belly. Unbelievable rows of teeth. All his study, all the times he'd seen sharks close up didn't take away his sense of wonder and terror as he saw the shark close up. The attack was sudden. Carefully planned and deadly the cage was battered and split. Helpless against the onslaught, Hooper lost the gun. He managed to escape. He could never remember quite how he managed to swim free, he dived for the sea bed.

Quint and Brody sat grimly on the crippled craft. The thought of Hooper being attacked along with being trapped in that cage under the sea made them feel even more vulnerable. SHARK! Hooper had failed, poor bastard. Brody's stomach clenched in fear once more.

The harpoons stuck in the sea giant must have numbered six or seven. Still the shark ploughed on. Brody saw it rear, practically jump on the boat. This was it, their time to die. They thought death felt pleasant compared to the way in which he and Quint would have to die. Eaten alive and screaming, by that disgusting creature of the deep.

The giant body heaved itself on to the ship. Quint was snapped into the jaws that yawned as wide as a cave to engulf him. The terrified fisherman struggled fighting for his life. Brody pulled desperately at him, in vain attempt to resuscitate him.

The chest bones were crushed, the blood spilt out as the anguished screams rang around the doomed vessel.

Brody clung to the mast, too numb with shock and horror even to feel fear any longer. He'd seen Quint eaten alive, his rescue bid had been useless against the might of the shark. His mind could not absorb the facts. The shark had beaten them all. Now he was clinging to the sinking ship, knowing that it was only minutes before he fell into the sea and the shark's teeth would bite into him until he died. He'd flung the oxygen cylinder into its mouth as a last resort, at least the mighty jaws had been unable to swallow that and the giant fish had fled - only for a while, Brody knew for sure.

There it was, let death come quickly, Brody said over and over to himself. When the shark surfaced again he fired two rifle shots as much as a last act of defiance as anything else. The bullet hit the oxygen cylinder jammed in the man-eater's mouth and the whole thing exploded. Brody couldn't believe his eyes. His whole body throbbed with relief. Triumph. The Shark exploded - pieces of the fish's flesh floated to the surface. Blood filled the sea around him, this time shark's blood.

The feeling of numb acceptance began to fade from Brody's thought. He would live, the shark was dead. Then he saw what looked like a fin. The chill terror struck again although he'd seen the shark's death, until he saw it was Hooper clad in his black wet suit.

It was a miracle. The shark was finally dead, he and Hooper were alive. The two men, united in their survival, clung to a lump of wood and swam exhausted but alive towards the shore.

Gary Falconer